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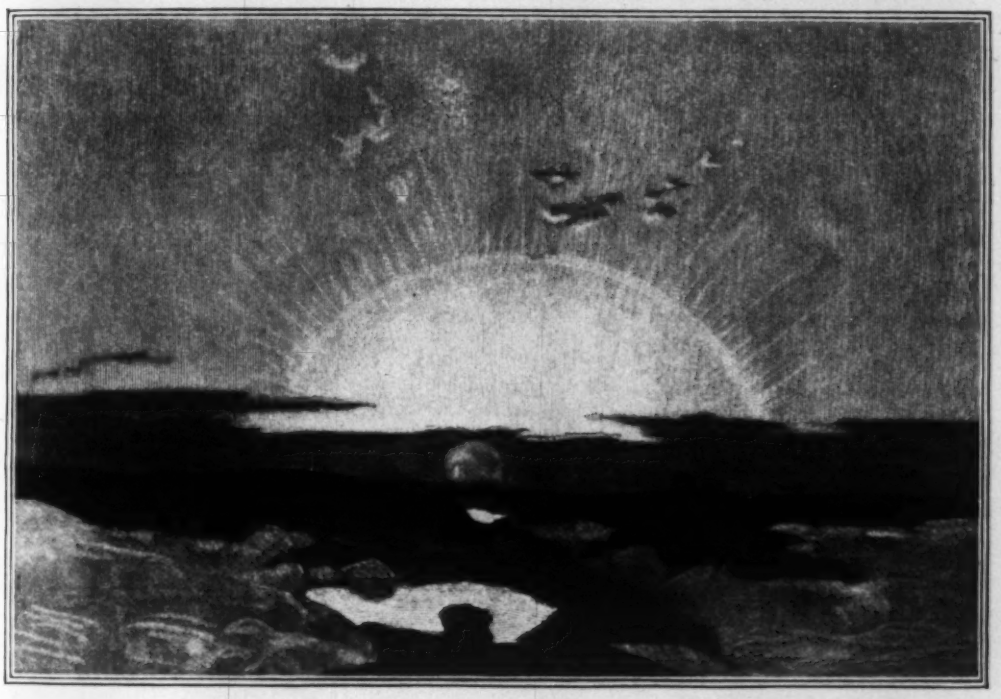
META INCOGNITA.—*The Northern Boundary of Hudson Strait. From a color study painted from nature an hour before midnight, July 27, 1896, by Albert Operti, the artist of the Peary Expedition.*



FUTURE NORTH POLAR EXPLORATION.

By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen,

Author of "Farthest North," etc.

Illustrated with photographs and drawings from life (most of them hitherto unpublished) by Nansen, Greely, Peary, the Tegetthoff Expedition, and the Arctic artists, William Bradford and Albert Operti, and from descriptions by Commodore Melville and Captain Brainard.

THE North Polar region has always had great attraction for the imagination of mankind, and we find during times past the most extreme views as to its real character. Centuries ago some Dutch geographers held the opinion that there was an open sea with a warm climate at the North Pole, and ships set sail to discover a shorter route across this sea to China and India, but they always met with impassable ice. Only some forty years ago the American hydrographer Maury advanced a similar theory of an open Polar sea, and very cleverly tried to prove the correctness of this theory in a scientific way. When, however, this open sea was

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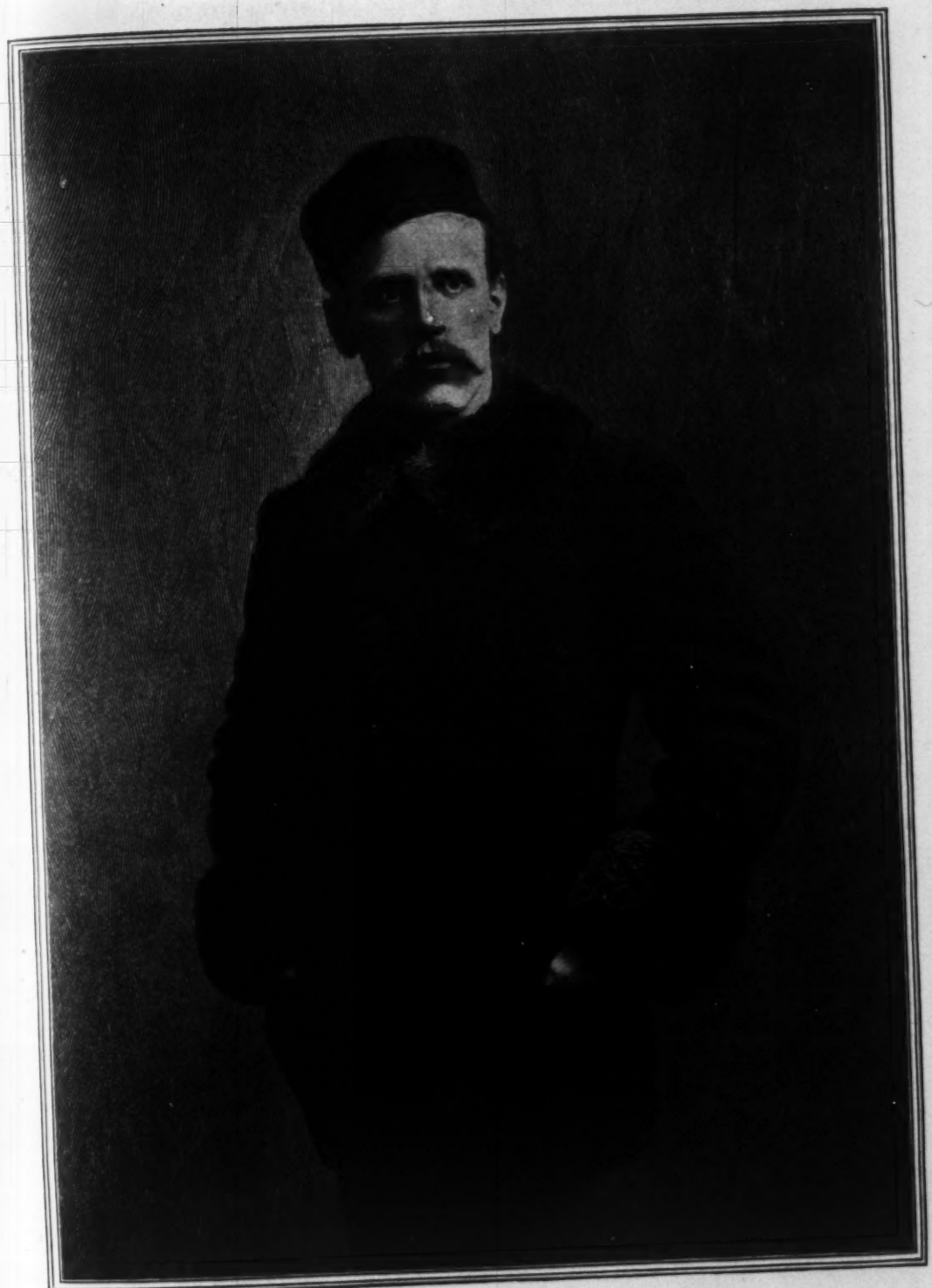
MAP SHOWING NANSEN'S PROPOSED ROUTE TO THE POLE.

A Northernmost point reached by Nansen, April 7, 1895 (86° 14′). *B* By Lockwood and Brainard of the Greely Expedition, May, 1882 (83° 24′). *C* By Markham and Parr, May, 1876 (83° 20′). *D* By Peary and Astruc, July, 1892 (81° 37′). *E* By Parry, July, 1827 (82° 45′). *G* De Long, June, 1881 (77° 15′). *O* marks Dane's Island, Andrée's point of departure on his balloon journey. The inner circle marks the latitude reached by Nansen and Johansen; the outer one, that reached by Lockwood and Brainard. The course of the "Fram" is also marked, as well as the journey of Nansen and Johansen after leaving the "Fram," first northward, and then southward to Franz Josef Land.

found not to exist, opinions went to the other extreme, and the idea became current that the Polar sea was shallow, with many lands and islands, and that the Pole itself was covered with a thick, immovable ice mantle.

But all such ideas must now be abandoned in the light of the more recent explorations, and we are able to form a more clear and sober conception of the far North.

The expedition of the "Fram" has proved that the physical conditions in the vicinity of the Pole are very much the same as we find them in the better known regions of the Arctic sea. There was neither an open sea nor an immovable ice mantle, but the whole area is an extended deep basin covered by floating ice, constantly broken up and being carried across from the Siberian side towards the Greenland side. The average depth of this basin we found to be towards 2,000 fathoms along the whole route of the "Fram," and it is evidently a continuation of the deep North Atlantic trough, stretching northwards into the unknown between Spitzbergen and Greenland. The depth of this sea is filled with comparatively warm water, warmer than that in the



DR. NANSEN.

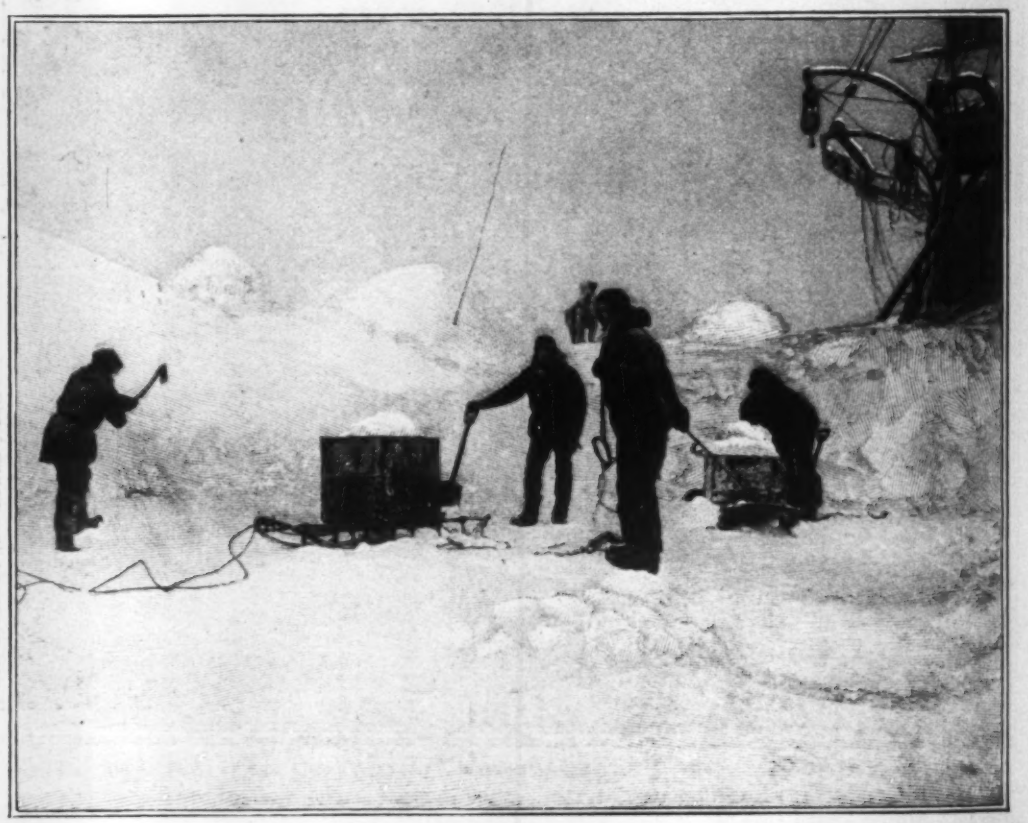
From a recent photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by Bliss Brothers, Buffalo, New York.

depths of the north Atlantic Ocean, and it is evident that this warm water comes from the Atlantic, fills the Polar basin, is gradually cooled, and runs out again as cold water to fill the depth of the sea to the south. It is a part in the eternal circulation of the ocean.

The question now arises, What extent has this sea towards the North? In my opinion it is not doubtful that it covers the Pole itself. Had the "Fram" continued her drift in the ice, she would have been carried southwards along the east coast of Greenland; but she would have left a great distance between her and the coast, down which a vast volume of ice is carried, which must necessarily come from the region north of the track of the "Fram."

We thus see that, according to all probability, the whole area between the Pole and the Siberian coast is covered by a large and extended sea; and there cannot possibly be much unknown land on that side. It is another question, however, what we may expect to find on the other side between the Pole and the American coast. To me it seems probable that the greater part of this area also is an ice-covered sea, although there may, of course, be unknown land and islands to be discovered in this direction, as it is not probable that we have yet reached the most northern limit of land. The most important part which now remains unexplored is that extensive region which is limited by the "Fram's" route, the route of the "Jeannette," Patrick Island, Grant Land, and the most northern part of Greenland, which is yet unknown.

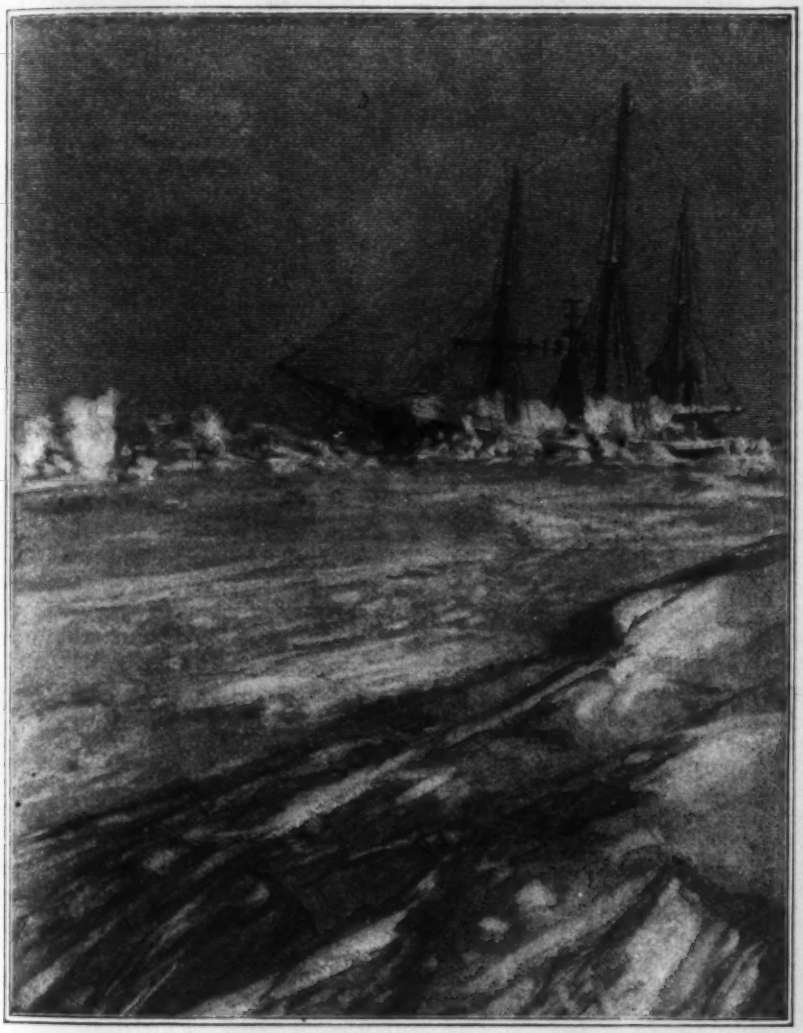
How can this unknown region be explored? I think there are various ways in which it ought to be done, as each of them will certainly bring important results. I think the drift of the "Fram" has clearly proved the efficiency of the mode of travel which we adopted. That a ship can be built able to withstand the pressure to which it would necessarily be subjected on a drift through these regions is established. It can scarcely be doubted that the "Fram" was exposed to difficulties of this kind as great as can reasonably be expected. I believe, therefore, that the Polar sea can at all times be traversed



CUTTING AND CARTING AWAY THE ICE TO RELIEVE THE ICE PRESSURE ON THE "FRAM."

From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

with sufficient safety in this manner, if only proper provision be made. Furthermore, this method of travel offers such great advantages that it certainly ought to be adopted in the future, as the drift of a ship like the "Fram" through unknown regions affords the best means of making scientific investigations of all kinds. It is only by a sojourn of years that sufficient material can be collected to enable a fully satisfactory conception of the physical conditions of these regions to be formed. A vessel like the "Fram" is, in fact, an excellent floating observatory.



THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken by moonlight, January, 1895.

I think that such an expedition ought to go north through Bering Strait, and enter the ice in a northerly or perhaps, rather, northeasterly direction, somewhere between 160 and 170 degrees west longitude. The ship will then be closed in by the ice, and will certainly be carried across the unknown sea a great distance north of the "Fram's" route, across, or, at any rate, not far from, the Pole itself, and will emerge into open water somewhere along the east coast of Greenland. The expedition will thus bring a sum of information about the Polar region which will be of priceless benefit to many branches of science. But such a drift will take a longer time than ours did: I should say, probably five years. It might, however, be that the drift further north is more rapid than it was in the neighborhood of the "Fram's" route, as during Johansen's and my sledge journey I got the impression that there was more motion in the ice the further we went north.

It might be urged in objection to an expedition of such long duration, that it would expose its members to certain dangers, as it has been thought that a number of years in these parts would be injurious to health. From my experience, however, I must say that I found the Arctic region a very healthy place of resort. There are no diseases, and you do not even catch a cold, as there are no germs

to produce them. The malady which has hitherto been feared more than anything else in Arctic expeditions is scurvy; but that ought not to occur again, as it is undoubtedly very easily avoided when proper precautions are taken. As far as I understand, it arises from poisoning, caused especially by badly preserved meat and fish. It seems probable that, by the decomposition which takes place in the meat from bad methods of preservation (in salt meat, for instance), poisonous matter is produced which is allied to the so-called ptomaines, and this, when constantly partaken of, causes the malady we call scurvy. But at present there is no difficulty in getting well-preserved food; so that this difficulty can easily be avoided.

LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. NANSEN AS THEY LEFT THE WINTER HUT WHERE THEY HAD SPENT ALMOST NINE MONTHS, ON MAY 19, 1896.

It has been said that the privation and isolation during a Polar expedition must have an unwholesome effect, not only on the health, but also on the mind, and will easily cause melancholy and other mental sufferings. To this it might be answered that Johansen and I spent our third Polar winter under more lonely circumstances than most other explorers have done, and still we were in perfect health, and felt no trace of any mental suffering of the kind mentioned. If the expedition is well equipped, and consists of carefully picked men, I do not think there is any more risk connected with such a journey than with many other undertakings in life.

By such a drift a very important part of the still unknown Polar region could be explored; but there would remain a great area on the American side where exploration in this way would not be possible. The best method of exploring this area seems to me to be by dogs and sledge. Our expedition has proved that it is possible to cover comparatively long distances on the floe ice of the Polar sea by these means, and I believe that the whole of this unknown area can be so explored if

SKINNING A WALRUS. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. NANSEN.

the equipment be only made carefully, and plenty of strong and well-trained sledge-dogs be taken.

This mode of travel has the advantage, compared with the one previously described, that it takes much shorter time and you are more master over your movements. As far as geographical exploration goes and the investigation of the distribution of land and water, it offers unrivalled facilities. The disadvantage is, however, that it does not allow of a sojourn of any duration in those desolate regions and does not give you the opportunity for careful scientific research which is needed for a complete knowledge of them. It is, therefore, to be hoped that both modes of travel will be employed in the future.

DR. NANSEN. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN ON LEAVING THE WINTER HUT, MAY 19, 1896.

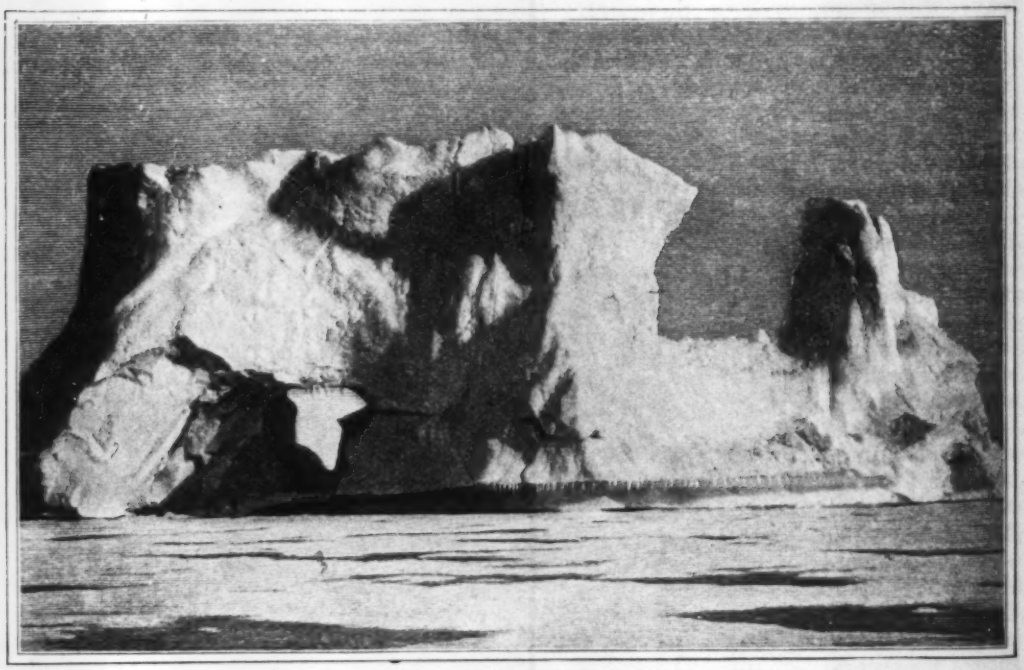
A third way of getting into the unknown is the balloon, which has been tried for the first time this year, but with what results we do not yet know. The main importance of such an expedition will be to give us information about the distribution of land and water, which it will be able to do in case it has clear weather and the surface of the sea or land is not hidden by mist. The way in which I should imagine the balloon could be of most use in future exploration would be to let it carry sledges with necessary dogs and equipment northwards, so that the expedition could leave the balloon and travel across the ice southwards. The necessity of covering the same distance twice would thus be avoided, and a more complete exploration of the region traveled through would thus be made.

What should be the aim of future exploration? It is evident that it ought to be purely scientific research, and the more the expedition is equipped for this purpose the better results there will be obtained. The first thing we want to know is the exact distribution of land and water in the whole region. It is not only for geographical purposes that we want this knowledge: it is impossible to calculate the quantity of water on the globe unless we know this and to calculate the exact relation between the sea and the continents, which count as

HAULING KAYAKS ON THE ICE. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. NANSEN.

a great influence on the conditions of the atmosphere, the circulation of ocean currents, and many other physical conditions. We also want to know the exact depth of this Polar sea in its full extent, and the water temperatures in the various strata from the surface down to the bottom. And then we must know more about the formation of the ice in that sea: the conditions which are necessary for its freezing, how the ice travels across the sea, how thick it grows, etc. A perfect knowledge of all this will not only help us to understand better the climatic conditions of the northern regions, and, we could say, of the whole surface of the globe of today, but it will perhaps throw some light on the many strange climatic changes which have taken place in the past history of the earth.

To illustrate of what importance this might be, I might mention here a discovery we made during our voyage in the "Fram." By examining the salinity of the water and its temperature in the various depths, we found that the Polar sea is covered with a layer of comparatively fresh water, with a very low temperature, about the freezing point of water of that salinity (29.3 to 29.12 degrees Fahrenheit). When, however, we penetrated this layer to a depth of one hundred fathoms, we suddenly came on water with a greater salinity, and the temperature of which would be as much as 32.9 degrees, and even 33.44 degrees, Fahrenheit. This is much warmer than we should expect the water to be in the frozen North. At a greater depth the water varied somewhat, but remained about the same to a depth of from 220 to 270 fathoms, after which it sank slowly with the depth, though without sinking to the cold temperature of the surface water. It did not, as a rule, sink below 30.65 degrees, which temperature we found at a depth of about 1,600 fathoms. Near the bottom it again rose quite slowly, I think probably on account of the internal heat of the earth. These conditions may seem somewhat astonishing, seeing that the depths of the north Atlantic Ocean north of Scotland, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland are filled with icy-cold water, the temperature of which is about 29.3 degrees Fahrenheit. The depths of the sea in the South are consequently colder than you find them near the Pole. The reason is evidently that the warm salt water from the surface of the Atlantic Ocean is carried northwards by the Gulf Stream into the Polar sea, where it, however, meets the fresher and



AN ICEBERG.

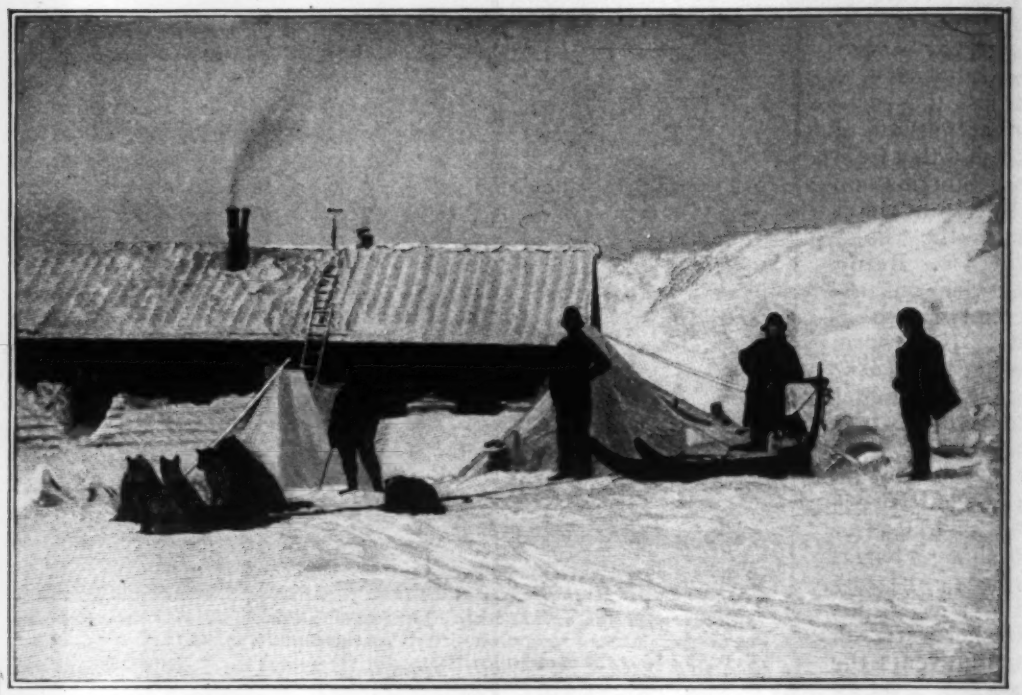
From a photograph taken by the late William Bradford of New Bedford, Mass., an artist who spent more than seven years in the Arctic seas, making several trips with Dr. Hayes, and once chartering a vessel of his own, for the sole purpose of painting the scenery of the far North. Some of his most important works were painted for and are owned by the Queen of England and European museums.

consequently lighter water which results from the constant outflow of fresh water from the Siberian and American rivers into the Polar basin. Being heavier on account of its salinity, the warm Atlantic water must sink under this cold but lighter layer on top, and will fill the whole depth of the Polar basin. What is the result of this? The fresher water on top prevents the warm water from approaching the surface, and consequently the formation of ice by freezing is not very much retarded by the heat which this warmer water carries into the Polar sea. It is, however, evident that, notwithstanding the protection afforded by this cold top-layer, this constant

NAVY CLIFF (81° 37′), WHERE LIEUTENANT PEARY ERECTED A CAIRN AND PLANTED THE AMERICAN FLAG ON JULY 4, 1892. LIEUTENANT PEARY'S NORTHERNMOST POINT (82° 12′) IS ON THE ICE CAP IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE PICTURE.

This photograph is reproduced by the courtesy of Lieutenant Peary and his publishers, the Frederick A. Stokes Company, from a forthcoming book.

AN EFFECT OF SUNSET AND SUNRISE. FROM THE COLOR STUDY PAINTED FROM NATURE IN BAFFIN'S BAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896, BY A. OPERTI, THE ARTIST OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION, DURING THE HALF HOUR DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SUN, WHEN THE SUNSET LIGHT LINGERED IN THE SKY WHILE THE SUNRISE RADIANCE BEGAN TO BE FELT.



FORT CONGER, LIEUTENANT GREELY'S HEADQUARTERS FROM AUGUST, 1881, TO AUGUST, 1883.
From a photograph kindly loaned by General A. W. Greely.

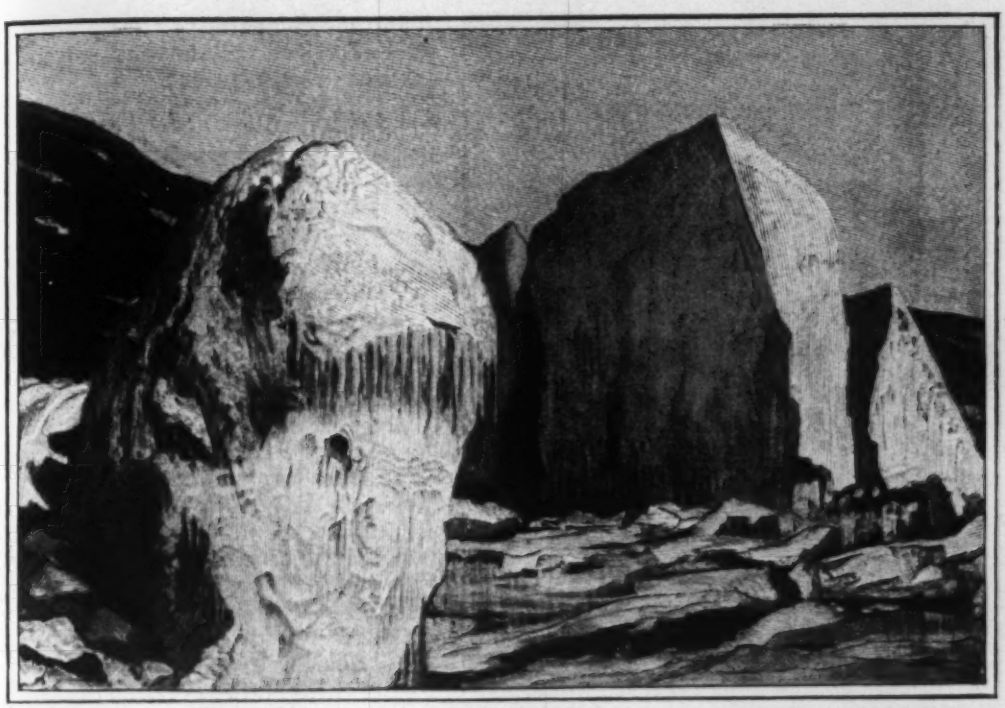
influx of warm water has some effect in heating the Polar sea and thus reducing the formation of ice on its surface.

There is also another important factor which prevents the ice which covers this sea from growing very thick; that is, that the ice is constantly carried across the Polar region by the winds and the currents and is transported southwards to lower latitudes, where it melts before it reaches the age necessary to grow above a certain thickness. The thickest floes formed directly by freezing which we measured were about fourteen feet thick.

What would, however, take place if this constant outflow of ice and cold water and the constant influx of warm water were completely stopped? If, for instance, by the upheaval of the sea-bottom, a ridge of land were formed across the Atlantic Ocean from Scotland over Shetland, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland to Greenland, such as we know there probably once has been, in some quite recent geological period? The result would be that the ice would be blocked up by this land even more completely than it is now blocked up by the north side of the islands of the American Arctic Archipelago. The drift of the ice would gradually be stopped, the floes would grow thicker and thicker, partly by freezing underneath, partly by accumulation of snow on the surface, and the Polar sea would be covered with an enormous ice-mantle, such as that which so many have believed covers the Pole.

The Gulf Stream, now running northwards between Scotland and Iceland, would also be stopped by such a land ridge, and the influx of warm water into the Polar sea would no longer take place. The result of this would necessarily be that the water in this basin would be cooled down and we would probably find the same low temperature which is now limited to the upper layer through the whole depth of the sea. But whether the result would be that the water would freeze solid to the bottom, I think is rather doubtful.

It is evident that the climatic conditions would be very much altered by the changes which are here described. The surface of the Polar sea would now be more like an enormous glacier than an ice-covered ocean. On account of the radiation of heat from the surface of this snow-covered ice-mantle, the average temperature of the year would gradually sink, and the climate would become colder than it is at present. But at the same time the Atlantic Ocean to the south of the land ridge mentioned would not be cooled down by the outflow of cold water and ice from the North, and it would not constantly give off a great



STRANDED ICE FLOES.

From photographs taken by the Greely Expedition, and kindly loaned by General A. W. Greely.

part of its heat to the Polar sea. The consequence would be that it would be warmer than it now is, and we would get a milder climate in that part of the globe than we have at present.

What, on the other hand, would be the result if we imagine that the outflow of ice and the influx of warm water were considerably enlarged? What would happen if, for instance, the Bering Strait was made very much broader and deeper than it is at present, so that the warm Japanese current, the Kurosiwo, could run into the Polar basin? It is evident that the bulk of warm water would be more considerable and warmer than it is at present, and at the same time the layer of cold water on top would be very much reduced. The result would be that the formation of ice by freezing would be still more retarded, and then the floes would be carried out of the Polar sea more rapidly and would get even less time to grow thick than is now the case. Could we, however, imagine that the Polar sea at the same time got no supply of fresh water from the Siberian and American rivers, through the water-shed being so altered that these rivers would flow into some other ocean, then the

"NUPSUAH," A CAPE YORK NATIVE.

From the first life cast ever taken in the Arctic regions, by A. Operti, artist of the Peary Expedition. These Arctic Highlanders, of the purest type of Eskimo, are the most northern tribe on the face of the earth. They were first discovered by Sir John Ross in 1818, and are now fast dying out. Copyright, 1897, by A. Operti.

RUSSIAN TYPE—NORTHEASTERN SIBERIA.

A SAMOYED—INHABITANT OF NORTHERN RUSSIA AND EASTERN SIBERIA.

These two portraits and the one on the opposite page are from photographs taken by the Tegetthoff (Austrian) Expedition of 1872.

light, and comparatively fresh water as it is at present, and the warm salt water carried into it from the south would be allowed to approach the surface. The result would necessarily be that the formation of ice would be very much reduced. During the greater part of the year we would probably find much open water in the North, and this would make the climate of the Polar region milder. But at the same time the climate in the lower latitudes would become colder, as the Southern seas would have to give off more of their heat in the shape of warm water to the Polar sea, and would in exchange receive more cold water from the North. The result would be less difference between the climates in the lower latitudes and the high northern latitudes than is the case to-day.

Whether these changes of climate caused by changes in the distribution of land and water as here described are sufficient to explain the cold climate which must have been prevailing in the Northern regions (Europe and North America) of the Northern Hemisphere during the ice age, and to explain the hot or almost subtropical climates which during other periods have been prevailing in some parts of the Polar regions, is a more complicated question. In my opinion, they will not be sufficient to account for these strange changes which we know have taken place. But at any rate I hope that what I have here mentioned is sufficient to show how Polar exploration is able to open for us glimpses into those mists which cover the previous history of this globe; glimpses into ages long before man existed. But we need to know more in order to solve these many difficult problems. Let us get full information about the Polar sea in its full extent and from the surface to the bottom; let us learn to know everything about the physical conditions in those regions, and we shall certainly advance a good step towards that goal.

There are also a good many other scientific researches which are much needed in the Polar regions. I may mention here magnetic and meteorological observations. The magnetism of the earth and its strange changes has been and is a riddle, and we do

result would be that the Polar basin would not be covered with such a layer of cold,

not yet know much about this mysterious force. The greatest lack in our knowledge

about it is, however, that we have not sufficient magnetic observations from the Polar regions. We need continuous observations carried on for years there. On board the "Fram" we got a continuous series for three years; other expeditions have also brought back valuable material; but this is not sufficient. We should also have it from every part of the unknown North, and we cannot possibly get too much. It is not necessary to point out the importance of knowledge of this kind. It is not only that the magnetic needle points to the sailor his way from land to land and from harbor to harbor: but the knowledge of the terrestrial magnetism has in many other ways been of great benefit to mankind; it has been one of the stepping-stones for our evolution.

LAPLAND REINDEER DRIVER.

That meteorology is a branch of science which is becoming of importance to humanity, certainly no one will doubt in this country; but meteorology is still in its childhood. In order to explain the circulation of the air in our atmosphere, to explain the changes in temperature and air pressure, explain the winds, storms, and cyclones, it is quite necessary for us to know the physical conditions of the atmosphere at the different seasons of the year in all parts of the surface of the earth. Our knowledge in this respect is being constantly enlarged in recent years, and we now have meteorological stations almost over the whole world where men are living; but there is a great and badly felt gap in the knowledge, and that is the Polar regions; and this is unfortunate, as these regions are of special importance in this respect, because the physical conditions there differ from those in all other regions. We have not yet sufficient material to know what influence those extended snow and ice covered tracts, with the long Polar day and the long Polar night, have on the atmosphere, and we shall not be able to explain the atmospheric changes in our own latitudes before we know more about this.

I shall not go any further into this matter. What I have said is perhaps sufficient to show the value of Polar exploration, to prove to the disbelievers that it is necessary for the progress of science.

Before I close, only one question more. Is it of any special use to reach the North Pole itself? I think it is. Not because this mathematical point has any special interest, or has any special scientific value different from all other points in the unknown North, but because it has for centuries been the ambition of sea-faring nations to reach this point and there plant their flag; and before this is done the race for the Pole will never cease. It also certainly is below the dignity of man to erect a goal and then give in before it is reached. I believe it can be reached without too great difficulties, not only by a ship drifting with the ice across the Polar sea, as mentioned above, but also by help of dogs and sledges from the Greenland side.

It is to be hoped that it will not be long before this point is gained. As long as we have this Holy Grail beckoning us in the North we are all of us apt to forget that it is scientific research which ought to be the sole object of all explorations. Still an expedition which shall attain this goal of centuries must yield scientific results of great importance; but the greatest result without comparison will be that the North Pole will have been trodden by human foot, and that we will forever get the quest for this mathematical point out of existence. Then the time for pure scientific exploration in the North will have to come.

"Good evenin', ladies all," says Hannah, marchin' in wi' some kind of a calico affair.

THE WEE TAY TABLE.

A STORY FROM THE IRISH FIELDS.

By Shan F. Bullock,

Author of "Ring o' Rushes," "The Charmers," etc.

With Illustrations by Peter Newell.

I SLID down the side of the hay-cock, came thud upon the ground; then turned to view my handiwork. It was pitiable. This side bulged out like the belly of a slack jib, that side was flat as a wall; here was a great hollow spot, there an overhanging bump; already had the neck gone awry, and the top stood bobbing like the knob on a night-cap. It was woeful.

The master came up, snorted in his sarcastic way, and walked off. Wee James came spying, sent a te-he between his teeth, and slouched away. "Good man, Jan," came from Hal across the meadow, "it's the very image of yourself, my son, only the bump on it's not big enough." "Lie down under it," shouted Ted, "an' when it falls it'll rid the world of ye." "Och, niver heed their pranks," said James Daly, and came up sucking at his pipe; "sure it's not—sure it might ha' been worse." Without a word, I turned away, picked up a rake, and set out across the meadow.

Somewhere near the hill hedge, with their arms bare, their skirts tucked up, and their faces away back in the depths of big sunbonnets, Anne Daly and Judy Brady were gathering the hay into long, narrow rows, one raking this side of a row, the other that, and both sweetening toil with laughter and talk. Sometimes Anne leaned on her rake and chattered for a while. Now Judy said a word or two and ended with a titter; again both

bobbed heads and broke into merriment. I came nearer to them, put down my rake, and began on a fresh row.

The talk was of a woman, of her and her failings and absurdities. Anne was of opinion that it was she (Hannah, she called her) and the likes of her who brought men to drink and children to early graves. "The lazy trollop," said Anne; and "Ay, ay, indeed," assented Judy. "Wasn't it wonderful to the world the figure she cut?" asked Anne, "she and her airs and fooleries and make-believes?" Aw, but did Judy mind the last time they saw her in Bunn fair—all decked out like a draper's window with flowers and ribbons, and a wee bonnet cocked on her skull, and high-heeled boots, and the sorrow knows what? Aw, did Judy mind that? asked Anne, and laughed over her shoulder. Ah, faith, but Judy did mind it; the laughin'-stock o' the town she was. And did Judy mind the tay party she gave one time, and the wee tablecloth? Aw, heavenly hour, did Judy mind that affair? Aw, now, tittered Judy; aw, now, was it likely she'd ever forget it?

I slid down the side of the hay-cock.

"A tablecloth wi' a fringe to it, an' it not the size of an apron!" cried Anne.

"A calfskin spread on the flure, an' John's ould hat stuffed wi' flowers!" cried Judy.

"'Wid ye like three lumps or four, Mrs. Flaherty?' says she," cried Anne. "Aw, dear heart alive!"

"Then in comes big John!" cried Judy. "In he comes—an'—an'—aw, Lord, Lord!"

And Judy bowed her head and laughed, and Anne bowed hers and laughed; and I, standing watching them and taken with the infection, must needs also lift up my voice in a great guffaw.

Anne turned and looked at me.

"Aw, it's you, Mr. Jan?" said she. "Sure, I thought"—and she glanced toward the river—"that when we left ye, ye were buildin' some kind of a ruck?"

Overlooking the sly allusion, I shouldered my rake and walked up between the rows.

"I've come to help you to laugh, Anne," said I. "What friend is this of yours and Judy's that you are stripping of her character?"

"Ah, no friend is it," said Anne, and went on raking; "an' no one ye iver heard of."

"How do you know that? Come. out with it."

"Ah, what's the use? Sure it's only foolishness."

"Well, tell me, then, about the calfskin an' the wee tablecloth."

"Aw, that," said Anne. "An' did ye hear us bletherin' about that? Aw, now." She laughed a little, protested a little; after a while started on a fresh row, and with oneself facing her and Judy treading on her heels, went on with the story.

"The lassie," said Anne, "we were talkin' about is a marrit woman, one Hannah Breen, an' she lives in a big house on the side o' the hill over there towards the mountain. The husband's a farmer, an easy-goin', bull-voiced, good-hearted lump of a man, wi' a good word for ould Satan himself, an' a laugh always ready for iverythin'. But the wife, Hannah, isn't that kind. Aw, 'deed she isn't. 'Tisn't much good-speakin' or laughin' Hannah'll be doin'; 'tisn't herself 'd get many cars to follow her funeral in these parts. Aw, no. 'Tisn't milkin' the cows, an' makin' the butter, an' washin' John's

shirts, an' darnin' his socks, an' mendin' her own tatters, an' huntin' the chickens from the porridge pot, Hannah was made for. Aw, no. It's a lady Hannah must be; a real live lady. It's step out o' bed at eight o'clock in the mornin' Hannah must do, an' slither down to her tay, an' have it all in grandeur in the parlor; it's sittin' half the day she must be, readin' about the doin's o' the quality an' the goin's on o' the world, an' squintin' at fashion pictures, an' fillin' her mind wi' the height o' nonsense an' foolery; it's rise from the table in a tantrum she must do because John smacks his lips an' ates his cabbage wi' his knife; it's worry the poor man out o' his wits she'd be after because he lies an' snores on the kitchen table, an' smokes up to bed, an' won't shave more'n once a week, an' says he'd rather be hanged at once nor be choked up in a white shirt an' collar o' Sundays. An' for herself: aw, now, it'd take me from this till sunset to tell ye about all her fooleries. If ye'd only see her, Mr. Jan, stalkin' in through the chapel gates, wi' her skirts tucked up high enough to show the frillin' on her white petticoat an' low enough to hide the big tear in it; an' black kid gloves on her fists; an' a bonnet on her wi'out a string to it; an' light shoes on her; an' a big hole in the heel o' her stockin'; an' her nose in the air; an' her sniffin' at us all jist as if we were the tenants at the butter show an' herself me lady come to prance before us all an' make herself agreeable for five minutes or so. Aw, Lord, Lord," laughed Anne, "if ye could only see her, Mr. Jan. Ho, ho, childer. Ho, ho!"

"Te-he," tittered Judy Brady. "Aw, te-he!"

"Haw, haw," went I. "Haw, haw!"

"An' to see her steppin' down Bunn Street," Anne went on, as we turned at the hedge and set our faces once more toward the river, "as if the town belonged to her—a ribbon flutterin' here, an' a buckle shinin' there, an' a feather danglin' another place—steppin' along wi' her butter basket on her arm, an' big John draggin' at her heels, an' that look on her face ye'd expect to see on the face o' the Queen o' France walkin' on a goold carpet, in goold slippers, to a goold throne. An' to see the airs of her when some one'd spake; an' to see the murderin' look on her when some one'd hint at a drop o' whisky for the good of her health; an' to hear the beautuiful talk of her to the butter-buyers, that soft an' po-lite; an' to see her sittin' in the ould ramshackle of a cart goin' home, as straight in the back an' as stiff as a ramrod, an' her face set like a plaster image, an' her niver lettin' her eye fall on John sittin' beside her, an' him as drunk an' merry as a houseful o' fiddlers. Aw, sure," cried Anne, and threw up a hand, "aw, sure, it's past the power o' mortial tongue to tell about her."

"Yours, Anne, makes a good offer at the telling, for all that," said I.

"Ach, I'm only bletherin'," said Anne, "if ye only knew her—if ye only did."

"Well, tell me about the wee tablecloth," said I, "before your tongue gets tired."

"Ah, sure an' I will," replied she, "sure an' I'll try me hand at it."

The sun was dropping fast behind the back of Emo hill; from the river a gentle breeze began to sport with the crackling hay; across the meadow came the rasp of the master's file on the knife of the mowing-machine, and the snorts of Hal's horses and the shouts of Hal himself; back near the haycock I had so laboriously builded, Ted and Johnny Brady had discovered a bee's nest, and Ted was valorously circling round it with

"I've come to help you to laugh, Anne," said I.

a rake, and Johnny crowing with delight and clapping his hands; clear out against the eastern sky, the figure of wee James stood straight on top of a ruck, his hands on his hips, his feet as close together as those of a drill sergeant; there was a great hum, a babblement, a noise of work and summer in the air; wherever one looked the hills were golden, and the fields smiling within their hedges, and the houses shining out in their gleaming whiteness.

Because he lies an' snores on the kitchen table.

"Ye'll be mindin'," said Anne, when she had loosened her bonnet strings and got her rake swinging once more, "that what I'm goin' to tell ye is hearsay, an' was told to meself, one day last year, be Jane Flaherty as we were comin' along the road from Bunn market. Mebbe I'll be tellin' ye lies; mebbe I'll not—if I do may the Lord forgive me and Jane; an' if I don't, ye may thank Jane, for it's her own words I'm goin' to tell ye.

"One day, then, some time last summer, Hannah—beggin' her ladyship's pardon," said Anne, with a fine note of scorn in her voice, "but I mean Mrs. Breen—decks herself out, ties on her bonnet, pulls on her kid gloves, an' steps out through the hall dure. Down she goes over the ruts an' stones along the lane, turns down the main road, after a while comes to the house of Mrs. Flaherty (herself that told me), crosses the street, and knocks po-lite on the dure.

An' won't shave more'n once a week.

"'Aw, is Mrs. Flaherty at home this fine day?' axes Hannah when the dure opens an' wee Nancy puts her tattered head between it an' the post. 'Is Mrs. Flaherty at home?' says she.

"'She is so,' answers Nancy; 'but she'd be out at the well,' says the wee crature.

"'I see,' says Hannah, 'I see. Then, if you please, when she comes back,' says she, 'would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?'—an' out of her pocket Hannah pulls a letter, gives it to Nancy, says good evenin' to the wee mortial, gathers up her skirt, an' steps off in her grandeur through the hens and ducks back to the road. Well, on she goes another piece, an' comes to the house of Mary Dolan; an' there, too, faith, she does the genteel an' laves another letter, an' turns her feet for the house of Mrs. Hogan; an' at Sally's she smiles an' bobs her head, an' pulls another letter from her pocket, an' laves it at the dure; then twists on her heel, turns back home, an' begins dustin' the parlor, an' arrangin' her trumpery an' readin' bleather from the fashion papers.

"Very well, childer. Home Jane comes from the well, an' there's Nancy wi' the letter in her fist. 'What the wourld's this?' says Jane, an' tears it open; an' there, lo an' behold ye, is a bit of a card—Jane swears 'twas a piece of a bandbox, but I'd not be disbelievin' her—an' on it an invite to come an' have tay with me bould Hannah, on the next Wednesday evenin', at five o'clock, P.M.—whativer in glory P.M. may be after meanin'; an' when Mary Dolan opens hers there's the same invite; an' when Sally Hogan opens hers out drops the same bit of a card on the flure; an' Sally laughs, an' Mary laughs, an' Jane laughs; an' the three o' them, what wi' the quareness o' the business, an' the curiosity of them to see Hannah at her capers, puts their heads together, an' laughs again, an' settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go. An' go they did. Aw, yis. Aw, Lord, Lord," laughed Anne, and turned up her eyes. "Lord, Lord."

"Aw, childer dear," giggled Judy, and

gathered up her narrow shoulders. "Aw, go they did."

"Good girl, Anne," said I, and slapped my leg; "my roarin' girl. Aw, an' go they did, Judy; go they did."

"Would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?"

"Well, hearts alive," Anne went on, "Wednesday evenin' comes at last, an' sharp to five o'clock up me brave Jane Flaherty steps along the lane, crosses the yard, an', mindin' her manners, knocks twice on Hannah's back dure, then turns, an', wi' the dog yelpin' at her, an' the gander hissin' like a wet stick on a fire, waits like a beggar-woman on the step. But divil a one comes to the dure; aw, not a one. An' sorrow a soul budged inside; aw, not a soul. So round turns Jane, lifts her fists again, hits the dure three thunderin' bangs, an' looks another while at the gander. Not a budge in the dure, not a move inside; so Jane, not to be done out of her tay, lifts the latch—an', sure as the sun was shinin', but the bolt was shot inside. 'Well, dang me,' says Jane, an' hits the dure a kick, 'but this is a fine way to treat company,' says she, an' rattles the latch, an' shakes it; at last, in the divil of a temper, spits on the step, whips up her skirt, an', cursin' Hannah high up an' low down, starts for home.

"She got as far as the bend in the lane, an' there meets Mary Dolan.

"'What's up?' axes Mary. 'What's floostered ye, Jane Flaherty? Aren't ye goin' to have your tay, me dear?' says Mary.

"'Aw, may the first sup she swalleys choke the breath in her,' shouts Jane, an' goes on to tell her story, an' before she'd said ten words up comes Sally Hogan.

"'Am I too late?' says Sally. 'Or am I too early?' says she. 'Or what in glory ails the two o' ye?'

"'Ails?' shouts Jane. 'Ye may well say that, Sally Hogan. Ye may turn on your heel,' says she; an' begins her story again; an' before she was half way through it Sally laughs out, and takes Jane by the arm, an' starts back to the house.

"'Come away,' says she; 'come away an' have your tay, Jane. Sure, ye don't know Hannah yet.'

"So back the three goes then; but not through the yard. Aw, no. 'Twas through the wee green gate, an' down the walk, an' slap up to the hall dure Sally takes them; an' sure enough the first dab on the knocker brings a fut on the flags inside, an' there's Kitty, the servant-girl, in her boots an' her stockin's and her Sunday dress, an' a white apron on her, standin' before them.

"'Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone?' says Sally. 'An' how's yourself, Kitty, me dear? An' wid Mrs. Breen be inside?' says she.

"'She is so, Mrs. Hogan,' answers Kitty, an' bobs a kind of a courtesy. 'Wid ye all be steppin' in, please?'

"'Aw, the Lord's sake,' gasps Sally, on the durestep, at all this grandeur; 'the Lord's sake,' says she, an' steps into the hall; an' in steps Mary Dolan; an' in steps Jane Flaherty; an' away the three o' them goes at Kitty's heels up to the parlor. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, and turned up her eyes. "Aw, childer, dear!"

"Te-he!" giggled Judy, and hoisted her shoulders. "Aw, te-he!"

"Haw, haw," laughed I. "Aw, Judy, dear. Haw, haw."

"Well, dears," Anne went on, "in the three walks, bonnets an' all, an' sits them down along the wall on three chairs, an' watches Kitty close the dure; then looks at each other in a puzzled kind o' way, an' after that, without openin' a lip, casts their eyes about the room. 'Twas the funniest kind of a place, Jane allowed, that iver she dropped eyes on. There was a sheepskin, lyin' woolly side up, in front o' the fireplace, an' a calfskin near the windy——"

"Ay, a calfskin," said Judy Brady; "aw, te-he!"

"An' a dog's skin over by the table, an' the flure was painted brown about three fut all round the walls. There was pieces o' windy curtain over the backs o' the chairs; there was a big fern growin' in an ould drain-pipe in the corner; there was an ould straw hat o' John's stuffed full o' flowers, hangin' on the wall, an' here an' there, all round it an' beside it, were picters cut from the papers an' them tacked on the plaster. Ye could hardly see the mantel-shelf, Jane allowed, for all the trumpery was piled on it—dinglum-danglums of glass an' chany, an' shells from the say, an' a sampler stuck in a frame, an' in the middle of all a picter of Hannah herself got up in all her finery. An' there was books an' papers an' fallals, an' the sorrow knows what, lyin' about; an' standin' against the wall, facin' the windy, was a wee table wi' a cloth on it about the size of an apron, an' it wi' a fringe on it, no less, an' it spread skewwise on it, an' lookin' for all the world like a white ace o' diamonds; an' on the cloth was a tray wi' cups an' saucers an' sugar an' milk, an' as much bread an' butter, cut as thin as glass, as ye'd give a sick child for its supper. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, "heavenly hour!"

"Aw, childer dear," cried Judy; "aw, te-he!"

"Aw, women alive," said I; "aw, Judy, dear, haw, haw!"

"Well, childer, the three looks at it all, an' looks at each other, an' shifts on their chairs, an' looks at each other again; an' says Mary Dolan, at last:

"'We're in clover, me dears,' says she; 'judgin' be the spread beyant'—an' she nods at the wee table.

"'Aw, that'll do for a start,' says Sally Hogan; 'but how in glory are we all to put

An' hits the dure a kick

our legs under that wee table? Sure it'll be an ojus squeeze.'

"'It will so,' says Jane Flaherty, 'it will so. But isn't it powerful quare of Hannah to keep us sittin' so long in our bonnets an' shawls, an' us dreepin' wi' the heat?'

"'It's the quarest hole I iver was put in,' says Mary Dolan; 'an' if this is grandeur give me the ould kitchen at home wi' me feet on the hearth an' me tay on a chair. Phew,' says Mary, and squints round at the windy, 'phew, but it's flamin' hot. Aw,' says she, an' makes a dart from her chair; 'dang me, but I'll burst if I don't get a mouthful o' fresh air.' An' jist as she had her hand on the sash to lift it, the dure opens, an' in steps me darlint Hannah.

"'Good evenin', ladies all,' says Hannah, marchin' in wi' some kind of a calico affair, made like a shroud, an' frills on it, hangin' on her. 'Good evenin', ladies,' says she, an' wi' her elbow cocked up in the air as if she was strivin' to scrape it against the ceilin', goes from one to another an' shakes hands. 'It's a very pleasant afternoon' (them was the words),

says she, makin' for a chair beside the wee table; 'an' I'm very pleased to see ye all,' says she.

"'Aw, an' the same here,' says Mary Dolan, in her free way; 'the same here, an' ojus nice ye look in that sack of a calico dress, so ye do,' says Mary, wi' a wink at Jane Flaherty. 'But it's meself 'd feel obliged to ye if so be ye'd open the windy an' give us a mouthful o' fresh air,' says Mary.

"An' Hannah sits down in her shroud wi' the frills on it, an' smiles, an' says she: 'I'm rather delicate' (them were the words) 'this afternoon, Mrs. Dolan, an' afeerd o' catchin' cowld; an', forby that,' says she, 'the dust is so injurious for the parlor.'

"'Aw, just so,' answers Mary; 'just so. Sure I wouldn't for worlds have ye spoil your parlor for the likes of us. But I'll ax your leave, Mrs. Breen, seein' ye don't ax me yourself, to give me own health a chance,' says she, 'be throwin' this big shawl off me shoulders.'

"'But it's afternoon tay, Mrs. Dolan,' answers Hannah, in her cool way; 'an' it's not fashionable at afternoon tay for ladies to remove——'

"'Then afternoon tay be danged,' says Mary, an' throws her shawl off her across the back of her chair; 'an' it's meself'll not swelter for all the fashions in the world,' says she, an' pushes her bonnet back and lets it hang be the strings down her back. 'Aw, that's great,' says she, wi' a big sigh; an' at that off goes Jane's shawl an' bonnet; an' off goes Sally's; an' there the three o' them sits wi' Hannah lookin' at them as disgusted as an ass at a field of thistles over a gate. Aw, glory be," cried Anne; "aw, ho ho!"

"Aw, me bould Anne," cried Judy; "me brave girl. Te-he!"

"Good for you, Anne," said I. "Aw, me brave Judy, haw, haw!"

"Well, dears, Hannah sits her down, puts her elbow on a corner o' the ace of diamonds, rests her cheek on her hand, an' goes on talkin' about this an' that. She hoped Mrs. Flaherty an' Mrs. Dolan an' Mrs. Hogan were well an' prosperous; she hoped the crops were turnin' out well; she hoped all the childer were in the best o' good health—aw, like the Queen o' Connaught, Hannah talked, an' smiled, an' aired herself an' her beautiful English, but sorrow a move did she make to shift her elbow off the wee tablecloth, an' not a sign or smell o' tay was there to be seen. Aw, not a one. Ten minutes went, an' twenty, an' half an hour; an' at that, up Mary Dolan stretches her arms, gives a powerful big yawn, an' says she: 'Och, dear Lord,' says she, 'dear Lord, but the throat's dry in me. Och, och!' says she; an' with the hint up gets Hannah in her frilled shroud, crosses the calfskin, opens the dure, an' calls for Kitty. 'Yis, Mrs. Breen,' answers Kitty from the kitchen. 'Serve tay,' calls Hannah; then closes the dure an' steps back to her chair by the wee table.

"Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone!" says Sally.

"In about ten minutes here comes me darlint Kitty, boots an' stockin's an' all; carries the tay-pot on a plate over to the table, an' plants it down slap in the middle o' the ace o' diamonds. Up jumps Hannah wi' a bounce.

"'What are ye doin', Kitty?' says she, with a snap of her jaw, an' lifts the tay-pot an' glares at the black ring it had made on her brand new cloth. 'D'ye see what ye've done?' says she, lookin' as black in the eyes as the bottom o' the tay-pot. 'Stand back,' says she, pointin' her finger; 'stand back an' mend your manners, ye ignerent little baggage ye!'

"'Yis, ma'am,' answers Kitty, an' stands back; then turns her head, when she got to the calfskin, an' winks at the three sittin' by the wall; an' out Mary Dolan bursts into a splutter of a laugh.

"'Aw, Lord,' says Mary, an' holds her ribs; 'aw, dear Lord,' says she. But Hannah, standin' pourin' the tay into the wee cups, jist kept her face as straight as if Mary was a dummy; an' in a minute she turns round to Kitty.

"'Hand the cups to the ladies,' says she, an' sits her down.

"Well, childer dear, Kitty steps from the calfskin, lifts two cups an' saucers from the tray, carries them across the flure, an' offers one to Jane Flaherty wi' this hand, an' t'other to Sally Hogan wi' that hand. An' Sally looks at the cup an' then at Kitty, an' Jane looks at Kitty an' then at the cup; an' says Sally:

"'Is it take it from ye ye'd have me do, Kitty Malone?' says she.

"'It is so,' answers Kitty, wi' a grin.

"'An' where in glory wid ye have me put it, Kitty Malone?' asks Sally, an' looks here an' there. 'Sure—sure there's no table next or near me,' says she.

"'It's afternoon tay, Mrs. Hogan,' says Hannah across the flure, 'an' at afternoon tay tables aren't fashionable,' says she, an' grins to herself.

"'Well, thank God, Hannah Breen,' says Mary Dolan, 'that afternoon tay, as ye call it, has only come my way once in me life. Take the cup in your fist, Sally Hogan,' says Mary, 'an' if ye break it bad luck go with it, an' if ye don't ye've been a lady for once in your life; an' when you're done stick it there on the flure. I'm obliged to ye, Kitty Malone,' says Mary again, an' takes a cup; 'an' if so be I choke meself wi' the full o' that thimble-wi'-a-handle-on-'t,' says Mary, an' squints at the cup, 'ye'll do me the favor to tell Pat I died a fool. An' if such things go well wi' afternoon tay, Kitty agra, I'd trouble ye for a look at a spoon.' Aw, me bould Mary!" cried Anne, and laughed in her glee. "Ye were the girl for Hannah, so ye were. Aw, ho, ho!"

An' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee table.

"Aw, 'deed ay," cried Judy, and tittered most boisterously. "Aw, me brave Hannah. Te-he!"

"Good for you, Mary Dolan," cried I, "and good for you, Anne, my girl. Ah, haw, haw!"

"Then begins the fun, me dears. First of all, Sally Hogan, in trying to lift a bit o' bread an' butter from a plate that Kitty held before her, must spill her tay over her lap an' start screechin' that she was kilt. Then, Mary Dolan must finish her cup at a gulp, an' forgettin' it was in Hannah's parlor she was at afternoon tay, an' not at home in the kitchen, must give the dregs a swirl an' sling them over her shoulder against the wall. Then, Sally Hogan, again, in tryin' to keep back a laugh at the tay leaves on the wall an' the glare of Hannah across at them, must get a crumb in her throat an' bring the whole room to thump her on the back. Then, Jane Flaherty gets a second cup wi'

no sugar in it, an' makes a face like a monkey's an' gives a big splutter, an' sets Kitty Malone off into a fit o' laughin'; an' Kitty sets Jane off, an' Jane sets Mary off, an' Mary sets Sally off; an' there sits Hannah in her calico shroud, beside the ace o' diamonds, wi' a face on her like a child cuttin' its teeth, an' her arm out, an' her shoutin' for Kitty to take herself out o' the room. An' in the middle o' the whole hubbub the dure opens, an' in tramps big John in his dirty boots, wi' his shirt-sleeves turned up, an' hay ropes around his legs, an' his hat on the back of his head, an' his pipe in his mouth—in steps John, an' stands lookin' at them all.

"'Ho, ho,' roars John, an' marches across the calfskin; 'what have we here? A tay party,' says he, 'as I'm a livin' sinner! An' me not to know a thing about it! Well, better late nor never,' says he, then turns an' looks at Hannah. 'Aw, how d'ye do, Mrs. Breen?' says he, wi' a laugh. 'I hope I see ye well in your regimentals. An' how the blazes are the rest o' ye, me girls?' says he to the three along the wall. 'I'm glad to see ye all so hearty an' merry, so I am. But what, in glory, are ye all doin' over there away from the table? Why don't ye sit over an' have your tay like Christians?' says he. 'Come over, girls; come over this mortal minute,' says John; 'an' I'll have a cup wi' ye meself, so I will.'

"Then Hannah rises in her calico shroud. 'John,' says she, 'it's afternoon tay it'll be; an' tables——'

"'Ah, sit ye down, Hannah,' says John; 'sit ye down, woman, an' be like another for once in a way.'

Puts their heads together, an' laugh again, an' settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go.

"'John,' says Hannah again, an' looks knives an' forks at him, 'where's your manners the day?'

"'Ah, manners be danged,' roars John, an' throws his hat into the corner; 'give us a cup o' tay, an' quit your nonsense. Come on, girls,' says he to the women; 'come over an' have a cup in comfort wi' me here at the table.'

"'John,' says Hannah again, 'ye can't sit at this table. It's too small,' says she.

"'Then pull it out from the wall,' roars John; 'pull it out and let us get round it. Come on,' says he, an' grips an end o' the table, 'give it a lift across the flure!'

"'No, no, John,' shouts Hannah, an' grips t'other end to keep it from goin'. 'Ye mustn't, John.'

"'Out wi' it,' roars John again.

"'No, no,' shouts Hannah, 'ye can't—aw, ye can't—aw, ye mustn't—no, no, John!'

"'Ah, to glory wi' you an' it,' shouts John. 'Here, let me at it meself.' An' the next minute Hannah was screechin' in her shroud; an' there was a clatter o' crockery as if a bull had gone slap at a dresser, an' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee table, an' the ace o' diamonds, an' the whole o' Hannah's cups an' saucers, an' the tay pot, an' all, in a thousand pieces. Aw, hearts alive; hearts alive!"

"What had happened, Anne?" said I.

"Happened? Sure the table was only an' ould dressin' table, an' had only three legs, an' was propped wi' the lame side against the wall; an' when John put it down in the middle of the flure—Aw, now," cried Anne, "that's enough—that's enough! Aw, childer, dear! Aw, me sides, me sides! Aw, ho, ho!"

"Aw, me sides, me sides," cried Judy, and shook below her big sunbonnet. "Aw, te-he!"

"Aw, women alive," cried I, and sank back on the hay. "Aw, haw, haw!"

From the bank of the river came a mighty shout; then a skirl from Hal; then a burst of laughter from the men, and a cry from Ted: "Look, Jan, look, quick!"

I turned and looked; and there along the meadow lay spread the haycock which at such a cost I had laboriously builded.

"Good man, Jan," shouted Hal from the mowing-machine, "is that the way they build rucks in London?"

I refrained from answering, but Anne Daly, taking pity upon me, stooped and said softly: "It jist wanted one thing, Mr. Jan, jist one thing. Like Hannah's tay table, 'twas lame of a leg."

TOBIAS LEAR, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO WASHINGTON.

From the original miniature owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Lear Eyre, of Philadelphia.

THE LAST DAYS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, COLONEL TOBIAS LEAR.

Saturday, December 14, 1799.

THIS day being marked by an event which will be memorable in the history of America, and perhaps of the world, I shall give a particular statement of it, to which I was an eyewitness.

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

On Thursday, December 12th, the General rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three.

Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain, hail, and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind.

When he came in I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post-office in the evening. He franked the letters; but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening.

I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said no, his great coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet, and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He came to dinner (which had been waiting for him) without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual.

A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold

Editor's Note.—Tobias Lear was born at Portsmouth, N. H., September 19, 1762, and died at Washington, D. C., October 11, 1816. He graduated at Harvard University in 1783, and in 1785 became private secretary to General Washington. In 1802 he was appointed consul general at Santo Domingo, and in 1804 consul general at Algiers. In 1805 he negotiated a treaty of peace with Tripoli. Colonel Lear was greatly trusted by Washington, and his account of Washington's last days is the one on which all of the important biographers have depended; but it has rarely, if ever, been published in full. It is printed here from the original manuscript, now in the possession of a near relative of Mrs. Lear. This manuscript has been generally supposed to be lost.

(undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before), and complained of a sore throat. He however went out in the afternoon into the ground between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down in the improvement of that spot. He had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it. In the evening the papers were brought from the post-office, and he sat in the parlor, with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them till about nine o'clock, when Mrs. Washington went up into Mrs. Lewis's room, who was confined in childbed, and left the General and myself reading the papers. He was very cheerful, and whenever he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit him.

He requested me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of a Senator and a Governor; and, on hearing Mr. Madison's observations respecting Mr. Monroe, he appeared much affected, and spoke with some degree of asperity on the subject; which I endeavored to moderate, as I always did on such occasions. On his retiring I observed to him that he had better take something to remove his cold. He answered: "No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

Between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington and told her he was very unwell and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak and breathed with difficulty; and would have got up to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold.

As soon as the day appeared, the woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being taken ill, as before stated.

I found the General breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired that Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for to bleed him before the doctors could arrive. I despatched a servant instantly for Rawlins and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same situation as I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter was prepared to try its effect in the throat, but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it, he appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready the General, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, "Don't be afraid," and, after the incision was made, he observed, "The orifice is not large enough."

However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the General's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it. But when I was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said: "More, more." Mrs. Washington, being still very uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint.

Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with "salvi latila," which was done; and in the operation, which was with the hand and in the gentlest manner, he observed, "'Tis very sore." A piece of flannel dipped in "salvi latila" was put around his neck and his feet bathed in warm water; but without affording any relief.

In the meantime, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming.

I despatched a messenger (Cyrus) immediately for Dr. Brown (between eight and nine o'clock). Dr. Craik came in soon after, and, upon examining the General, he put a blister of cantharides on the throat, took some more blood from him, and had a gargle of vinegar and sage tea ordered, and some vinegar and hot water for him to inhale the steam, which he did; but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated.

When the gargle came from his throat some phlegm followed it, and he attempted to cough, which the doctor encouraged him to do as much as possible, but he could only attempt it.

About eleven o'clock Dr. Craik requested that Dr. Dick might be sent for, as he feared Dr. Brown would not come in time. A messenger was accordingly despatched for him. About this time the

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. 1798. AGE 66.

Drawn from life by St. Memin in 1798. From the original drawing when in the possession of the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, New York. The present location and ownership of the drawing are unknown. (See McClure's Magazine for February, 1897, page 308.)

General was bled again; no effect was, however, produced by it, and he remained in the same state, unable to swallow anything.

A blister was administered about twelve o'clock, which . . . caused no alteration in his complaint.

Dr. Dick came in about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the General, and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again; the blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the General's pulse, etc., the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon

after. The General could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered; but without any effect.

About half-past four o'clock, he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

After this was done I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me:

"I find I am going; my breath can not last long. I believed from the first that this disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers, arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun."

I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue among us. I told him I could recollect nothing, but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that as it was a debt which all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much care as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;" and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him care, he replied: "Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

He asked me when Mr. Lewis and Washington Custis would return (they were in New Kent). I told him about the 20th of the month.

About five o'clock Dr. Craik came again into the room, and, upon going to the bedside, the General said to him:

"Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath can not last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed, when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physicians: "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I can not last long."

They found that all which had been done was without effect; he lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was. When I helped him to move at this time, he did not speak, but looked at me with strong expressions of gratitude.

About eight o'clock the physicians came again into the room, and applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out (except Dr. Craik) without a ray of hope.

I went out about this time and wrote a line to Mr. Law and Mr. Peter, requesting them to come with their wives (Mrs. Washington's granddaughters), as soon as possible, to Mount Vernon.

About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said: "Do you understand me?"

I replied, "Yes."

"'Tis well," said he.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier; he lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and put it into my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes. And he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the foot of the bed) asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?"

I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more.

"'Tis well," said she, in the same voice; "all is now over, and I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

Occurrences not noted in the preceding narrative:

The General's servant, Christopher, was in the room through the day, and in the afternoon the General directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day. He did so.

About eight o'clock in the morning he expressed a desire to get up; his clothes were put on, and he was led to a chair by the fire; he found no relief from that position, and lay down again about ten o'clock.

About five P.M. he was helped up again, and after sitting about half an hour, desired to be undressed and put in bed, which was done.

During his whole illness he spoke but seldom, and with great difficulty and distress, and in so low and broken a voice as at times hardly to be understood. His patience, fortitude, and resignation never forsook him for a moment. In all his distress he uttered not a sigh nor a complaint, always endeavoring (from a sense of duty, as it appeared) to take what was offered him and to do as he was desired by his physicians.

At the time of his decease, Dr. Craik and myself were in the situation beforementioned; Mrs. Washington was sitting near the foot of the bed; Christopher was standing by the bedside; Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte were in the room, standing near the door; Mrs. Forbes, the housekeeper, was frequently in the room during the day and evening.

MARTHA WASHINGTON. 1801. AGE 69.

From the original miniature painted by Robert Field in 1801. Owned by Mrs. Kate Upshur Moorhead of Washington, D. C., sixth in lineal descent from Mrs. Washington.

As soon as Dr. Craik could speak, after the distressing scene was closed, he desired one of the servants to ask the gentlemen below to come up stairs. When they came to the bedside I kissed the cold hand which I had held to my bosom, laid it down, and went to the other end of the room, where I was for some time lost in profound grief, until aroused by Christopher desiring me to take care of the General's keys and other things which were taken out of his pockets and which Mrs. Washington directed him to give me. I wrapped them in the General's handkerchief, and took them with me to my room.

About twelve o'clock the corpse was brought down stairs and laid out in the large room.

*Sunday, December 15, 1799.**

The foregoing statement, so far as I can recollect, is correct.

JAS. CRAIK.

Sunday, December 15, 1799.

Fair weather. Mrs. Washington sent for me in the morning, and desired I would send up to Alexandria and have a coffin made, which I did. Dr. Dick measured the body, the dimensions of which were as follows:

In length, six feet three and one-half inches, exact.

Across the shoulders, one foot nine inches, exact.

Across the elbows, two feet, exact.

After breakfast I gave to Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown forty dollars each, which sum Dr. Craik advised as very proper, and they left us after breakfast.

I wrote letters to the following persons, informing them of the late melancholy event: The President of the United States,

* The original reads "1800"; but this seems to be an error.—EDITOR.

General Hamilton, General Pinckney, Bushrod Washington, Colonel W. A. Washington, Lawrence Lewis, G. W. P. Custis, George S. Washington, Samuel Washington, Colonel Ball, Captain Hammond; also to John Lewis, desiring him to inform his brothers George, Robert, and Howell. The letters were sent by the following conveyances: to the President, General Hamilton, and John Lewis, by the mail; to Colonel W. A. Washington and to B. Washington, by express to Colonel Blackburn, requesting him to forward them by same conveyance; to L. Lewis, G. W. P. Custis, by express; to General Pinckney, Colonel Ball, Samuel Washington, G. S. Washington, and Captain Hammond, by my own servant Charles, with my riding horse.

Mrs. Stuart was sent for. In the morning about ten o'clock, Mr. Thomas Peter came down, and about two o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Law, to whom I had written on Saturday evening. Dr. Thornton came down with Mr. Law. Dr. Craik tarried all day and all night.

In the evening I consulted with Mr. Law, Mr. Peter, and Dr. Craik, on fixing a day for depositing the body in the vault. I wished the ceremony to be postponed until the last of the week, to give time to some of the General's relations to be here; but Dr. Craik and Dr. Thornton gave it decidedly as their opinion that considering the disorder of which the General died, being of an inflammatory nature, it would not be proper nor perhaps safe to keep the body so long; and, therefore, Wednesday was fixed upon for the funeral, to allow a day (Thursday) in case the weather should be unfavorable on Wednesday.

Monday, December 16, 1799.

I directed the people to open the family vault, clean away the rubbish from about it, and make everything decent; ordered a door to be made to the vault, instead of closing it again with brick, as had been the custom; engaged Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn to have a mahogany coffin made, lined with lead, in which the body was to be deposited.

Dr. Craik, Mr. Peter, and Dr. Thornton left us after breakfast, and Mrs. Stuart and her daughters came in the afternoon. Mr. Anderson went to Alexandria to get a number of things preparatory to the funeral; the mourning was ordered for the family domestics and overseers. Having received information from Alexandria that the militia, Free Masons, etc., were determined to show their respect to the General's memory by attending his body to the grave, I directed provision to be prepared for a large number of people, as some refreshment would be expected by them. Mr. Robert Hamilton wrote me a letter informing that a schooner of his would be off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns when the body was carrying to the grave.

Gave notice of the time fixed for the funeral to the following persons, by Mrs. Washington's desire, viz., Mr. Mason and family, Mr. Peake and family, Mr. Nickols and family, Mr. McCarty and family, Miss McCarty, Mr. and Mrs. McClanahan, Lord Fairfax and family, Mr. Triplet and family, Mr. Anderson and family, Mr. Diggs, Mr. Cockburn and family, Mr. Massay and family, Mr. R. West. I wrote also to the Rev. Mr. Davis to read the service.

Tuesday, December 17, 1799.

Every preparation for the mournful ceremony was making. Mr. Diggs came here in the forenoon, also Mr. Stewart, adjutant to the Alexandria Regiment, to view the ground for the procession. About one o'clock the coffin was brought from Alexandria in a stage. Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn accompanied it; also Mr. Grater, with a shroud. The body was laid in the coffin, at which time I cut off some of the hair.

The mahogany coffin was lined with lead, soldered at the joints, and a cover of lead to be soldered on after the body should be in the vault; the whole was put in a case lined and covered with black cloth.

Wednesday, December 18, 1799.

About eleven o'clock numbers of people began to assemble, to attend the funeral, which was intended to have been at twelve; but as a great part of the troop expected could not get down in time, it did not take place till three. Eleven pieces of artillery were brought from Alexandria, and a schooner belonging to Mr. R. Hamilton came down and lay off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns.

About three o'clock the procession began to move. The arrangements of the procession were made by Colonels Little, Simms, and Dencale, and Dr. Dick. The pall-holders were Colonels Little, Simms, Payne, Gilpin, Ramsey, and Marsteler. Colonel Blackburn preceded the corpse.

Colonel Dencale marched with the military. The procession moved out of the gate at the left wing of the house, and proceeded round in front of the lawn, and down to the vault on the right wing of the house—the procession as follows:

The troops, horse and foot; music playing a solemn dirge; the clergy, viz., the Reverends Mr. Davis, Mr. Muir, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Addison.

The General's horse with his saddle, holster, pistols, etc., led by his two grooms, Cyrus and Wilson, in black.

The body borne by the Free Masons and officers.

Principal mourners, viz., Mr. Stuart and Mr. Law, Misses Nancy and Sally Stuart, Miss Fairfax, Miss Dennison, Mr. Law, Mr. Peter, Mr. Lear, Dr. Craik, Lord Fairfax, Ferdo Fairfax.

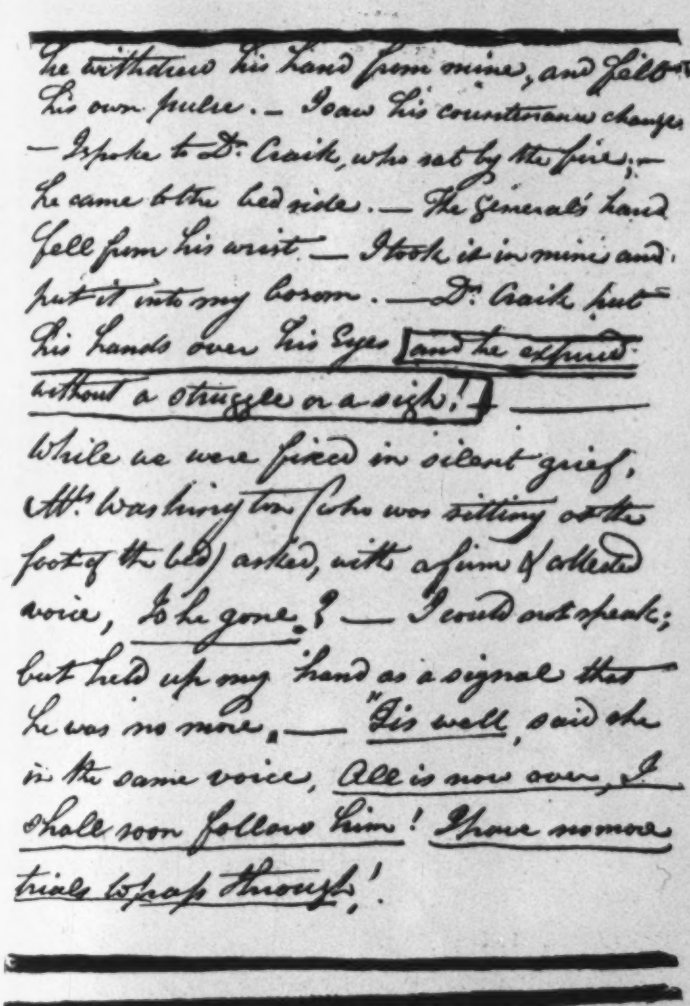
Lodge No. 23, Corporation of Alexandria, all other persons, preceded by Mr. Anderson and the overseers.

When the body arrived at the vault the Rev. Mr. Davis read the service and pronounced a short extempore speech; the Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault.

After the ceremony the company returned to the house, where they took some refreshment and retired in good order. The remains of the provisions were distributed among the blacks.

Mr. Peter, Dr. Craik, and Dr. Thornton tarried here all night.

When the ceremony was over I retired to my room (leaving to Mr. Law and Mr. Diggs the care of the company), to give a loose to those feelings which I had been able to keep under control while I found it necessary for me to give a personal attention to the preparations for interring the body of my deceased friend. What those feelings were is not to be told, if it were even possible to describe them. . . .


he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt
his own pulse. — I saw his countenance change
— I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; —
he came to the bed side. — The General's hand
fell from his wrist. — I took it in mine and
put it into my bosom. — Dr. Craik put
his hands over his eyes [and he expired
without a struggle or a sigh!] —
While we were fixed in silent grief,
Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the
foot of the bed) asked, with a firm & collected
voice, Is he gone? — I could not speak;
but held up my hand as a signal that
he was no more. — "Tis well, said she
in the same voice, All is now over, I
shall soon follow him! I have no more
trials to pass through!

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF TOBIAS LEAR.

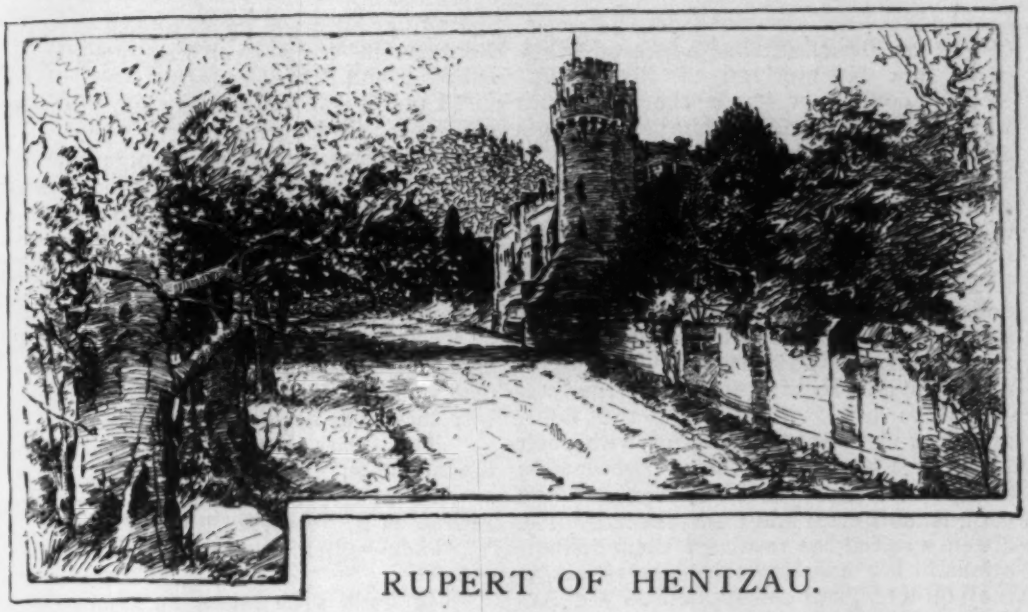
Wednesday, December 25, 1799.

This day sent to Alexandria for the plumber to come down and close the leaden coffin containing the General's body, as Judge Washington had arrived and did not incline to see the remains. The plumbers came; I went with them to the tomb. I took a last look—a last farewell of that face, which still appeared unaltered. I attended the closing of the coffin, and beheld for the last time that face which I shall see no more here, but which I hope to meet in heaven.

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

"He was dead." See page 338.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU, CHAPTER VIII.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. All this is told in the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The present history opens with the Princess (now Queen) Flavia come to such a pass that she dare not longer trust herself in sending the yearly message to Rassendyll. She therefore writes a letter that is to be her last word to him. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rupert's tool, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, hurries to Zenda with a copy of it, to lay before the king. But he is met there by Rassendyll, is deceived for the moment into thinking him the king, and yields him the copy. He soon realizes his mistake, but is prevented by Colonel Sapt and Bernenstein from coming into private communication with the king. He is also made to discover the hiding-place of Rupert.—19 Königstrasse, Strelsau. Von Tarlenheim, the meanwhile, lies at Wintenberg, recovering from his beating, under the care of Rassendyll's servant James.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TASK OF THE QUEEN'S SERVANTS.

THE doctor who attended me at Wintenberg was not only discreet, but also indulgent; perhaps he had the sense to see that little benefit would come to a sick man from fretting in helplessness on his back, when he was on fire to be afoot. I fear he thought the baker's rolling-pin was in my mind, but at any rate I extorted a consent from him, and was on my way home from Wintenberg not much more than twelve hours after Rudolf Rassendyll left me. Thus I arrived at my own house in Strelsau on the same Friday morning that witnessed the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim's twofold interview with the king at the Castle of Zenda. The moment I had arrived, I sent James, whose assistance had been, and continued to be, in all respects most valuable, to despatch a message to the constable, acquainting him with my whereabouts, and putting myself entirely at his disposal. Sapt received this message while a council of war was being held, and the information it gave aided not a little in the arrangements that the constable and Rudolf Rassendyll made. What these were I must now relate, although, I fear, at the risk of some tediousness.

Yet that council of war in Zenda was

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held under no common circumstances. Cowed as Rischenheim appeared, they dared not let him out of their sight. Rudolf could not leave the room into which Sapt had locked him; the king's absence was to be short, and before he came again Rudolf must be gone, Rischenheim safely disposed of, and measures taken against the original letter reaching the hands for which the intercepted copy had been destined. The room was a large one. In the corner farthest from the door sat Rischenheim, disarmed, dispirited, to all seeming ready to throw up his dangerous game and acquiesce in any terms presented to him. Just inside the door, guarding it, if need should be, with their lives, were the other three, Bernenstein merry and triumphant, Sapt blunt and cool, Rudolf calm and clear-headed. The queen awaited the result of their deliberations in her apartments, ready to act as they directed, but determined to see Rudolf before he left the castle. They conversed together in low tones. Presently Sapt took paper and wrote. This first message was to me, and it bade me come to Zenda that afternoon; another head and another pair of hands were sadly needed. Then followed more deliberation; Rudolf took up the talking now, for his was the bold plan on which they consulted. Sapt twirled his moustache, smiling doubtfully.

"Yes, yes," murmured young Bernenstein, his eyes alight with excitement.

"It's dangerous, but the best thing," said Rudolf, carefully sinking his voice yet lower, lest the prisoner should catch the lightest word of what he said. "It involves my staying here till the evening. Is that possible?"

"No; but you can leave here and hide in the forest till I join you," said Sapt.

"Till we join you," corrected Bernenstein eagerly.

"No," said the constable, "you must look after our friend here. Come, Lieutenant, it's all in the queen's service."

"Besides," added Rudolf with a smile, "neither the colonel nor I would let you have a chance at Rupert. He's our game, isn't he, Sapt?"

The colonel nodded. Rudolf in his turn took paper, and here is the message that he wrote:

"Holf, 19, Königstrasse, Strelsau.—All well. He has what I had, but wishes to see what you have. He and I will be at the hunting-lodge at ten this evening. Bring it and meet us. The business is unsuspected.—R."

Rudolf threw the paper across to Sapt; Bernenstein leant over the constable's shoulder and read it eagerly.

"I doubt if it would bring me," grinned old Sapt, throwing the paper down.

"It'll bring Rupert of Hentzau. Why not? He'll know that the king will wish to meet him unknown to the queen, and also unknown to you, Sapt, since you were my friend: what place more likely for the king to choose than his hunting-lodge, where he is accustomed to go when he wishes to be alone? The message will bring him, depend on it. Why, man, Rupert would come even if he suspected; and why should he suspect?"

"They may have a cipher, he and Rischenheim," objected Sapt.

"No, or Rupert would have sent the address in it," retorted Rudolf quickly.

"Then—when he comes?" asked Bernenstein.

"He finds such a king as Rischenheim found, and Sapt, here, at his elbow."

"But he'll know you," objected Bernenstein.

"Aye, I think he'll know me," said Rudolf with a smile. "Meanwhile we send for Fritz to come here and look after the king."

"And Rischenheim?"

"That's your share, Lieutenant. Sapt, is any one at Tarlenheim?"

"No. Count Stanislas has put it at Fritz's disposal."

"Good; then Fritz's two friends, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim and Lieutenant von Bernenstein, will ride over there to-day. The constable of Zenda will give the lieutenant twenty-four hours' leave of absence, and the two gentlemen will pass the day and sleep at the *château*. They will pass the day side by side, Bernenstein, not losing sight of one another for an instant, and they will pass the night in the same room. And one of them will not close his eyes nor take his hand off the butt of his revolver."

"Very good, sir," said young Bernenstein.

"If he tries to escape or give any alarm, shoot him through the head, ride to the frontier, get to safe hiding, and, if you can, let us know."

"Yes," said Bernenstein simply. Sapt had chosen well, and the young officer made nothing of the peril and ruin that Her Majesty's service might ask of him.

A restless movement and a weary sigh from Rischenheim attracted their attention. He had strained his ears to listen

till his head ached, but the talkers had been careful, and he had heard nothing that threw light on their deliberations. He had now given up his vain attempt, and sat in listless inattention, sunk in an apathy.

"I don't think he'll give you much trouble," whispered Sapt to Bernenstein, with a jerk of his thumb towards the captive.

"Act as if he were likely to give you much," urged Rudolf, laying his hand on the lieutenant's arm.

"Yes, that's a wise man's advice," nodded the constable approvingly. "We were well governed, Lieutenant, when this Rudolf was king."

"Wasn't I also his loyal subject?" asked young Bernenstein.

"Yes, wounded in my service," added Rudolf; for he remembered how the boy—he was little more then—had been fired upon in the park of Tarlenheim, being taken for Mr. Rassendyll himself.

Thus their plans were laid. If they could defeat Rupert, they would have Rischenheim at their mercy. If they could keep Rischenheim out of the way while they used his name in their trick, they had a strong chance of deluding and killing Rupert. Yes, of killing him; for that and nothing less was their purpose, as the constable of Zenda himself has told me.

"We would have stood on no ceremony," he said. "The queen's honor was at stake, and the fellow himself an assassin."

Bernenstein rose and went out. He was gone about half an hour, being employed in despatching the telegrams to Strelsau. Rudolf and Sapt used the interval to explain to Rischenheim what they proposed to do with him. They asked no pledge, and he offered none. He heard what they said with a dull uninterested air. When asked if he would go without resistance, he laughed a bitter laugh. "How can I resist?" he asked. "I should have a bullet through my head."

"Why, without doubt," said Colonel Sapt. "My lord, you are very sensible."

"Let me advise you, my lord," said Rudolf, looking down on him kindly enough, "if you come safe through this affair, to add honor to your prudence, and chivalry to your honor. There is still time for you to become a gentleman."

He turned away, followed by a glance of anger from the count and a grating chuckle from old Sapt.

A few moments later Bernenstein returned. His errand was done, and horses for himself and Rischenheim were at the gate of the castle. After a few final words and a clasp of the hand from Rudolf, the lieutenant motioned to his prisoner to accompany him, and they two walked out together, being to all appearance willing companions and in perfect friendliness with one another. The queen herself watched them go from the windows of her apartment, and noticed that Bernenstein rode half a pace behind, and that his free hand rested on the revolver by his side.

It was now well on in the morning, and the risk of Rudolf's sojourn in the castle grew greater with every moment. Yet he was resolved to see the queen before he went. This interview presented no great difficulties, since Her Majesty was in the habit of coming to the constable's room to take his advice or to consult with him. The hardest task was to contrive afterwards a free and unnoticed escape for Mr. Rassendyll. To meet this necessity, the constable issued orders that the company of guards which garrisoned the castle should parade at one o'clock in the park, and that the servants should all, after their dinner, be granted permission to watch the manœuvres. By this means he counted on drawing off any curious eyes and allowing Rudolf to reach the forest unobserved. They appointed a rendezvous in a handy and sheltered spot; the one thing which they were compelled to trust to fortune was Rudolf's success in evading chance encounters while he waited. Mr. Rassendyll himself was confident of his ability to conceal his presence, or, if need were, so to hide his face that no strange tale of the king being seen wandering, alone and beardless, should reach the ears of the castle or the town.

While Sapt was making his arrangements, Queen Flavia came to the room where Rudolf Rassendyll was. It was then nearing twelve, and young Bernenstein had been gone half an hour. Sapt attended her to the door, set a sentry at the end of the passage with orders that Her Majesty should on no pretence be disturbed, promised her very audibly to return as soon as he possibly could, and respectfully closed the door after she had entered. The constable was well aware of the value in a secret business of doing openly all that can safely be done with openness.

All of what passed at that interview I do not know, but a part Queen Flavia

herself told to me, or rather to Helga, my wife; for although it was meant to reach my ear, yet to me, a man, she would not disclose it directly. First she learnt from Mr. Rassendyll the plans that had been made, and, although she trembled at the danger that he must run in meeting Rupert of Hentzau, she had such love of him and such a trust in his powers that she seemed to doubt little of his success. But she began to reproach herself for having brought him into this peril by writing her letter. At this he took from his pocket the copy that Rischenheim had carried. He had found time to read it, and now before her eyes he kissed it.

"Had I as many lives as there are words, my queen," he said softly, "for each word I would gladly give a life."

"Ah, Rudolf, but you've only one life, and that more mine than yours. Did you think we should ever meet again?"

"I didn't know," said he; and now they were standing opposite one another.

"But I knew," she said, her eyes shining brightly; "I knew always that we should meet once more. Not how, nor where, but just that we should. So I lived, Rudolf."

"God bless you!" he said.

"Yes, I lived through it all."

He pressed her hand, knowing what that phrase meant and must mean for her.

"Will it last forever?" she asked, suddenly gripping his hand tightly. But a moment later she went on: "No, no, I mustn't make you unhappy, Rudolf. I'm half glad I wrote the letter, and half glad they stole it. It's so sweet to have you fighting for me, for me only this time, Rudolf—not for the king, for me!"

"Sweet indeed, my dearest lady. Don't be afraid: we shall win."

"You will win, yes. And then you'll go?" And, dropping his hand, she covered her face with hers.

"I mustn't kiss your face," said he, "but your hands I may kiss," and he kissed her hands as they were pressed against her face.

"You wear my ring," she murmured through her fingers, "always?"

"Why, yes," he said, with a little laugh of wonder at her question.

"And there is—no one else?"

"My queen!" said he, laughing again.

"No, I knew really, Rudolf, I knew really," and now her hands flew out towards him, imploring his pardon. Then she began to speak quickly: "Rudolf, last night I had a dream about you, a strange dream. I seemed to be in Strelsau, and all the people were talking about the king. It was you they meant; you were the king. At last you were the king, and I was your queen. But I could see you only very dimly; you were somewhere, but I could not make out where; just sometimes your face came. Then I tried to tell you that you were king—yes, and Colonel Sapt and Fritz tried to tell you; the people, too, called out that you were king. What did it mean? But your face, when I saw it, was unmoved, and very pale, and you seemed not to hear what we said, not even what I said. It almost seemed as if you were dead, and yet king. Ah, you mustn't die, even to be king," and she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Sweetheart," said he gently, "in dreams desires and fears blend in strange visions, so I seemed to you to be both a king and a dead man; but I'm not a king, and I am a very healthy fellow. Yet a thousand thanks to my dearest queen for dreaming of me."

"No, but what could it mean?" she asked again.

"What does it mean when I dream always of you, except that I always love you?"

"Was it only that?" she said, still unconvinced.

What more passed between them I do not know. I think that the queen told my wife more, but women will sometimes keep women's secrets even from their husbands; though they love us, yet we are always in some sort the common enemy, against whom they join hands. Well, I would not look too far into such secrets, for to know must be, I suppose, to blame, and who is himself so blameless that in such a case he would be free with his censures?

Yet much cannot have passed, for almost close on their talk about the dream came Colonel Sapt, saying that the guards were in line, and all the women streamed out to watch them, while the men followed, lest the gay uniforms should make them forgotten. Certainly a quiet fell over the old castle, that only the constable's curt tones broke, as he bade Rudolf come by the back way to the stables and mount his horse.

"There's no time to lose," said Sapt, and his eye seemed to grudge the queen even one more word with the man she loved.

But Rudolf was not to be hurried into leaving her in such a fashion. He clapped

the constable on the shoulder, laughing, and bidding him think of what he would for a moment; then he went again to the queen and would have knelt before her, but that she would not suffer, and they stood with hands locked. Then suddenly she drew him to her and kissed his forehead, saying: "God go with you, Rudolf my knight."

Thus she turned away, letting him go. He walked towards the door; but a sound arrested his steps, and he waited in the middle of the room, his eyes on the door. Old Sapt flew to the threshold, his sword half-way out of its sheath. There was a step coming down the passage, and the feet stopped outside the door.

"Is it the king?" whispered Rudolf.

"I don't know," said Sapt.

"No, it's not the king," came in unhesitating certainty from Queen Flavia.

They waited: a low knock sounded on the door. Still for a moment they waited. The knock was repeated urgently.

"We must open," said Sapt. "Behind the curtain with you, Rudolf."

The queen sat down, and Sapt piled a heap of papers before her, that it might seem as though he and she transacted business. But his precautions were interrupted by a hoarse, eager, low cry from outside, "Quick! in God's name, quick!"

They knew the voice for Bernenstein's. The queen sprang up, Rudolf came out, Sapt turned the key. The lieutenant entered, hurried, breathless, pale.

"Well?" asked Sapt.

"He has got away?" cried Rudolf, guessing in a moment the misfortune that had brought Bernenstein back.

"Yes, he's got away. Just as we left the town and reached the open road towards Tarlenheim, he said, 'Are we going to walk all the way?' I was not loath to go quicker, and we broke into a trot. But I—ah, what a pestilent fool I am!"

"Never mind that—go on."

"Why, I was thinking of him and my task, and having a bullet ready for him, and——"

"Of everything except your horse?" guessed Sapt, with a grim smile.

"Yes; and the horse pecked and stumbled, and I fell forward on his neck. I put out my arm to recover myself, and—I jerked my revolver on to the ground."

"And he saw?"

"He saw, curse him. For a second he waited; then he smiled, and turned, and dug his spurs in and was off, straight across country towards Strelsau. Well, I was off my horse in a moment, and I fired three times after him."

"You hit?" asked Rudolf.

"I think so. He shifted the reins from one hand to the other and wrung his arm. I mounted and made after him, but his horse was better than mine and he gained ground. We began to meet people, too, and I didn't dare to fire again. So I left him and rode here to tell you. Never employ me again, Constable, so long as you live," and the young man's face was twisted with misery and shame, as, forgetting the queen's presence, he sank despondently into a chair.

Sapt took no notice of his self-reproaches. But Rudolf went and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"It was an accident," he said. "No blame to you."

The queen rose and walked towards him; Bernenstein sprang to his feet.

"Sir," said she, "it is not success but effort that should gain thanks," and she held out her hand.

Well, he was young; I do not laugh at the sob that escaped his lips as he turned his head.

"Let me try something else!" he implored.

"Mr. Rassendyll," said the queen, "you'll do my pleasure by employing this gentleman in my further service. I am already deep in his debt, and would be deeper."

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, but what's to be done?" asked Colonel Sapt. "He's gone to Strelsau."

"He'll stop Rupert," mused Mr. Rassendyll.

"He may or he mayn't."

"It's odds that he will."

"We must provide for both."

Sapt and Rudolf looked at one another.

"You must be here?" asked Rudolf of the constable. "Well, I'll go to Strelsau." His smile broke out. "That is, if Bernenstein 'll lend me a hat."

The queen made no sound; but she came and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her, smiling still.

"Yes, I'll go to Strelsau," said he, "and I'll find Rupert, aye, and Rischenheim too, if they're in the city."

"Take me with you," cried Bernenstein eagerly.

Rudolf glanced at Sapt. The constable shook his head. Bernenstein's face fell.

"It's not that, boy," said old Sapt, half in kindness, half in impatience. "We

want you here. Suppose Rupert comes here with Rischenheim!"

The idea was new, but the event was by no means unlikely.

"But you'll be here, Constable," urged Bernenstein, "and Fritz von Tarlenheim will arrive in an hour."

"Aye, young man," said Sapt, nodding his head; "but when I fight Rupert of Hentzau, I like to have a man to spare," and he grinned broadly, being no whit afraid of what Bernenstein might think of his courage. "Now go and get him a hat," he added, and the lieutenant ran off on the errand.

But the queen cried:

"Are you sending Rudolf alone, then—alone against two?"

"Yes, madam, if I may command the campaign," said Sapt. "I take it he should be equal to the task."

He could not know the feelings of the queen's heart. She dashed her hand across her eyes, and turned in mute entreaty to Rudolf Rassendyll.

"I must go," he said softly. "We can't spare Bernenstein, and I mustn't stay here."

She said no more. Rudolf walked across to Sapt.

"Take me to the stables. Is the horse good? I daren't take the train. Ah, here's the lieutenant and the hat."

"The horse 'll get you there to-night," said Sapt. "Come along. Bernenstein, stay with the queen."

At the threshold Rudolf paused, and, turning his head, glanced once at Queen Flavia, who stood still as a statue, watching him go. Then he followed the constable, who brought him where the horse was. Sapt's devices for securing freedom from observation had served well, and Rudolf mounted unmolested.

"The hat doesn't fit very well," said Rudolf.

"Like a crown better, eh?" suggested the colonel.

Rudolf laughed as he asked, "Well, what are my orders?"

"Ride round by the moat to the road at the back; then through the forest to Hofbau; you know your way after that. You mustn't reach Strelsau till it's dark. Then, if you want a shelter——"

"To Fritz von Tarlenheim's, yes! From there I shall go straight to the address."

"Aye. And——Rudolf!"

"Yes?"

"Make an end of him this time."

"Please God. But if he goes to the lodge? He will, unless Rischenheim stops him."

"I'll be there in case, but I think Rischenheim will stop him."

"If he comes here?"

"Young Bernenstein will die before he suffers him to reach the king."

"Sapt!"

"Aye?"

"Be kind to her."

"Bless the man, yes!"

"Good-by."

"And good luck."

At a swift canter Rudolf darted round the drive that led from the stables, by the moat, to the old forest road behind; five minutes brought him within the shelter of the trees, and he rode on confidently, meeting nobody, save here and there a yokel, who, seeing a man ride hard with his head averted, took no more notice of him than to wish that he himself could ride abroad instead of being bound to work. Thus Rudolf Rassendyll set out again for the walls of Strelsau, through the forest of Zenda. And ahead of him, with an hour's start, galloped the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, again a man, and a man with resolution, resentment, and revenge in his heart.

The game was afoot now; who could tell the issue of it?

CHAPTER VII.

THE MESSAGE OF SIMON THE HUNTSMAN.

I RECEIVED the telegram sent to me by the Constable of Zenda at my own house in Strelsau about one o'clock. It is needless to say that I made immediate preparations to obey his summons. My wife indeed protested—and I must admit with some show of reason—that I was unfit to endure further fatigues, and that my bed was the only proper place for me. I could not listen; and James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, being informed of the summons, was at my elbow with a card of the trains from Strelsau to Zenda, without waiting for any order from me. I had talked to this man in the course of our journey, and discovered that he had been in the service of Lord Topham, formerly British Ambassador to the Court of Ruritania. How far he was acquainted with the secrets of his present master, I did not know, but his familiarity with the city and the country made him of great use to me. We discovered, to our annoyance, that no train left

till four o'clock, and then only a slow one; the result was that we could not arrive at the castle till past six o'clock. This hour was not absolutely too late, but I was of course eager to be on the scene of action as early as possible.

"You'd better see if you can get a special, my lord," James suggested; "I'll run on to the station and arrange about it."

I agreed. Since I was known to be often employed in the king's service, I could take a special train without exciting remark. James set out, and about a quarter of an hour later I got into my carriage to drive to the station. Just as the horses were about to start, however, the butler approached me.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said he, "but Bauer didn't return with your lordship. Is he coming back?"

"No," said I. "Bauer was grossly impertinent on the journey, and I dismissed him."

"Those foreign men are never to be trusted, my lord. And your lordship's bag?"

"What, hasn't it come?" I cried. "I told him to send it."

"It's not arrived, my lord."

"Can the rogue have stolen it?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"If your lordship wishes it, I will mention the matter to the police."

I appeared to consider this proposal.

"Wait till I come back," I ended by saying. "The bag may come, and I have no reason to doubt the fellow's honesty."

This, I thought, would be the end of my connection with Master Bauer. He had served Rupert's turn, and would now disappear from the scene. Indeed it may be that Rupert would have liked to dispense with further aid from him; but he had few whom he could trust, and was compelled to employ those few more than once. At any rate he had not done with Bauer, and I very soon received proof of the fact. My house is a couple of miles from the station, and we had to pass through a considerable part of the old town, where the streets are narrow and tortuous and progress necessarily slow. We had just entered the Königstrasse (and it must be remembered that I had at that time no reason for attaching any special significance to this locality), and were waiting impatiently for a heavy dray to move out of our path, when my coachman, who had overheard the butler's conversation with me, leant down from his box with an air of lively excitement.

"My lord," he cried, "there's Bauer—there, passing the butcher's shop!"

I sprang up in the carriage; the man's back was towards me, and he was threading his way through the people with a quick, stealthy tread. I believe he must have seen me, and was slinking away as fast as he could. I was not sure of him, but the coachman banished my doubt by saying, "It's Bauer—it's certainly Bauer, my lord."

I hardly stayed to form a resolution. If I could catch this fellow or even see where he went, a most important clue as to Rupert's doings and whereabouts might be put into my hand. I leapt out of the carriage, bidding the man wait, and at once started in pursuit of my former servant. I heard the coachman laugh: he thought, no doubt, that anxiety for the missing bag inspired such eager haste.

The numbers of the houses in the Königstrasse begin, as anybody familiar with Strelsau will remember, at the end adjoining the station. The street being a long one, intersecting almost the entire length of the old town, I was, when I set out after Bauer, opposite number 300 or thereabouts, and distant nearly three-quarters of a mile from that important number nineteen, towards which Bauer was hurrying like a rabbit to its burrow. I knew nothing and thought nothing of where he was going; to me nineteen was no more than eighteen or twenty; my only desire was to overtake him. I had no clear idea of what I meant to do when I caught him, but I had some hazy notion of intimidating him into giving up his secret by the threat of an accusation of theft. In fact, he had stolen my bag. After him I went; and he knew that I was after him. I saw him turn his face over his shoulder, and then bustle on faster. Neither of us, pursued or pursuer, dared quite to run; as it was, our eager strides and our carelessness of collisions created more than enough attention. But I had one advantage. Most folk in Strelsau knew me, and many got out of my way who were by no means inclined to pay a like civility to Bauer. Thus I began to gain on him, in spite of his haste; I had started fifty yards behind, but as we neared the end of the street and saw the station ahead of us, not more than twenty separated me from him. Then an annoying thing happened. I ran full into a stout old gentleman; Bauer had run into him before, and he was standing, as people will, staring in resentful astonishment at his first assailant's retreating figure. The

second collision immensely increased his vexation; for me it had yet worse consequences; for when I disentangled myself, Bauer was gone! There was not a sign of him; I looked up: the number of the house above me was twenty-three; but the door was shut. I walked on a few paces, past twenty-two, past twenty-one—and up to nineteen. Nineteen was an old house, with a dirty, dilapidated front and an air almost dissipated. It was a shop where provisions of the cheaper sort were on view in the window, things that one has never eaten but has heard of people eating. The shop-door stood open, but there was nothing to connect Bauer with the house. Muttering an oath in my exasperation, I was about to pass on, when an old woman put her head out of the door and looked round. I was full in front of her. I am sure that the old woman started slightly, and I think that I did. For I knew her and she knew me. She was old Mother Holf, one of whose sons, Johann, had betrayed to us the secret of the dungeon at Zenda, while the other had died by Mr. Rassendyll's hand by the side of the great pipe that masked the king's window. Her presence might mean nothing, yet it seemed at once to connect the house with the secret of the past and the crisis of the present.

She recovered herself in a moment, and curtseyed to me.

"Ah, Mother Holf," said I, "how long is it since you set up shop in Strelsau?"

"About six months, my lord," she answered, with a composed air and arms akimbo.

"I have not come across you before," said I, looking keenly at her.

"Such a poor little shop as mine would not be likely to secure your lordship's patronage," she answered, in a humility that seemed only half genuine.

I looked up at the windows. They were all closed and had their wooden lattices shut. The house was devoid of any signs of life.

"You've a good house here, mother, though it wants a splash of paint," said I. "Do you live all alone in it with your daughter?" For Max was dead and Johann abroad, and the old woman had, as far as I knew, no other children.

"Sometimes; sometimes not," said she. "I let lodgings to single men when I can."

"Full now?"

"Not a soul, worse luck, my lord."

Then I shot an arrow at a venture.

"The man who came in just now, then, was he only a customer?"

"I wish a customer had come in, but there has been nobody," she replied in surprised tones.

I looked full in her eyes; she met mine with a blinking imperturbability. There is no face so inscrutable as a clever old woman's when she is on her guard. And her fat body barred the entrance; I could not so much as see inside, while the window, choked full with pigs' trotters and such-like dainties, helped me very little. If the fox were there, he had got to earth and I could not dig him out.

At this moment I saw James approaching hurriedly. He was looking up the street, no doubt seeking my carriage and chafing at its delay. An instant later he saw me.

"My lord," he said, "your train will be ready in five minutes; if it doesn't start then, the line must be closed for another half-hour."

I perceived a faint smile on the old woman's face. I was sure then that I was on the track of Bauer, and probably of more than Bauer. But my first duty was to obey orders and get to Zenda. Besides, I could not force my way in, there in open daylight, without a scandal that would have set all the long ears in Strelsau aprick. I turned away reluctantly. I did not even know for certain that Bauer was within, and thus had no information of value to carry with me.

"If your lordship would kindly recommend me—" said the old hag.

"Yes, I'll recommend you," said I. "I'll recommend you to be careful whom you take for lodgers. There are queer fish about, mother."

"I take the money beforehand," she retorted with a grin; and I was as sure that she was in the plot as of my own existence.

There was nothing to be done; James's face urged me towards the station. I turned away. But at this instant a loud, merry laugh sounded from inside the house. I started, and this time violently. The old woman's brow contracted in a frown, and her lips twitched for a moment; then her face regained its composure; but I knew the laugh, and she must have guessed that I knew it. Instantly I tried to appear as though I had noticed nothing. I nodded to her carelessly, and bidding James follow me, set out for the station. But as we reached the platform, I laid my hand on his shoulder, saying:

"The Count of Hentzau is in that house, James."

He looked at me without surprise; he was as hard to stir to wonder as old Sapt himself.

"Indeed, sir. Shall I stay and watch?"

"No, come with me," I answered. To tell the truth, I thought that to leave him alone in Strelsau to watch that house was in all likelihood to sign his death warrant, and I shrank from imposing the duty on him. Rudolf might send him if he would; I dared not. So we got into our train, and I suppose that my coachman, when he had looked long enough for me, went home. I forgot to ask him afterwards. Very likely he thought it a fine joke to see his master hunting a truant servant and a truant bag through the streets in broad daylight. Had he known the truth, he would have been as interested, though, maybe, less amused.

I arrived at the town of Zenda at half-past three, and was in the castle before four. I may pass over the most kind and gracious words with which the queen received me. Every sight of her face and every sound of her voice bound a man closer to her service, and now she made me feel that I was a poor fellow to have lost her letter and yet to be alive. But she would hear nothing of such talk, choosing rather to praise the little I had done than to blame the great thing in which I had failed. Dismissed from her presence, I flew open-mouthed to Sapt. I found him in his room with Bernenstein, and had the satisfaction of learning that my news of Rupert's whereabouts was confirmed by his information. I was also made acquainted with all that had been done, even as I have already related it, from the first successful trick played on Rischenheim to the moment of his unfortunate escape. But my face grew long and apprehensive when I heard that Rudolf Rassendyll had gone alone to Strelsau to put his head in that lion's mouth in the Königstrasse.

"There will be three of them there—Rupert, Rischenheim, and my rascal Bauer," said I.

"As to Rupert, we don't know," Sapt reminded me. "He'll be there if Rischenheim arrives in time to tell him the truth. But we have also to be ready for him here, and at the hunting-lodge. Well, we're ready for him wherever he is: Rudolf will be in Strelsau, you and I will ride to the lodge, and Bernenstein will be here with the queen."

"Only one here?" I asked.

"Ay, but a good one," said the constable, clapping Bernenstein on the shoulder. "We shan't be gone above four hours, and those while the king is safe in his bed. Bernenstein has only to refuse access to him, and stand to that with his life till we come back. You're equal to that, eh, Lieutenant?"

I am, by nature, a cautious man, and prone to look at the dark side of every prospect and the risks of every enterprise; but I could not see what better dispositions were possible against the attack that threatened us. Yet I was sorely uneasy concerning Mr. Rassendyll.

Now, after all our stir and runnings to and fro, came an hour or two of peace. We employed the time in having a good meal, and it was past five when, our repast finished, we sat back in our chairs enjoying cigars. James had waited on us, quietly usurping the office of the constable's own servant, and thus we had been able to talk freely. The man's calm confidence in his master and his master's fortune also went far to comfort me.

"The king should be back soon," said Sapt at last, with a glance at his big, old-fashioned silver watch. "Thank God, he'll be too tired to sit up long. We shall be free by nine o'clock, Fritz. I wish young Rupert would come to the lodge!" And the colonel's face expressed a lively pleasure at the idea.

Six o'clock struck, and the king did not appear. A few moments later, a message came from the queen, requesting our presence on the terrace in front of the *château*. The place commanded a view of the road by which the king would ride back, and we found the queen walking restlessly up and down, considerably disquieted by the lateness of his return. In such a position as ours, every unusual or unforeseen incident magnifies its possible meaning, and invests itself with a sinister importance which would at ordinary times seem absurd. We three shared the queen's feelings, and forgetting the many chances of the chase, any one of which would amply account for the king's delay, fell to speculating on remote possibilities of disaster. He might have met Rischenheim—though they had ridden in opposite directions; Rupert might have intercepted him—though no means could have brought Rupert to the forest so early. Our fears defeated common sense, and our conjectures outran possibility. Sapt was the first to recover from this foolish

mood, and he rated us soundly, not sparing even the queen herself. With a laugh we regained some of our equanimity, and felt rather ashamed of our weakness.

"Still it's strange that he doesn't come," murmured the queen, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking along the road to where the dark masses of the forest trees bounded our view. It was already dusk, but not so dark but that we could have seen the king's party as soon as it came into the open.

If the king's delay seemed strange at six, it was stranger at seven, and by eight most strange. We had long since ceased to talk lightly; by now we had lapsed into silence. Sapt's scoldings had died away. The queen, wrapped in her furs (for it was very cold), sat sometimes on a seat, but oftener paced restlessly to and fro. Evening had fallen. We did not know what to do, nor even whether we ought to do anything. Sapt would not own to sharing our worst apprehensions, but his gloomy silence in face of our surmises witnessed that he was in his heart as disturbed as we were. For my part I had come to the end of my endurance, and I cried, "For God's sake, let's act! Shall I go and seek him?"

"A needle in a bundle of hay," said Sapt with a shrug.

But at this instant my ear caught the sound of horses cantering on the road from the forest; at the same moment Bernenstein cried, "Here they come!" The queen paused, and we gathered round her. The horse-hoofs came nearer. Now we made out the figures of three men: they were the king's huntsmen, and they rode along merrily, singing a hunting chorus. The sound of it brought relief to us; so far at least there was no disaster. But why was not the king with them?

"The king is probably tired, and is following more slowly, madam," suggested Bernenstein.

This explanation seemed very probable, and the lieutenant and I, as ready to be hopeful on slight grounds as fearful on small provocation, joyfully accepted it. Sapt, less easily turned to either mood, said, "Aye, but let us hear," and raising his voice, called to the huntsmen, who had now arrived in the avenue. One of them, the king's chief huntsman Simon, gorgeous in his uniform of green and gold, came swaggering along, and bowed low to the queen.

"Well, Simon, where is the king?" she asked, trying to smile.

"The king, madam, has sent a message by me to your majesty."

"Pray, deliver it to me, Simon."

"I will, madam. The king has enjoyed fine sport; and, indeed, madam, if I may say so for myself, a better run——"

"You may say, friend Simon," interrupted the constable, tapping him on the shoulder, "anything you like for yourself, but, as a matter of etiquette, the king's message should come first."

"Oh, aye, Constable," said Simon. "You're always so down on a man, aren't you? Well, then, madam, the king has enjoyed fine sport. For we started a boar at eleven, and——"

"Is this the king's message, Simon?" asked the queen, smiling in genuine amusement, but impatiently.

"Why, no, madam, not precisely his majesty's message."

"Then get to it, man, in heaven's name," growled Sapt testily. For here were we four (the queen, too, one of us!) on tenterhooks, while the fool boasted about the sport that he had shown the king. For every boar in the forest Simon took as much credit as though he, and not Almighty God, had made the animal. It is the way with such fellows.

Simon became a little confused under the combined influence of his own seductive memories and Sapt's brusque exhortations.

"As I was saying, madam," he resumed, "the boar led us a long way, but at last the hounds pulled him down, and his majesty himself gave the *coup de grâce*. Well, then it was very late——"

"It's no earlier now," grumbled the constable.

"And the king, although indeed, madam, his majesty was so gracious as to say that no huntsman whom his majesty had ever had, had given his majesty——"

"God help us!" groaned the constable.

Simon shot an apprehensive apologetic glance at Colonel Sapt. The constable was frowning ferociously. In spite of the serious matters in hand I could not forbear a smile, while young Bernenstein broke into an audible laugh, which he tried to smother with his hand.

"Yes, the king was very tired, Simon?" said the queen, at once encouraging him and bringing him back to the point with a woman's skill.

"Yes, madam, the king was very tired; and as we chanced to kill near the hunting-lodge——"

I do not know whether Simon noticed

any change in the manner of his audience. But the queen looked up with parted lips, and I believe that we three all drew a step nearer him. Sapt did not interrupt this time.

"Yes, madam, the king was very tired, and as we chanced to kill near the hunting-lodge, the king bade us carry our quarry there, and come back to dress it to-morrow; so we obeyed, and here we are—that is, except Herbert, my brother, who stayed with the king by his majesty's orders. Because, madam, Herbert is a handy fellow, and my good mother taught him to cook a steak and——"

"Stayed where with the king?" roared Sapt.

"Why, at the hunting-lodge, Constable. The king stays there to-night, and will ride back to-morrow morning with Herbert. That, madam, is the king's message."

We had come to it at last, and it was something to come to. Simon gazed from face to face. I saw him, and I understood at once that our feelings must be speaking too plainly. So I took on myself to dismiss him, saying:

"Thanks, Simon, thanks: we understand."

He bowed to the queen; she roused herself, and added her thanks to mine. Simon withdrew, looking still a little puzzled.

After we were left alone, there was a moment's silence. Then I said:

"Suppose Rupert——"

The Constable of Zenda broke in with a short laugh.

"On my life," said he, "how things fall out! We say he will go to the hunting-lodge, and—he goes!"

"If Rupert goes—if Rischenheim doesn't stop him!" I urged again.

The queen rose from her seat and stretched out her hands towards us.

"Gentlemen, my letter!" said she.

Sapt wasted no time.

"Bernenstein," said he, "you stay here as we arranged. Nothing is altered. Horses for Fritz and myself in five minutes."

Bernenstein turned and shot like an arrow along the terrace towards the stables.

"Nothing is altered, madam," said Sapt, "except that we must be there before Count Rupert."

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past nine. Simon's cursed chatter had lost a quarter of an hour. I opened my lips to speak. A glance from Sapt's eyes told me that he discerned what I was about to say. I was silent.

"You'll be in time?" asked the queen, with clasped hands and frightened eyes.

"Assuredly, madam," returned Sapt with a bow.

"You won't let him reach the king?"

"Why, no, madam," said Sapt with a smile.

"From my heart, gentlemen," she said in a trembling voice, "from my heart——"

"Here are the horses," cried Sapt. He snatched her hand, brushed it with his grizzly moustache, and—well, I am not sure I heard, and I can hardly believe what I think I heard. But I will set it down for what it is worth. I think he said, "Bless your sweet face, we'll do it." At any rate she drew back with a little cry of surprise, and I saw the tears standing in her eyes. I kissed her hand also; then we mounted, and we started, and we rode, as if the devil were behind us, for the hunting-lodge.

But I turned once to watch her standing on the terrace, with young Bernenstein's tall figure beside her.

"Can we be in time?" said I. It was what I had meant to say before.

"I think not, but, by God, we'll try," said Colonel Sapt.

And I knew why he had not let me speak.

Suddenly there was a sound behind us of a horse at the gallop. Our heads flew round in the ready apprehension of men on a perilous errand. The hoofs drew near, for the unknown rode with reckless haste.

"We had best see what it is," said the constable, pulling up.

A second more, and the horseman was beside us. Sapt swore an oath, half in amusement, half in vexation.

"Why, is it you, James?" I cried.

"Yes, sir," answered Rudolf Rassendyll's servant.

"What the devil do you want?" asked Sapt.

"I came to attend on the Count von Tarlenheim, sir."

"I did not give you any orders, James."

"No, sir. But Mr. Rassendyll told me not to leave you, unless you sent me away. So I made haste to follow you."

Then Sapt cried: "Deuce take it, what horse is that?"

"The best in the stables, so far as I could see, sir. I was afraid of not overtaking you."

Sapt tugged his moustaches, scowled, but finally laughed.

"Much obliged for your compliment," said he. "The horse is mine."

"Indeed, sir?" said James with respectful interest.

For a moment we were all silent. Then Sapt laughed again.

"Forward!" said he, and the three of us dashed into the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPER OF BORIS THE HOUND.

LOOKING back now, in the light of the information I have gathered, I am able to trace very clearly, and almost hour by hour, the events of this day, and to understand how chance, laying hold of our cunning plan and mocking our wiliness, twisted and turned our device to a predetermined but undreamt-of issue, of which we were most guiltless in thought or intent. Had the king not gone to the hunting-lodge, our design would have found the fulfilment we looked for; had Rischenheim succeeded in warning Rupert of Hentzau, we should have stood where we were. Fate or fortune would have it otherwise. The king, being weary, went to the lodge, and Rischenheim failed in warning his cousin. It was a narrow failure, for Rupert, as his laugh told me, was in the house in the Königstrasse when I set out from Strelsau, and Rischenheim arrived there at half-past four. He had taken the train at a roadside station, and thus easily outstripped Mr. Rassendyll, who, not daring to show his face, was forced to ride all the way and enter the city under cover of night. But Rischenheim had not dared to send a warning, for he knew that we were in possession of the address and did not know what steps we might have taken to intercept messages. Therefore he was obliged to carry the news himself; when he came his man was gone. Indeed Rupert must have left the house almost immediately after I was safe away from the city. He was determined to be in good time for his appointment; his only enemies were not in Strelsau; there was no warrant on which he could be apprehended; and, although his connection with Black Michael was a matter of popular gossip, he felt himself safe from arrest by virtue of the secret that protected him. Accordingly he walked out of the house, went to the station, took his ticket to Hofbau, and, traveling by the four o'clock train, reached his destination about half-past five. He must have passed the train in which Rischenheim traveled; the first news the latter had of his departure was from a porter at the station, who, having recognized the Count of Hentzau, ventured to congratulate Rischenheim on his cousin's return. Rischenheim made no answer, but hurried in great agitation to the house in the Königstrasse, where the old woman Holf confirmed the tidings. Then he passed through a period of great irresolution. Loyalty to Rupert urged that he should follow him and share the perils into which his cousin was hastening. But caution whispered that he was not irrevocably committed, that nothing overt yet connected him with Rupert's schemes, and that we who knew the truth should be well content to purchase his silence as to the trick we had played by granting him immunity. His fears won the day, and, like the irresolute man he was, he determined to wait in Strelsau till he heard the issue of the meeting at the lodge. If Rupert were disposed of there, he had something to offer us in return for peace; if his cousin escaped, he would be in the Königstrasse, prepared to second the further plans of the desperate adventurer. In any event his skin was safe, and I presume to think that this weighed a little with him; for excuse he had the wound which Bernenstein had given him, and which rendered his right arm entirely useless; had he gone then, he would have been a most inefficient ally.

Of all this we, as we rode through the forest, knew nothing. We might guess, conjecture, hope, or fear; but our certain knowledge stopped with Rischenheim's start for the capital and Rupert's presence there at three o'clock. The pair might have met or might have missed. We had to act as though they had missed and Rupert were gone to meet the king. But we were late. The consciousness of that pressed upon us, although we evaded further mention of it; it made us spur and drive our horses as quickly, aye, and a little more quickly, than safety allowed. Once James's horse stumbled in the darkness and its rider was thrown; more than once a low bough hanging over the path nearly swept me, dead or stunned, from my seat. Sapt paid no attention to these mishaps or threatened mishaps. He had taken the lead, and, sitting well down in his saddle, rode ahead, turning neither to right nor left, never slackening his pace,

sparing neither himself nor his beast. James and I were side by side behind him. We rode in silence, finding nothing to say to one another. My mind was full of a picture—the picture of Rupert with his easy smile handing to the king the queen's letter. For the hour of the rendezvous was past. If that image had been translated into reality, what must we do? To kill Rupert would satisfy revenge, but of what other avail would it be when the king had read the letter? I am ashamed to say that I found myself girding at Mr. Rassendyll for happening on a plan which the course of events had turned into a trap for ourselves and not for Rupert of Hentzau.

Suddenly Sapt, turning his head for the first time, pointed in front of him. The lodge was before us; we saw it looming dimly a quarter of a mile off. Sapt reined in his horse, and we followed his example. All dismounted, we tied our horses to trees and went forward at a quick, silent walk. Our idea was that Sapt should enter on pretext of having been sent by the queen to attend to her husband's comfort and arrange for his return without further fatigue next day. If Rupert had come and gone, the king's demeanor would probably betray the fact; if he had not yet come, I and James, patrolling outside, would bar his passage. There was a third possibility; he might be even now with the king. Our course in such a case we left unsettled; so far as I had any plan, it was to kill Rupert and try to convince the king that the letter was a forgery—a desperate hope, so desperate that we turned our eyes away from the possibility which would make it our only resource.

We were now very near the hunting-lodge, being about forty yards from the front of it. All at once Sapt threw himself on his stomach on the ground.

"Give me a match," he whispered.

James struck a light, and, the night being still, the flame burnt brightly: it showed us the mark of a horse's hoof, apparently quite fresh, and leading away from the lodge. We rose and went on, following the tracks by the aid of more matches till we reached a tree twenty yards from the door. Here the hoof-marks ceased; but beyond there was a double track of human feet in the soft black earth; a man had gone thence to the house and returned from the house thither. On the right of the tree were more hoof-marks, leading up to it and then ceasing. A man had ridden up from the right, dismounted, gone on foot to the house, returned to the tree, remounted, and ridden away along the track by which we had approached.

"It may be somebody else," said I; but I do not think that we any of us doubted in our hearts that the tracks were made by the coming of Hentzau. Then the king had the letter; the mischief was done. We were too late.

Yet we did not hesitate. Since disaster had come, it must be faced. Mr. Rassendyll's servant and I followed the constable of Zenda up to the door, or within a few feet of it. Here Sapt, who was in uniform, loosened his sword in its sheath; James and I looked to our revolvers. There were no lights visible in the lodge; the door was shut; everything was still. Sapt knocked softly with his knuckles, but there was no answer from within. He laid hold of the handle and turned it; the door opened, and the passage lay dark and apparently empty before us.

"You stay here, as we arranged," whispered the colonel. "Give me the matches, and I'll go in."

James handed him the box of matches, and he crossed the threshold. For a yard or two we saw him plainly, then his figure grew dim and indistinct. I heard nothing except my own hard breathing. But in a moment there was another sound—a muffled exclamation, and the noise of a man stumbling; a sword, too, clattered on the stones of the passage. We looked at one another; the noise did not produce any answering stir in the house; then came the sharp little explosion of a match struck on its box; next we heard Sapt raising himself, his scabbard scraping along the stones; his footsteps came towards us, and in a second he appeared at the door.

"What was it?" I whispered.

"I fell," said Sapt.

"Over what?"

"Come and see. James, stay here."

I followed the constable for the distance of eight or ten feet along the passage.

"Isn't there a lamp anywhere?" I asked.

"We can see enough with a match," he answered. "Here, this is what I fell over."

Even before the match was struck I saw a dark body lying across the passage.

"A dead man!" I guessed instantly.

"Why, no," said Sapt, striking a light: "a dead dog, Fritz."

An exclamation of wonder escaped me as I fell on my knees. At the same in-

stant Sapt muttered, "Aye, there's a lamp," and, stretching up his hand to a little oil lamp that stood on a bracket, he lit it, took it down, and held it over the body. It served to give a fair, though unsteady, light, and enabled us to see what lay in the passage.

"It's Boris, the boar-hound," said I, still in a whisper, although there was no sign of any listeners.

I knew the dog well; he was the king's favorite, and always accompanied him when he went hunting. He was obedient to every word of the king's, but of a rather uncertain temper towards the rest of the world. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* there he lay dead in the passage. Sapt put his hand on the beast's head. There was a bullet-hole right through his forehead. I nodded, and in my turn pointed to the dog's right shoulder, which was shattered by another ball.

"And see here," said the constable. "Have a pull at this."

I looked where his hand now was. In the dog's mouth was a piece of gray cloth, and on the piece of gray cloth was a horn coat-button. I took hold of the cloth and pulled. Boris held on even in death. Sapt drew his sword, and, inserting the point of it between the dog's teeth, parted them enough for me to draw out the piece of cloth.

"You'd better put it in your pocket," said the constable. "Now come along;" and, holding the lamp in one hand and his sword (which he did not resheathe) in the other, he stepped over the body of the boar-hound, and I followed him.

We were now in front of the door of the room where Rudolf Rassendyll had supped with us on the day of his first coming to Ruritania, and whence he had set out to be crowned in Strelsau. On the right of it was the room where the king slept, and farther along in the same direction the kitchen and the cellars. The officer or officers in attendance on the king used to sleep on the other side of the dining-room.

"We must explore, I suppose," said Sapt. In spite of his outward calmness, I caught in his voice the ring of excitement rising and ill-repressed. But at this moment we heard from the passage on our left (as we faced the door) a low moan, and then a dragging sound, as if a man were crawling along the floor, painfully trailing his limbs after him. Sapt held the lamp in that direction, and we saw Herbert the forester, pale-faced and wide-eyed, raised from the ground on his two hands, while his legs stretched behind him and his stomach rested on the flags.

"Who is it?" he said in a faint voice.

"Why, man, you know us," said the constable, stepping up to him. "What's happened here?"

The poor fellow was very faint, and, I think, wandered a little in his brain.

"I've got it, sir," he murmured; "I've got it, fair and straight. No more hunting for me, sir. I've got it here in the stomach. Oh, my God!" He let his head fall with a thud on the floor.

I ran and raised him. Kneeling on one knee, I propped his head against my leg.

"Tell us about it," commanded Sapt in a curt, crisp voice, while I got the man into the easiest position that I could contrive.

In slow, struggling tones he began his story, repeating here, omitting there, often confusing the order of his narrative, oftener still arresting it while he waited for fresh strength. Yet we were not impatient, but heard without a thought of time. I looked round once at a sound, and found that James, anxious about us, had stolen along the passage and joined us. Sapt took no notice of him, nor of anything save the words that dropped in irregular utterance from the stricken man's lips. Here is the story, a strange instance of the turning of a great event on a small cause.

The king had eaten a little supper, and, having gone to his bedroom, had stretched himself on the bed and fallen asleep without undressing. Herbert was clearing the dining-table and performing similar duties, when suddenly (thus he told it) he found a man standing beside him. He did not know (he was new to the king's service) who the unexpected visitor was, but he was of middle height, dark, handsome, and "looked a gentleman all over." He was dressed in a shooting-tunic, and a revolver was thrust through the belt of it. One hand rested on the belt, while the other held a small square box.

"Tell the king I am here. He expects me," said the stranger.

Herbert, alarmed at the suddenness and silence of the stranger's approach, and guiltily conscious of having left the door unbolted, drew back. He was unarmed, but, being a stout fellow, was prepared to defend his master as best he could. Rupert—beyond doubt it was Rupert—laughed lightly, saying again, "Man, he expects me. Go and tell him," and sat

himself on the table, swinging his leg. Herbert, influenced by the visitor's air of command, began to retreat towards the bedroom, keeping his face towards Rupert. "If the king asks more, tell him I have the packet and the letter," said Rupert. The man bowed and passed into the bedroom. The king was asleep; when roused he seemed to know nothing of letter or packet, and to expect no visitor. Herbert's ready fears revived; he whispered that the stranger carried a revolver. Whatever the king's faults might be—and God forbid that I should speak hardly of him whom fate used so hardly—he was no coward. He sprang from his bed; at the same moment the great boar-hound uncoiled himself and came from beneath, yawning and fawning. But in an instant the beast caught the scent of a stranger: his ears pricked and he gave a low growl, as he looked up in his master's face. Then Rupert of Hentzau, weary perhaps of waiting, perhaps only doubtful whether his message would be properly delivered, appeared in the doorway.

The king was unarmed, and Herbert in no better plight; their hunting weapons were in the adjoining room, and Rupert seemed to bar the way. I have said that the king was no coward, yet I think that the sight of Rupert, bringing back the memory of his torments in the dungeon, half cowed him; for he shrank back crying, "You!" The hound, in subtle understanding of his master's movement, growled angrily.

"You expected me, sire?" said Rupert with a bow; but he smiled. I know that the sight of the king's alarm pleased him. To inspire terror was his delight, and it does not come to every man to strike fear into the heart of a king and an Elphberg. It had come more than once to Rupert of Hentzau.

"No," muttered the king. Then, recovering his composure a little, he said angrily, "How dare you come here?"

"You didn't expect me?" cried Rupert, and in an instant the thought of a trap seemed to flash across his alert mind. He drew the revolver half-way from his belt, probably in a scarcely conscious movement, born of the desire to assure himself of its presence. With a cry of alarm Herbert flung himself before the king, who sank back on the bed. Rupert, puzzled, vexed, yet half-amused (for he smiled still, the man said), took a step forward, crying out something about Rischenheim—what, Herbert could not tell us. "Keep back," exclaimed the king. "Keep back." Rupert paused; then, as though with a sudden thought, he held up the box that was in his left hand, saying:

"Well, look at this, sire, and we'll talk afterwards," and he stretched out his hand with the box in it.

Now the thing stood on a razor's edge, for the king whispered to Herbert, "What is it? Go and take it."

But Herbert hesitated, fearing to leave the king, whom his body now protected as though with a shield. Rupert's impatience overcame him: if there were a trap, every moment's delay doubled his danger. With a scornful laugh he exclaimed, "Catch it, then, if you're afraid to come for it," and he flung the packet to Herbert or the king, or which of them might chance to catch it.

This insolence had a strange result. In an instant, with a fierce growl and a mighty bound, Boris was at the stranger's throat. Rupert had not seen or had not heeded the dog. A startled oath rang out from him. He snatched the revolver from his belt and fired at his assailant. This shot must have broken the beast's shoulder, but it only half arrested his spring. His great weight was still hurled on Rupert's chest, and bore him back on his knee. The packet that he had flung lay unheeded. The king, wild with alarm and furious with anger at his favorite's fate, jumped up and ran past Rupert into the next room. Herbert followed; even as they went Rupert flung the wounded, weakened beast from him and darted to the doorway. He found himself facing Herbert, who held a boar-spear, and the king, who had a double-barreled hunting-gun. He raised his left hand, Herbert said—no doubt he still asked a hearing—but the king leveled his weapon. With a spring Rupert gained the shelter of the door, the bullet sped by him, and buried itself in the wall of the room. Then Herbert was at him with the boar-spear. Explanations must wait now: it was life or death; without hesitation Rupert fired at Herbert, bringing him to the ground with a mortal wound. The king's gun was at his shoulder again.

"You damned fool!" roared Rupert, "if you must have it, take it," and gun and revolver rang out at the same moment. But Rupert—never did his nerve fail him—hit, the king missed; Herbert saw the count stand for an instant with his smoking barrel in his hand, looking at the king, who lay on the ground. Then Ru-

pert walked towards the door. I wish I had seen his face then! Did he frown or smile? Was triumph or chagrin uppermost? Remorse? Not he!

He reached the door and passed through. That was the last Herbert saw of him; but the fourth actor in the drama, the wordless player whose part had been so momentous, took the stage. Limping along, now whining in sharp agony, now growling in fierce anger, with blood flowing but hair bristling, the hound Boris dragged himself across the room, through the door, after Rupert of Hentzau. Herbert listened, raising his head from the ground. There was a growl, an oath, the sound of the scuffle. Rupert must have turned in time to receive the dog's spring. The beast, maimed and crippled by his shattered shoulder, did not reach his enemy's face, but his teeth tore away the bit of cloth that we had found held in the vise of his jaws. Then came another shot, a laugh, retreating steps, and a door slammed. With that last sound Herbert woke to the fact of the count's escape; with weary efforts he dragged himself into the passage. The idea that he could go on if he got a drink of brandy turned him in the direction of the cellar. But his strength failed, and he sank down where we found him, not knowing whether the king were dead or still alive, and unable even to make his way back to the room where his master lay stretched on the ground.

I had listened to the story, bound as though by a spell. Half-way through, James's hand had crept to my arm and rested there; when Herbert finished I heard the little man licking his lips, again and again slapping his tongue against them. Then I looked at Sapt. He was as pale as a ghost, and the lines on his face seemed to have grown deeper. He glanced up, and met my regard. Neither of us spoke; we exchanged thoughts with our eyes. "This is our work," we said to one another. "It was our trap, these are our victims." I cannot even now think of that hour, for by our act the king lay dead.

But was he dead? I seized Sapt by the arm. His glance questioned me. "The king," I whispered hoarsely. "Yes, the king," he returned. Facing round, we walked to the door of the dining-room. Here I turned suddenly faint, and clutched at the constable. He held me up, and pushed the door wide open. The smell of powder was in the room; it seemed as if the smoke hung about, curling in dim coils round the chandelier which gave a subdued light. James had the lamp now, and followed us with it. But the king was not there. A sudden hope filled me. He had not been killed then! I regained strength, and darted across towards the inside room. Here too the light was dim, and I turned to beckon for the lamp. Sapt and James came together, and stood peering over my shoulder in the doorway.

The king lay prone on the floor, face downwards, near the bed. He had crawled there, seeking for some place to rest, as we supposed. He did not move. We watched him for a moment; the silence seemed deeper than silence could be. At last, moved by a common impulse, we stepped forward, but timidly, as though we approached the throne of Death himself. I was the first to kneel by the king and raise his head. Blood had flown from his lips, but it had ceased to flow now. He was dead.

I felt Sapt's hand on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw his other hand stretched out towards the ground. I turned my eyes where he pointed. There, in the king's hand, stained with the king's blood, was the box that I had carried to Wintenberg and Rupert of Hentzau had brought to the lodge that night. It was not rest, but the box that the dying king had sought in his last moment. I bent, and lifting his hand unclasped the fingers, still limp and warm.

Sapt bent down with sudden eagerness.

"Is it open?" he whispered.

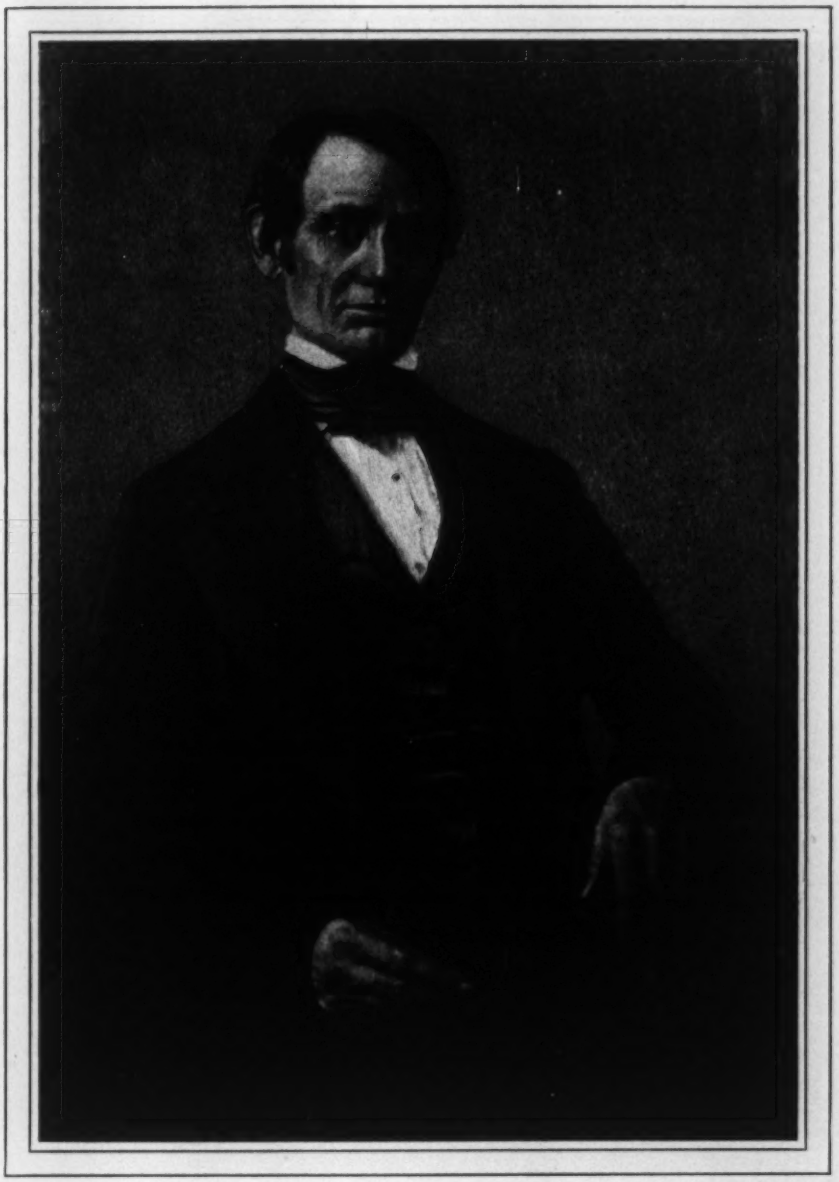
The string was round it; the sealing-wax was unbroken. The secret had outlived the king, and he had gone to his death unknowing. All at once—I cannot tell why—I put my hand over my eyes; I found my eyelashes were wet.

"Is it open?" asked Sapt again, for in the dim light he could not see.

"No," I answered.

"Thank God!" said he. And, for Sapt's, the voice was soft.

(To be continued.)

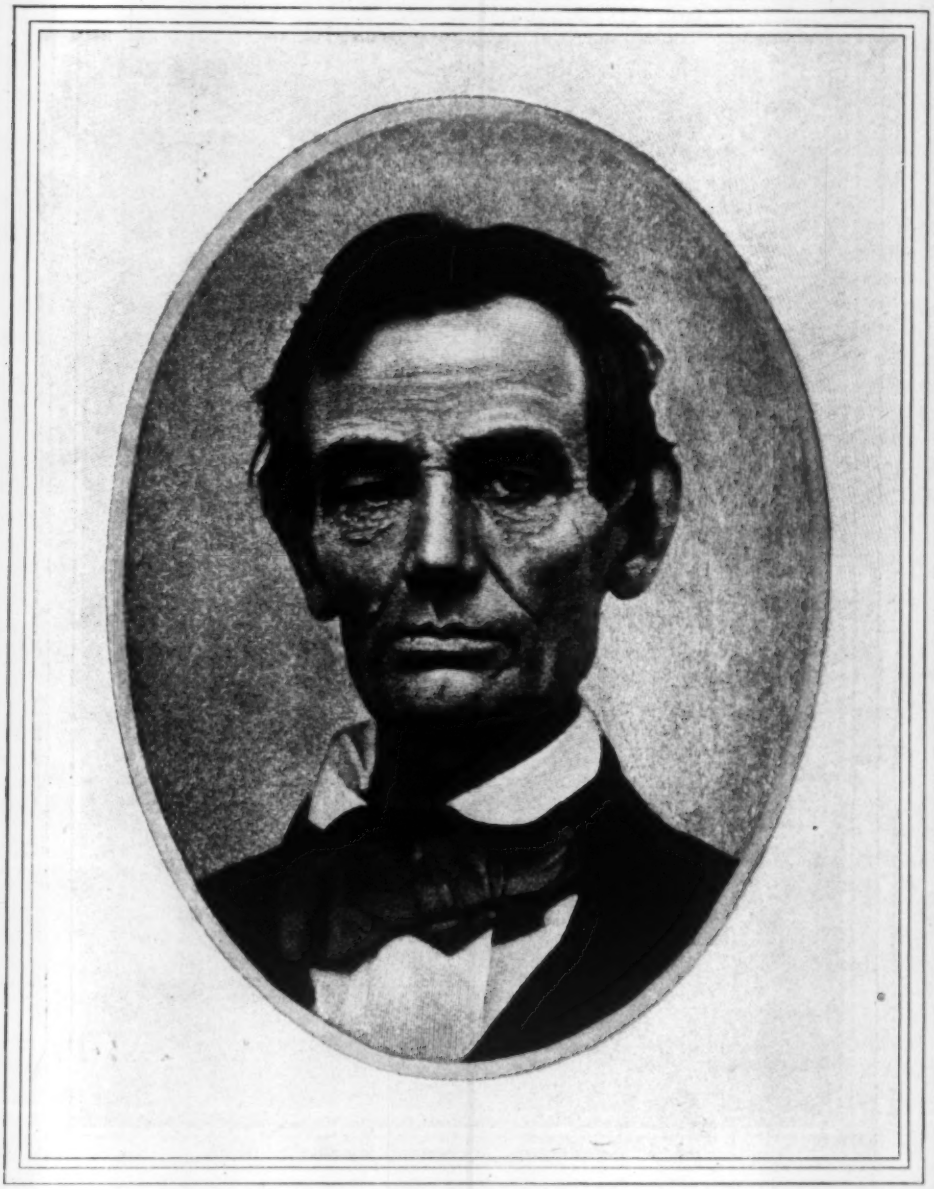


THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. ABOUT 1848. AGE 39.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mr. Lincoln's son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, through whose courtesy it was first published in McClure's Magazine for November, 1895. It was afterwards republished in the McClure "Life of Lincoln," and in the "Century Magazine" for February, 1897.

SOME GREAT PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN.

THE known portraits of Abraham Lincoln cover a period of seventeen years, the earliest being a daguerreotype supposed to have been taken in 1848. No picture of him exists which can be said with certainty to have been produced in the first half of the fifties; but in the latter half of that decade many were taken, particularly after his debates with Douglas made him so prominent a figure. After Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency the number of his portraits multiplied rapidly, for he seems to have yielded with great good-nature to the applications for sittings made by photographers and artists. From the large number of por-

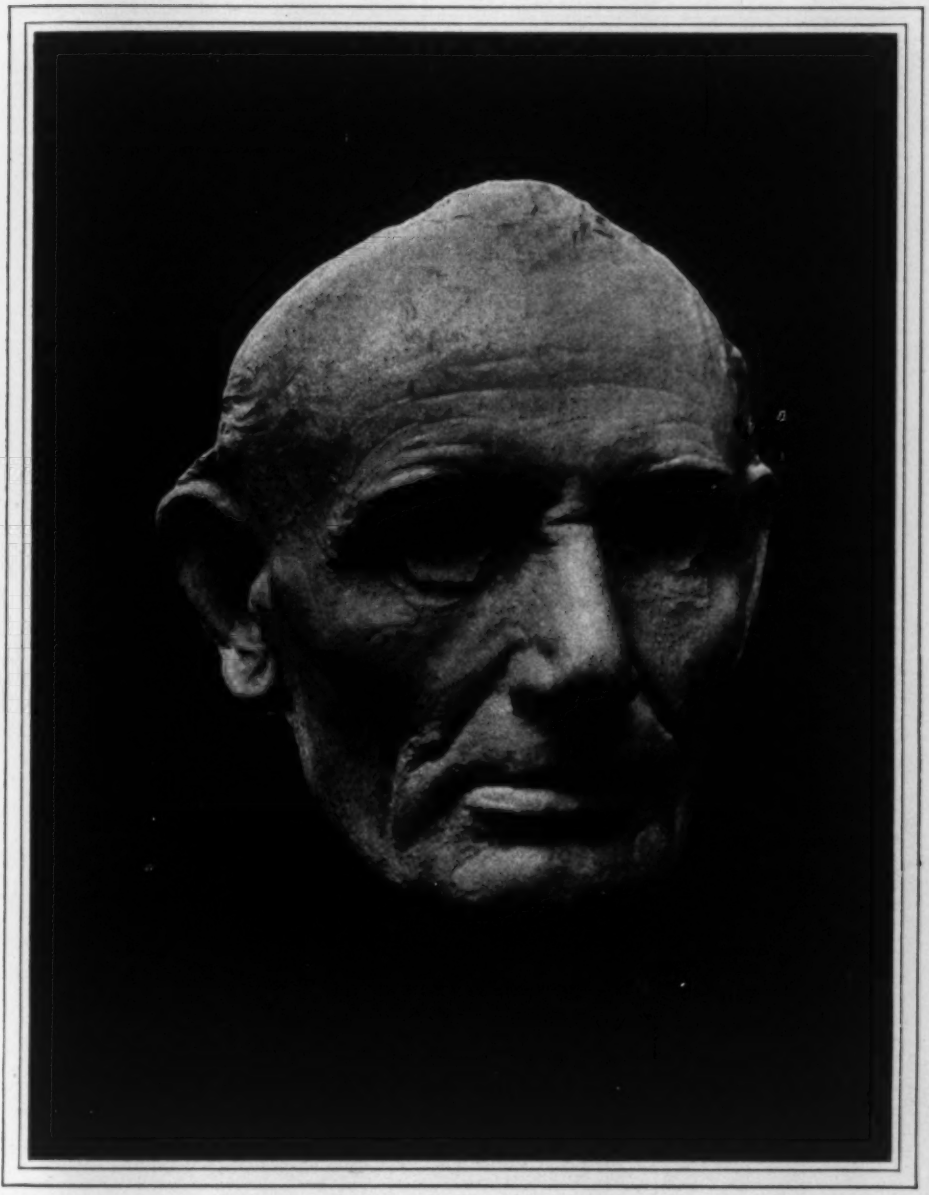


LINCOLN IN 1858. AGE 49.

From a photograph loaned by W. J. Franklin of Macomb, Illinois, and taken in 1866 from an ambrotype made in 1858 at Macomb, Illinois.

traits gathered by this magazine a series of eight are published herewith. Representing Mr. Lincoln at intervals in the seventeen last and most fruitful years of his life, they give trustworthy and interesting data for a study both of the man's appearance and of his character.

I.—The earliest portrait (page 339) was taken when Lincoln was about forty years old; that is, when he was serving his only term in Congress. Indeed, it is not impossible that this daguerreotype was made in Washington, since at that time one of the rooms of the capitol was set aside for a daguerreotyper, and most of the members of Congress had their portraits made by what was still a new process and one regarded with curiosity. The Lincoln of this daguerreotype is a curious contradiction to the Lincoln in the popular mind. His dress, instead of being "uncouth," as tradition represents it,

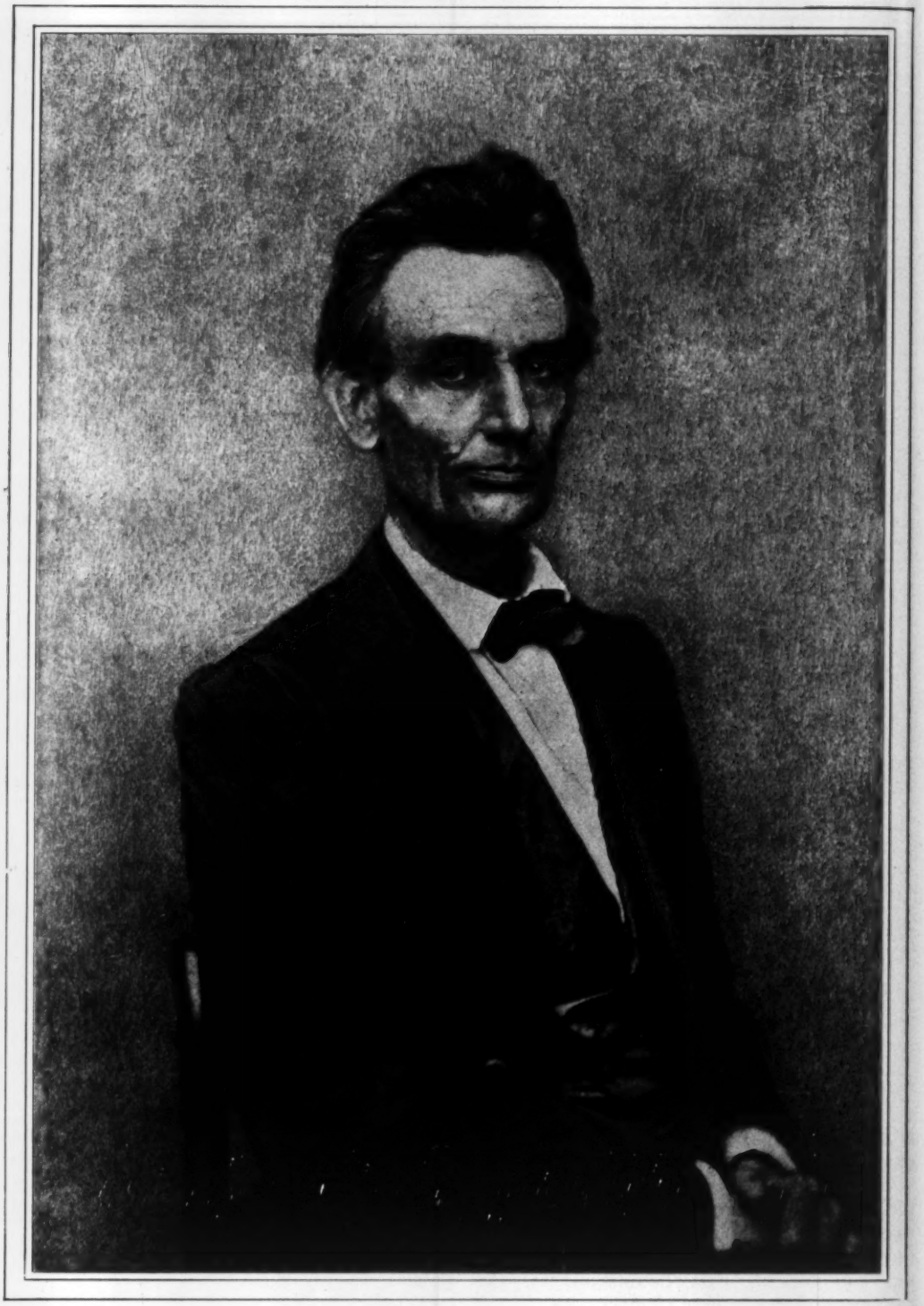


LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN. 1860. AGE 51.

Made in 1860 by Leonard W. Volk of Chicago. From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

is almost elegant; his form, if stiff and evidently braced by the archaic head-rest, is neither ungainly nor awkward, while his face is interesting and winning. You would call it the face of a poet rather than that of a statesman, and more than one person, on first examining it, has pronounced it the face of Emerson.

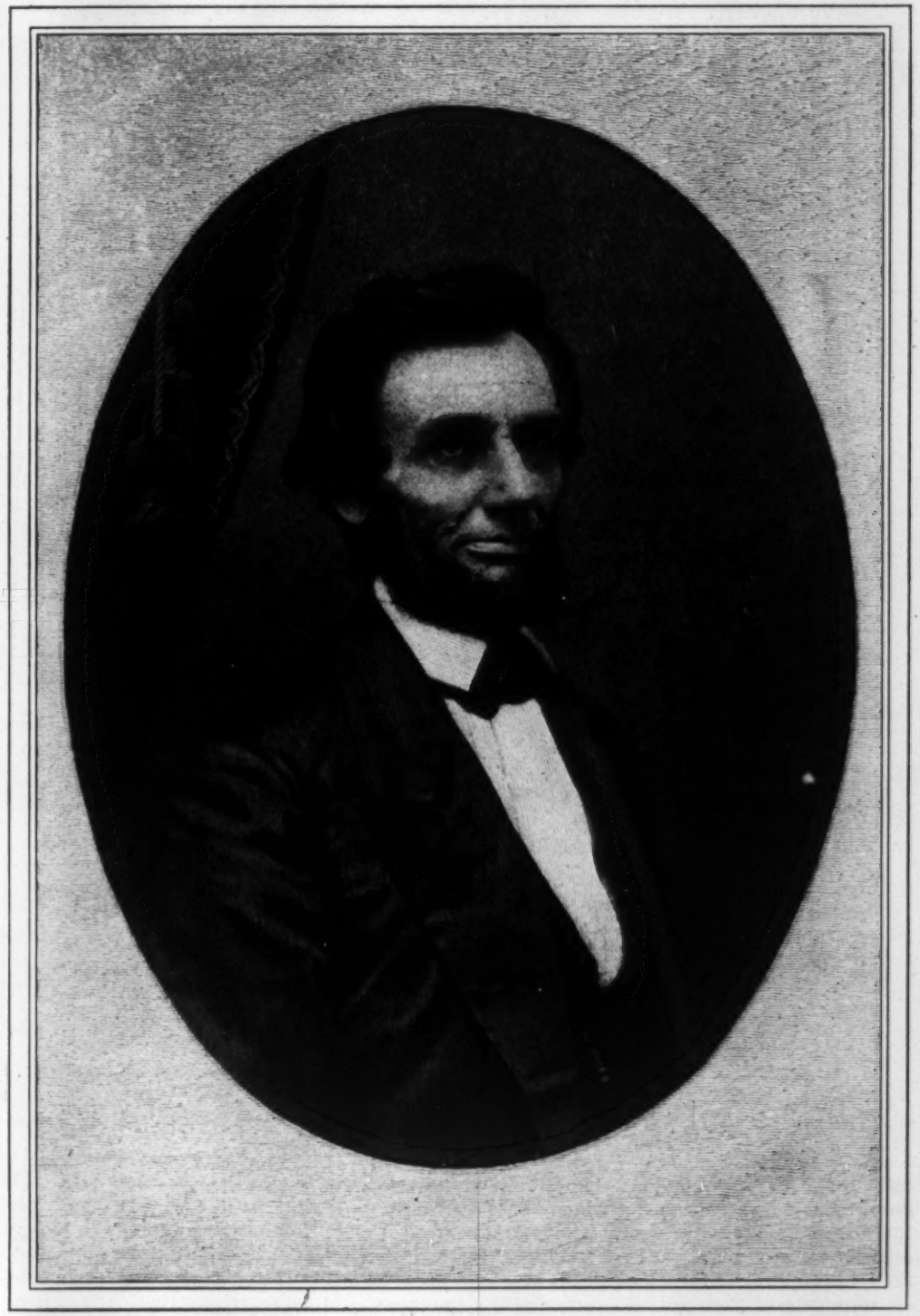
II.—The second portrait in the series (page 340) was taken ten years later—in 1858. The contrast is almost violent. The gentleness of the expression has given way to cold intelligence; the almost diffident pose of the head is replaced by one of positively regal determination. Instead of careful brushing and dressing, we see the hair bristling, the necktie awry. When the history of the portrait is known, the contrast is explained. It was taken at one of the most difficult and daring moments of Lincoln's career; at an hour when he had decided to take a course in his debates with Douglas against which all his friends and political associates advised him, and which he himself knew would probably cost him the



LINCOLN IN 1860. AGE 51. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

From a photograph found in the collection of the late J. Henry Brown of Philadelphia, who painted a portrait of Lincoln in 1860.

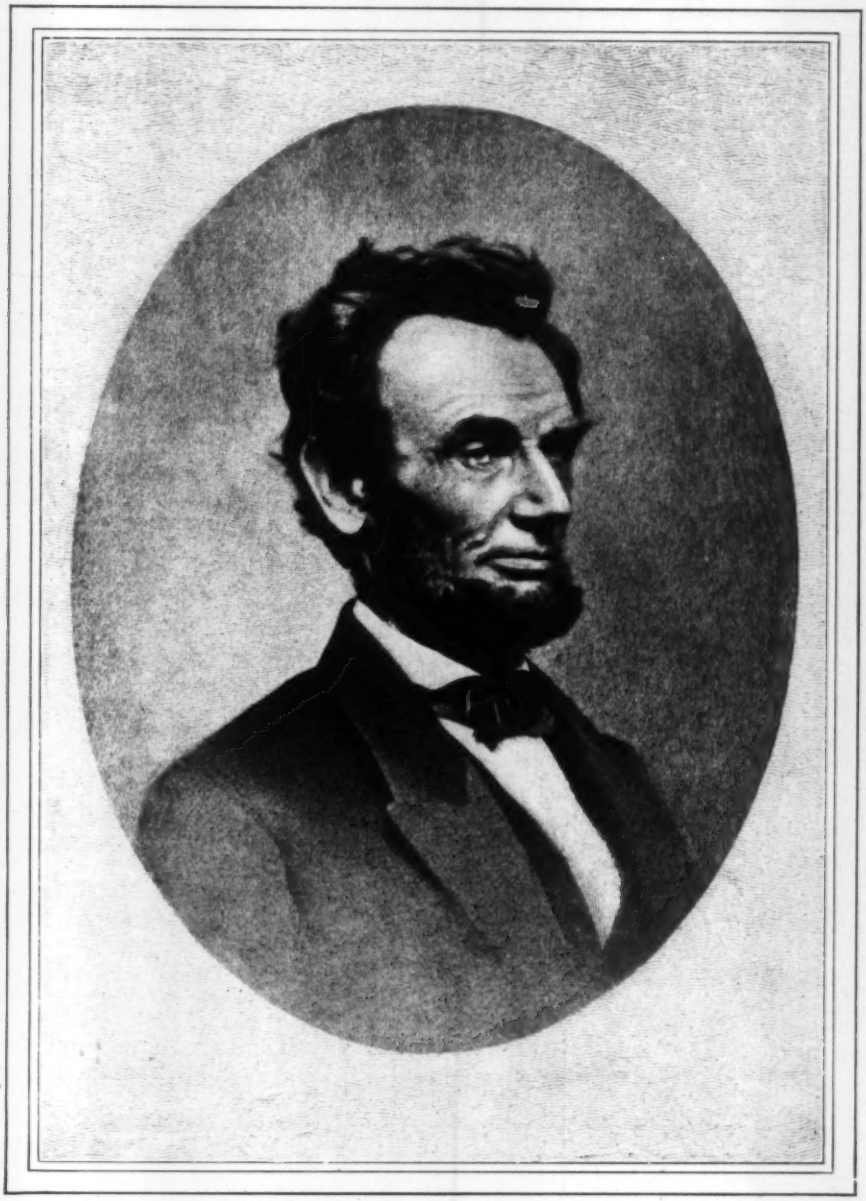
election to the senatorship of the United States, for which he was striving. His reason for following this course was that he believed it would expose the essential



LINCOLN IN 1861. AGE 52. FIRST PUBLISHED IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1896.

From a photograph taken at Springfield, Illinois, early in 1861, by C. S. German, and owned by Allen Jasper Conant.

weakness of Douglas's position, and in the long run would help the general cause. Two days before the debate in which he was to take this bold step, he was at Macomb, Illinois, and there the portrait was made. It reflects, as no other por-



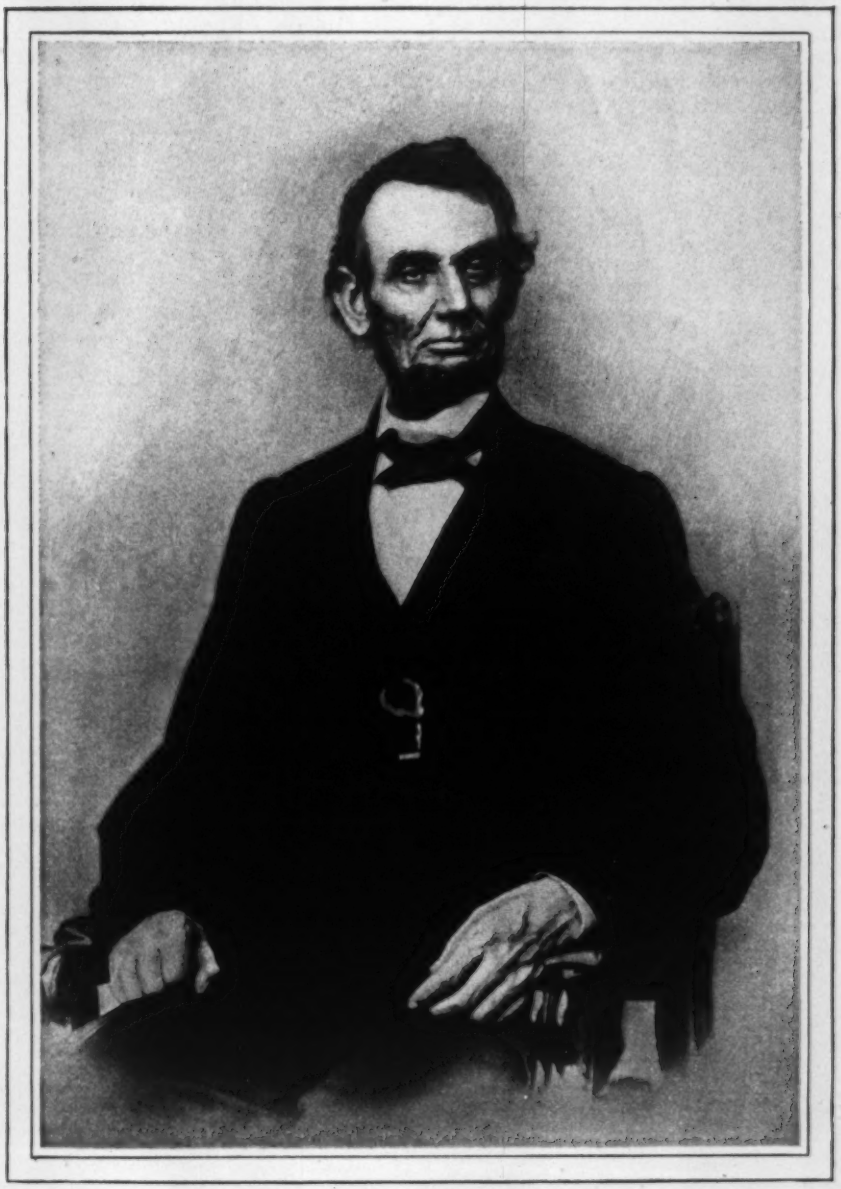
LINCOLN IN 1864. AGE 55. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

From "Hannibal Hamlin: Life and Times of the War Vice-President and a Senator from Maine for a Quarter of a Century," by Charles Eugene Hamlin—not yet published.

trait we have of Lincoln, the unbending determination of which he was capable, the force he had for doing that which seemed to him right, though he had to do it alone and in the face of his strongest supporters.

Whatever suggestion of the unkempt there is in Lincoln's appearance in this picture is explained if we remember the difficulty of the life he lead during his debates with Douglas. For weeks he was traveling from place to place, now on horseback or in carriage, now by rail. He was exposed to heat and cold, rain and dust. Even a man fastidious as to his appearance would have found it difficult to keep himself trim under these circumstances. It is worth noting, that in all of the other portraits here given there is not a hint of that uncouthness of dress so often charged upon Lincoln.

III.—The Volk life mask (reproduced in profile as the frontispiece of the magazine, and in full-view on page 341) is

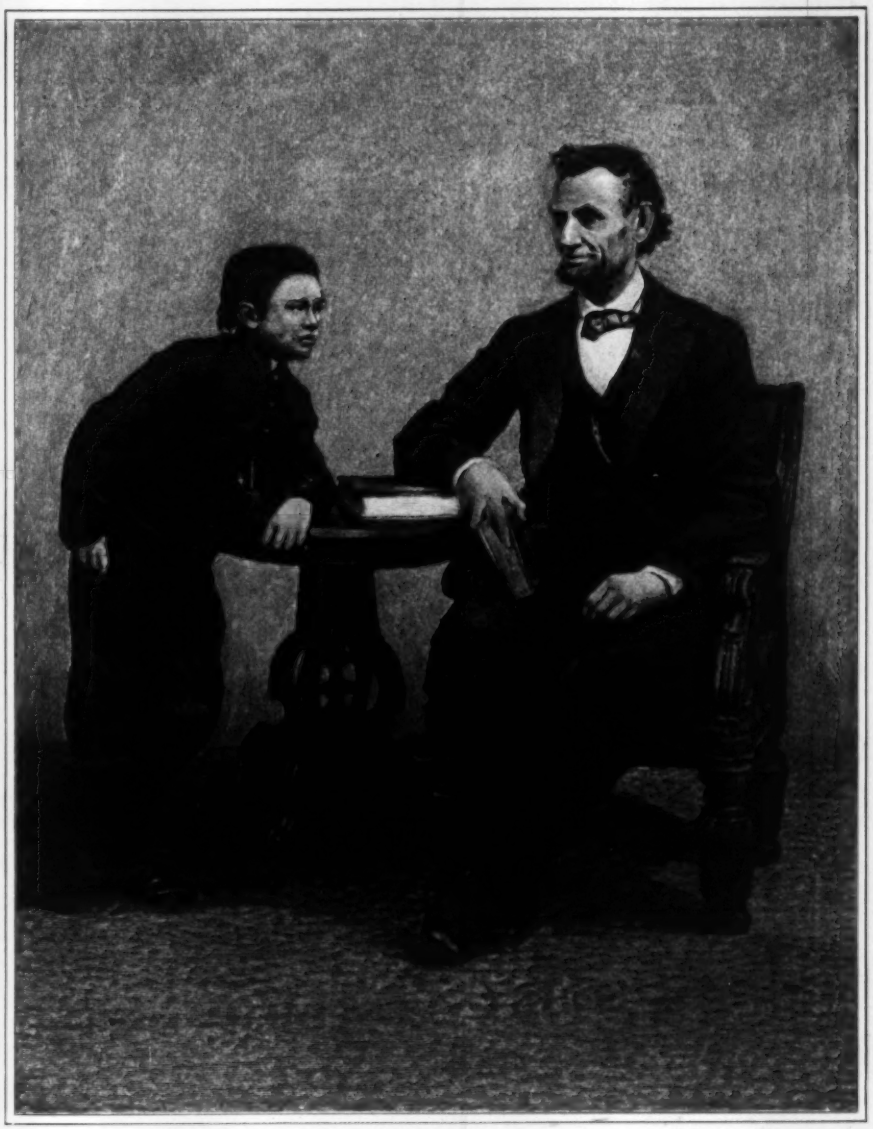


LINCOLN IN 1864. AGE 55.

From a photograph by Brady, in the War Department Collection.

the only portrait we have of Lincoln which compares in the loftiness and resolution of its expression with the Macomb picture. This mask Mr. Volk made in Chicago in 1860, only a short time before Mr. Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency, and it must be considered the most perfectly characteristic portrait we have of Lincoln when first elected President of the United States. Although it gives with perfect truthfulness the rugged features which, when considered separately, led people to pronounce his face "ugly," these features are not what strike one in the mask. We see rather the kindliness of its lines, the splendid thoughtfulness of the brow, the firm yet sweet curve of the lips, and, particularly, the fine expression of dignity and power. It is, in fact, a face of the truest distinction and the profoundest interest.

IV.—The portrait which follows the mask (page 342) was taken in August, 1860, for Mr. J. Henry Brown, a miniature painter of Philadelphia, who had gone to Springfield to paint a portrait of Mr. Lin-



MR. LINCOLN AND HIS SON THOMAS, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "TAD." ABOUT 1864. BY BRADY.

coln. It has never been reproduced before. It is particularly interesting because it shows an expression not common in Lincoln's portraits, although one frequent in his face—a look of patient melancholy which overtook him when weary, discouraged, or even uninterested. The expression vanished at once when his thoughts or emotions were aroused.

V.—The portrait on page 343 was probably taken early in February, 1861. It is one of the first portraits in which Lincoln wears a beard. The beard certainly softened the ruggedness of his face somewhat, and hid slightly the deep hollow of his cheeks; but it is not this which gives the charm to this particular portrait; it is, instead, the gentleness of the expression and the steady kindness of the deep-set eyes. There is not in existence, perhaps, another portrait of Mr. Lincoln in which the tenderness of his nature is so perfectly expressed.

VI.—One of the finest of the many photographs of the Presidential period is that on page 344, which is now first published. General Charles Hamlin of Bangor, Maine, to whom Lincoln gave the picture, says of the incident:

"Mr. Lincoln gave me this photograph one day in the spring of 1864. The picture, with several others, stood on his desk, in the room at the White House where he received visitors, apparently for the purpose of examination and comparison. During the conversation over our business matters, my eye was resting continually on these pictures, struck with the differences that existed between them. As I was about to retire, I remarked to Mr. Lincoln that of all the portraits of him that I had seen this one gave me the best impression—was the best likeness. Without making any direct reply he handed it to me, saying, 'You are welcome to it.'"

VII. and VIII.—The last two portraits in the series (pages 345 and 346) were made by Brady in Washington, probably in 1864. They are especially interesting as showing that the popular notion of Lincoln's ungainliness is exaggerated. Indeed these two pictures confirm entirely what Mr. T. H. Bartlett, the sculptor, says of Lincoln's person: "Lincoln sat down with great dignity, and sitting down is a very extreme test of the character of physical construction. Lincoln sat well, superbly. . . . He stood well, and, above all, unassumingly and naturally. In nearly all of his full-length portraits there is seen a physical and mental concentration very rare; that is, his body, hips, and arms kept together. Whenever there is an articulation in action, like the bend of the wrist, ankle, or arm, there is inevitably grace and strength, effects never produced by mean joints or uncouth physical construction. Lincoln's joints were elastic, easy, and strong in make and movements."

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

IV.

IN COUNCIL AND IN BATTLE WITH ROSECRANS AND THOMAS.—A VISIT TO BURNSIDE AT KNOXVILLE.

FROM Vicksburg I went early in July to Washington to report to the Secretary of War. I was the first man to reach the capital from Vicksburg, and everybody wanted to hear the story and to ask questions. I was anxious to get home and see my family, however, and left for New York as soon as I could get away. A few days after I arrived in New York, I received an invitation to go into business there with Mr. Ketchum, a banker, and with George Opdyke, the merchant. I wrote Mr. Stanton of the opening, but he urged me to remain in the War Department as one of his assistants, which I consented to do.*

The first commission with which Mr. Stanton charged me after my appointment as his assistant was one similar to that which I had just finished—to go to Tennessee to observe and report the movements of Rosecrans against Bragg. My orders were to report directly to Rosecrans's headquarters. I carried the following letter of introduction to that general:

War Department,
Washington City, *August* 30, 1863.

Major-General Rosecrans,
Commanding, etc.

General: This will introduce to you Charles A. Dana, Esq., one of my assistants, who visits your command for the purpose of conferring with you upon any subject which you may desire to have brought to the notice of the department. Mr. Dana is a gentleman of distinguished character, patriotism, and ability, and possesses the entire confidence of the department. You will please afford to him the courtesy and

* Although appointed some months before, Mr. Dana was not nominated in the Senate as Second Assistant Secretary of War until January 20, 1864; the nomination was confirmed January 26th.—Editor.

consideration which he merits, and explain to him fully any matters which you may desire, through him, to bring to the notice of the department.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

As soon as my papers arrived, I left for my post, going by Cincinnati and Louisville to Nashville, where I found General Robert S. Granger in command. As he and Governor Johnson were going to the front in a day or two, I waited to go with them. The morning after my arrival at Nashville, I went to call on Johnson. I had never met him before. He was a short and stocky man, of dark complexion, smooth face, dark hair, and dark eyes, and of great determination of appearance. When I went to see him in his office, the first thing he said was:

"Will you have a drink?"

"Yes, I will," I answered. So he brought out a jug of whisky, and poured out as much as he wanted in a tumbler, and then made it about half and half water. The theoretical, philosophical drinker pours out a little whisky and puts in almost no water at all—drinks it pretty nearly pure; but when a man gets to taking a good deal of water in his whisky, it shows he is in the habit of drinking a good deal. I noticed that the Governor took more whisky than most gentlemen would have done, and I concluded that he took it pretty often.

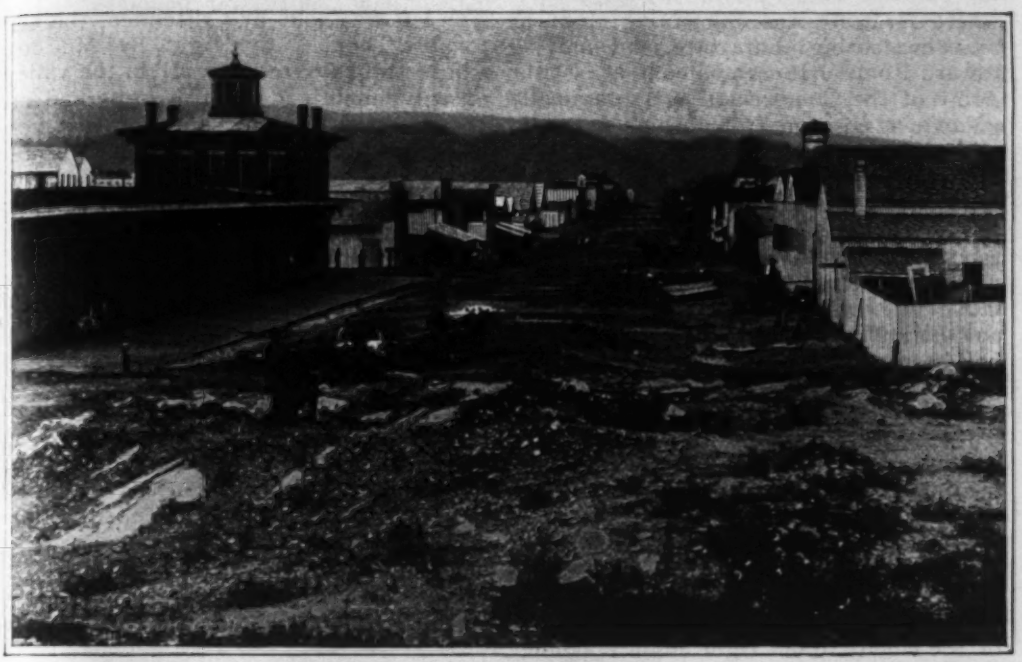
I had a prolonged conversation that morning with Governor Johnson, who expressed himself in cheering terms in regard to the general condition of Tennessee. He regarded the occupation of Knoxville by Burnside as completing the permanent expulsion of Confederate power, and said he should order a general election for the first week in October. He declared that slavery was destroyed in fact, but must be abolished legally. Johnson was thoroughly in favor of immediate emancipation, both as a matter of moral right and as an indispensable condition of the large immigration of industrious freemen which he thought necessary to repeople and regenerate the State.

On the 10th of September we started for the front, going by rail to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River. On reaching the town, we heard that Chattanooga had been occupied by Crittenden's Corps of Rosecrans's army the day before, September 9th; so the next day, September 11th, I pushed on there by horseback, past Shellmound and Wauhatchie. The country through which I passed is a magnificent region of rocks and valleys, and I don't believe there is anywhere a finer view than that I had from Lookout Mountain as I approached Chattanooga.

AT CHATTANOOGA WITH ROSECRANS.

When I reached Chattanooga, I at once went to General Rosecrans's headquarters

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE COUNTRY LOOKING NORTH FROM LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS ALONG THE WEST CHICKAMAUGA CREEK. CHATTANOOGA LIES NORTH AND A TRIFLE TO THE WEST OF LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS. THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA WAS FOUGHT ON THE WOODED SLOPES ON THE WEST BANK OF THE STREAM.



A STREET IN CHATTANOOGA IN 1864.

and presented my letter. He read it, and then burst out in angry abuse of the Government at Washington. He had not been sustained, he said; his requests had been ignored, his plans thwarted. Both Stanton and Halleck had done all they could, he declared, to prevent his success.

"General Rosecrans," I said, "I have no authority to listen to complaints against the Government. I was sent here for the purpose of finding out what the Government could do to aid you, and have no right to confer with you on other matters."

He at once quieted down and explained his situation to me. He had reached Chattanooga, he said, on the 10th, with the last of Crittenden's (the Twenty-first) Corps, the town having been evacuated the day before by the Confederates. As all the reports brought in seemed to indicate that the Confederates under Bragg were in full retreat towards Rome, Georgia, Crittenden had immediately started in pursuit, and had gone as far as Ringgold. On the night before (September 11th), it had seemed evident that Bragg had abandoned his retreat on Rome, and behind the curtain of the woods and hills had returned.

This was a serious matter for Rosecrans, if true, for at that moment his army was scattered over a line about fifty miles long, extending from Chattanooga on the north to Alpine on the south. This wide separation of the corps had been necessary, Rosecrans told me, because of the character of the country, there being no way for an army to get through but by the gaps in the mountain, and these were far apart. He pointed out to me the positions on the map: Crittenden, with the Twenty-first Corps, was in the valley of the West Chickamauga, near a place known as Lee and Gordon's Mills; Thomas, who commanded the Fourteenth Corps, was perhaps twenty-five miles south of Chattanooga, at Stevens's Gap, having crossed his troops over Lookout Mountain; while McCook, with the Twentieth Corps, was at Alpine, fully thirty-five miles south of Crittenden. The reserve, under Gordon Granger, was still north of the Tennessee, but rapidly coming up.

AT GENERAL THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS.

The next day (the 13th) I left Chattanooga with Rosecrans and his staff for Thomas's headquarters at Stevens's Gap. We found everything progressing favorably there. The movements for the concentration of the three corps were going forward with energy. Scouts were coming in constantly, who reported that the enemy had withdrawn from the basin

where our army was assembling; that he was evacuating Lafayette and moving toward Rome. It seemed as if at last the Army of the Cumberland had practically gained a position from which it could effectually advance upon Rome and Atlanta, and deliver there the finishing blow of the war. The difficulties of gaining this position, of crossing the Cumberland Mountains, passing the Tennessee, turning and occupying Chattanooga, traversing the mountain ridges of northern Georgia, and seizing the passes which led southward, had been enormous. It was only when I came personally to examine the region that I appreciated what had been done. These difficulties were all substantially overcome. The army was in the best possible condition, and was advancing with all the rapidity which the nature of the country allowed. Our left flank, toward East Tennessee, was covered by Burnside, and the only disadvantage which I could see was that a sudden movement of the enemy to our right might endanger our long and precarious line of communications and compel us to retreat again beyond the Tennessee. I felt this so keenly that I urged Mr. Stanton, in a despatch sent to him on the 14th from Thomas's headquarters, to push as strong a column as possible eastward from Corinth in northeastern Mississippi. It seemed to me that it would be better to recall the troops from the West rather than to risk a check here, where the heart of the rebellion was within reach and the final blow all prepared. But after all there was something of a mystery about the real location of Bragg's army, its strength, and the designs of its chief. At any rate it was soon manifest that Bragg was not withdrawing to the southward, as at first supposed. Some queer developments down the Chickamauga on the 16th and 17th caused Rosecrans considerable anxiety for Chattanooga. The impression began to grow, too, that Bragg had been playing 'possum, and had not retreated at all. Rosecrans at once abandoned all idea of operations against the Confederate line of retreat and supply, drew his army in rapidly, and began to look sharply after his own communications with Chattanooga, which had now become his base.

By noon of September 18th this concentration of the army at and above Crawfish Spring, on the creek, was practically complete. The troops then lay up and down the valley, with West Chickamauga Creek in front of the greater part of our lines. The left was held by Crittenden, the center by Thomas, the right by McCook, whose troops were now all in the valley, except one brigade. The army had not concentrated any too soon, for that very afternoon (the 18th) the enemy appeared on our left, and a considerable engagement occurred. It was said at headquarters that a battle was certain the next day, and the only point Rosecrans had not determined at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th was whether to make a night march and fall on Bragg at daylight, or to await his onset.

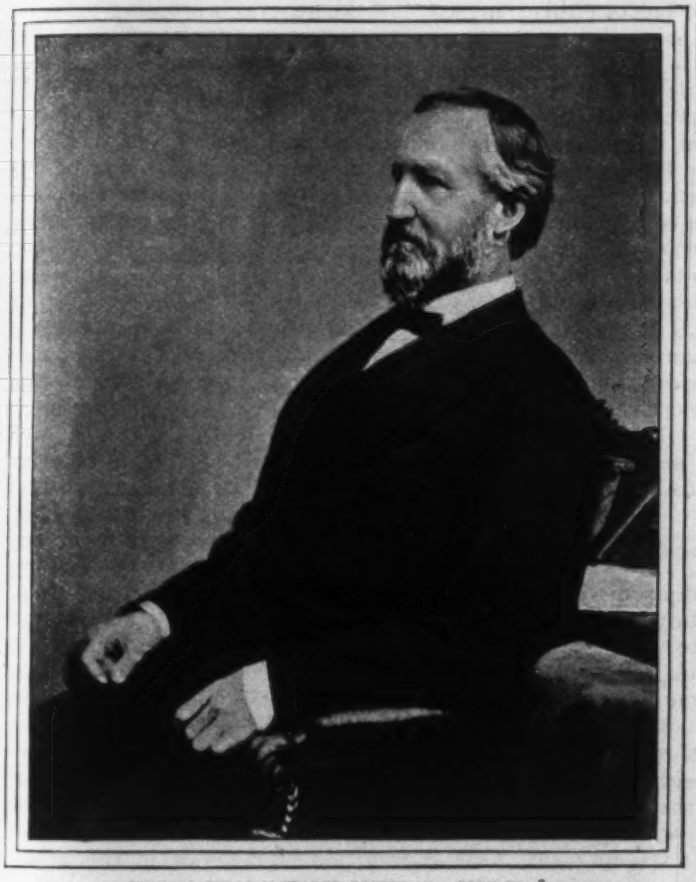
SEPTEMBER 19TH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

But that night it became pretty clear to all that Bragg's plan was to push by our left into Chattanooga. This compelled another rapid movement by the left down the Chickamauga. By a tiresome night march Thomas moved down past Crittenden and below Lee and Gordon's Mills, taking position in the vicinity of a little house known as the Widow Glenn's and below, covering the Rossville road, and now forming the left of the Union army. Crittenden followed, connecting with Thomas's right, thus taking position in the center. McCook's corps also extended down stream to the left, but still covered the creek as high up as Crawfish Spring, while part of his troops acted as a reserve. These movements were hurriedly made, and the troops, especially those of Thomas, were very much exhausted by their efforts to get into position.

Rosecrans had not been mistaken in Bragg's intention. About nine o'clock the next morning, at Crawfish Spring, where the general headquarters were, we heard firing on our left, and reports at once came in that the battle had begun there. Thomas had barely headed the Confederates off from Chattanooga. We remained at Crawfish Spring on this day until after one o'clock, waiting for the full proportions of the conflict to develop. When it became evident that the battle was being fought entirely on our left, Rosecrans removed his headquarters to the Widow Glenn's house. Although closer to the battle, we could see no more of it here than at Crawfish Spring, the conflict being fought altogether in a thick forest and being invisible to outsiders. The nature of the firing and the reports from the commanders alone enabled us to follow its progress. That we were able to keep as thoroughly informed as we were was due

to our excellent telegraphic communications. By this time the military telegraph had been so thoroughly developed that it was one of the most useful accessories of an army, even on a battlefield. For instance, after Rosecrans had taken Crawfish Spring as his headquarters, he had given orders, on September 17th, to connect the place with Chattanooga, thirteen miles to the northwest. The line was completed after the battle began on the 19th, and we were in communication, not only with Chattanooga, but with Granger at Rossville and with Thomas at his headquarters. When Rosecrans removed to the Widow Glenn's, the telegraphers went along, and in an hour had connections made and an instrument clicking away in Mrs. Glenn's house. We thus had constant information of the way the battle was going, not only from the orderlies, but from the wires. This excellent arrangement enabled me also to keep the Government at Washington informed of the progress of the battle. I sent eleven despatches that day to Mr. Stanton. They were very brief, but they reported all that I, near as I was to the scene, knew of the battle of September 19th at Chickamauga.

It was not until after dark that firing ceased and final reports began to come in. From these we found that the enemy had been defeated in his attempt to turn and crush our left flank and secure possession of the Chattanooga roads; but that he was not wholly defeated, for he still held his ground in several places, and was preparing, it was believed, to renew the battle the next day.



GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS. BORN IN 1819.

He was a native of Ohio, graduated at West Point in 1842, but resigned from the army in 1854. He entered the war as a volunteer aide to General McClellan, and served to the close. His most decisive victory was Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862, which caused his elevation to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, with which he fought the battles of Stone's River and Chickamauga. Since the war he has been Minister to Mexico, four years a Congressman from California, and Register of the Treasury. He is now a resident of California.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

That evening Rosecrans decided that, if Bragg did not retreat, he would renew the fight at daylight, and a council of war was held at our headquarters at the Widow Glenn's, to which all the corps and division commanders were summoned. There must have been ten or twelve general officers present. Rosecrans began by asking each of the corps commanders for a report of the condition of his troops and of the positions they occupied, and also for his opinion of what was to be done. Each proposition was discussed by the entire council as it was made. General Thomas was so tired—he had not slept at all the night before, and he had been in battle all day—that he kept falling asleep. Every time Rosecrans spoke to him, he would straighten up and answer, but he always said the same thing: "I would strengthen the left;" and then he would be asleep, sitting up in his chair. General Rosecrans, to the proposition to strengthen the left, made always the same reply: "Where are we going to take it from?"

After the discussion was ended, Rosecrans gave his orders for the disposition of the troops on the following day. Thomas's corps was to remain on the left, with his line somewhat drawn in and refused, but substantially as he was at the close of the day; McCook was to close on Thomas, and cover the position at Widow Glenn's; and Crittenden was to have two divisions in reserve near the junction of McCook's and Thomas's lines, to be able to succor either. These orders were written for each corps commander. They were also read in the presence of all, and the plans fully explained. Finally, after everything had been said, hot coffee was brought in, and then McCook was called upon by Rosecrans to sing "The Hebrew Maiden." McCook sang the song, and then the council broke up, and the generals went away. This was about midnight; and as I was very tired, I lay down on the floor to sleep beside Captain Horace Porter, who was at that time Rosecrans's Chief of Ordnance. But we would hardly be asleep before the wind would blow up so cold through the cracks in the floor of the Widow Glenn's house that it would wake us up, and we would have to turn over together to keep warm.

SEPTEMBER 20TH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

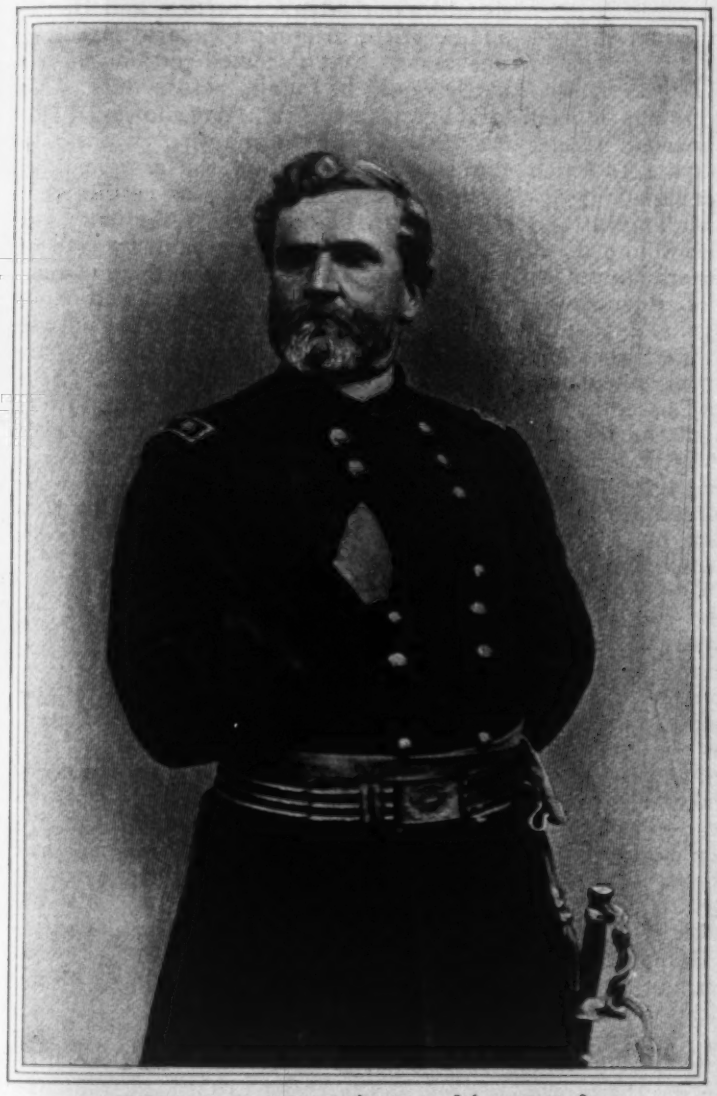
At daybreak we at headquarters were all up and on our horses ready to go with the commanding general to inspect our lines. We rode past McCook, Crittenden, and Thomas to the extreme left, Rosecrans giving, as he went, the orders he thought necessary to strengthen the several positions. The general intention of these orders was to close up on the left, where it was evident the attack would begin. We then rode back to the extreme right, Rosecrans stopping at each point to see if his orders had been obeyed. In several cases they had not been, and he made them more peremptory. When we found that McCook's line had been elongated so that it was a mere thread, Rosecrans was very angry, and sent for the general, rebuking him severely; although, as a matter of fact, General McCook's position had been taken under the written orders of the commander-in-chief, given the night before.

About half-past eight or nine o'clock the battle began again on the left, where Thomas was. At that time Rosecrans, with whom I always remained, was on the right, directing the movements of the troops there. I had not slept much for two nights, and as it was warm, I dismounted about noon, and giving my horse to my orderly, lay down on the grass and went to sleep. I was wakened by the most infernal noise I ever heard. Never in any battle I had witnessed was there such a discharge of cannon and musketry. I sat up on the grass, and the first thing I saw was General Rosecrans crossing himself—he was a very pious Catholic. "Hello," I said to myself, "if the general is crossing himself, we are in a desperate situation."

I was on my horse in a moment. I had no sooner collected my thoughts and looked around toward the front, where all this din came from, than I saw our lines break and melt away like leaves before the wind. Then the headquarters around me disappeared. The gray-backs came through with a rush, and soon the musket balls and the cannon shot began to reach the place where we stood. The whole right of the army had apparently been routed. My orderly stuck to me like a veteran, and we drew back for greater safety into the woods a little way. There I came upon General Porter (Captain Porter it was then) and Captain Drouillard—an aide-de-camp infantry officer attached to General Rosecrans's staff—halting fugitives. They would halt a few of them, get them into some sort of a line, and make a beginning of order among them; and then there would come a few rounds of cannon shot through the treetops over their heads, and the men would break and run. I saw Porter and Drouillard plant themselves in front of a body of these stampeding men and command them to halt. One man charged with his bayonet, menacing Porter, but Porter held his ground, and the man gave in. That was the only case of real mutiny that I ever saw in the army, and it was under such circumstances that the man was excusable. The cause of all this disaster was the charge of the Confederates though a hiatus in our line, caused by the withdrawal of Wood's division, under a misapprehension of orders, before its place could be filled.

I attempted to make my way from this point in the woods to Sheridan's division, but when I reached the position where I knew it had been placed a little time before, I found it had been swept from the field. Not far away, however, I stumbled on a body of organized troops. This was a brigade of mounted riflemen under Colonel John T. Wilder, of Indiana. "Mr. Dana," asked Colonel Wilder, "what is the situation?"

"I do not know," I said, "except that this end of the army has been routed. There is still heavy fighting on the left front, and our troops seem to be holding their ground there yet."



GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS. BORN IN 1816; DIED IN 1870.

From a photograph taken at Nashville in 1865, and now owned by William H. Lambert. General Thomas, a native of Virginia, graduated at West Point in 1840; served through the Seminole and Mexican wars and the Civil War, and remained in the army until his death. He distinguished himself especially in the battles of Mill Springs, Murfreesborough, Chickamauga, and Nashville. He commanded the Army of the Cumberland from the retirement of Rosecrans, October, 1863, to the close of the war.

"Will you give me any orders?" he asked.

"I have no authority to give orders," I replied; "but if I were in your situation, I should go to the left, where Thomas is."

Then I turned my horse, and making my way over Missionary Ridge, struck the Chattanooga valley and rode to Chattanooga, twelve or fifteen miles away. Everything on the route was in the greatest disorder. The whole road was filled with flying soldiers, and here and there were piled up pieces of artillery, caissons, and baggage wagons. When I reached Chattanooga, a little before four o'clock, I found Rosecrans there. In the helter-skelter to the rear, he had escaped by the Rossville road. He was expecting every moment that the enemy would arrive before the town, and was doing all he could to prepare to resist his entrance. Soon after I arrived, the two corps commanders, McCook and Crittenden, both came into Chattanooga.

The first thing I did on reaching the town was to telegraph to Mr. Stanton. I had not sent him any telegrams in the morning, for I had been in the field with Rosecrans, and part of the time at some distance from the Widow Glenn's, where the operators were at work. The boys kept at their post there until the Confederates swept them out of the house. When they had to run, they went instruments and tools in hand, and as soon as out of reach of the enemy set up shop on a stump. It was not long before they were driven out of this. They next attempted to establish an office on the Rossville road, but before they had succeeded in making connections, a battle was raging around them, and they had to retreat to Granger's headquarters at Rossville.

Having been swept bodily off the battlefield, and having made my way into Chattanooga through a panic-stricken rabble, the first telegram I sent to Mr. Stanton was naturally colored by what I had

seen and experienced. I remember that I began the despatch by saying, "My report to-day is of deplorable importance. Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run." By eight o'clock that evening, however, I found I had given too dark a view of the disaster.

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Early the next morning things looked still better. Rosecrans received a telegram from Thomas at Rossville, to which point he had withdrawn after nightfall, saying that his troops were in high spirits and that he had brought off all his wounded. A little while before noon, General James A. Garfield, who was chief of Rosecrans's staff, arrived in Chattanooga and gave us the first connected account we had of the battle on the left after the rout. Thomas, finding himself cut off from Rosecrans and the right, at once marshaled the remaining divisions for independent fighting. Refusing both his right and left, his line assumed the form of a horseshoe, posted along the slope and crest of a partly wooded ridge. He was soon joined by Gordon Granger from Rossville, with Steedman and most of the reserve, and with these forces, more than two-thirds of the army, he firmly maintained the fight till after dark. Our troops were as immovable as the rocks they stood on. Longstreet hurled against them repeatedly the dense columns which had routed Davis and Sheridan in the early afternoon, but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Falling first on one and then another point of our lines, for hours the rebels vainly sought to break them. Thomas seemed to have filled every soldier with his own unconquerable firmness; and Granger, his hat torn by bullets, raged like a lion, wherever the combat was hottest, with the electrical courage of a Ney. When night fell this body of heroes stood on the same ground they had occupied at the outset, their spirit unbroken, but their numbers greatly diminished.

PREPARING TO DEFEND CHATTANOOGA.

All the news we could get of the enemy's movements on the 21st seemed to show that the Confederates were concentrating on Chattanooga. Accordingly Rosecrans gave orders for all our troops to gather in the town at once and prepare for the attack which would probably take place within a day or two. By midnight the army was in Chattanooga. The troops were in wonderful spirits, considering their excessive fatigues and heavy losses, and the next morning went to work with energy on the fortifications. All the morning of the 22d the enemy were approaching, resisted by our advance parties, and by the middle of the afternoon the artillery firing was so near that it seemed certain that the battle would be fought before dark. No attack was made that day, however, nor the next, and by the morning of the 24th the herculean labors of the army had so fortified the place that it was certain that it could only be taken by a regular siege or a turning movement. The strength of our forces was about 45,000 effective men, and we had ten days' full rations on hand. Chattanooga could hold out, but it was apparent that no offensive operations were possible until reinforcements came. These we knew had been hurried towards us as soon as the news of the disaster of the 20th reached Washington. Burnside was coming from Knoxville, we supposed; Hooker had been ordered from Washington by rail, Sherman from Vicksburg, and some of Hurlbut's troops from Memphis.

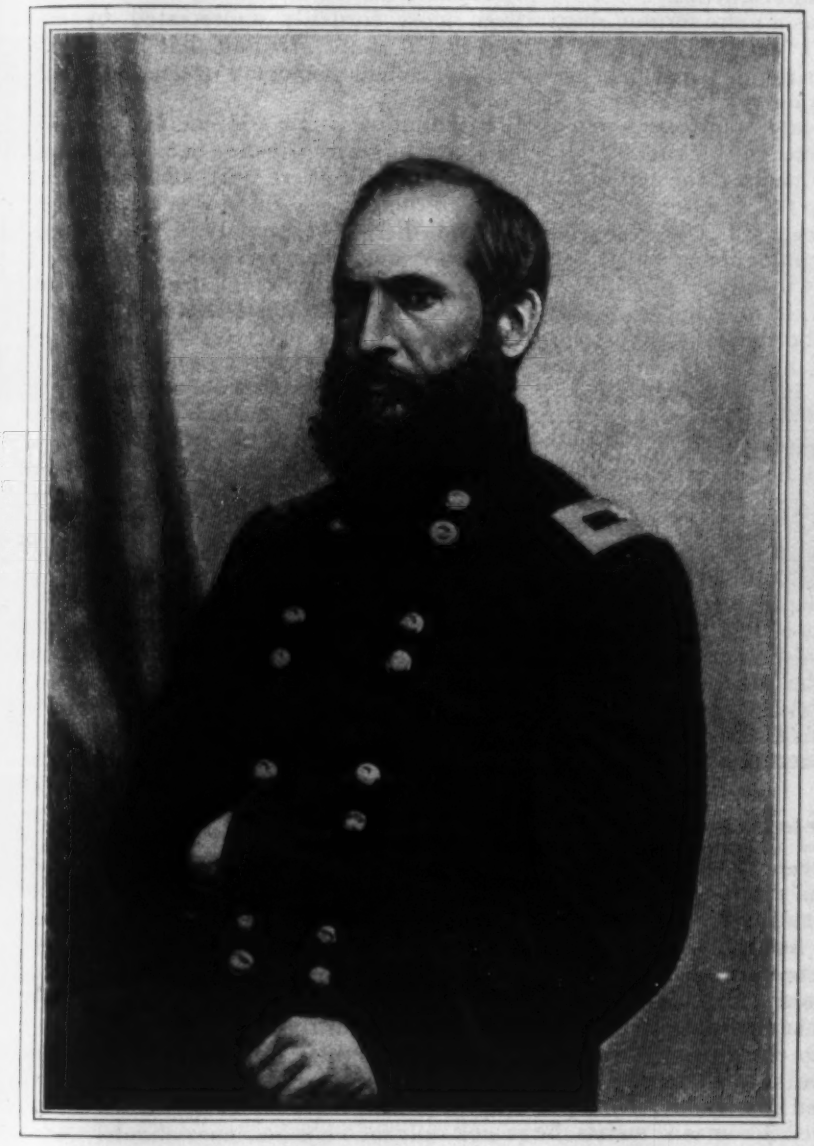
EFFECT ON THE ARMY OF THE DISASTER OF SEPTEMBER 20TH.

As soon as we felt reasonably sure that Chattanooga could hold out until reinforcements came, the disaster of the 20th of September became the absorbing topic of conversation in the Army of the Cumberland. At headquarters, in camp, in the street, on the fortifications, officers and soldiers and citizens wrangled over the reasons for the loss of the day. By the end of the first week after the disaster a serious fermentation reigned in the Twentieth and Twenty-first Army Corps, growing out of events connected with the battle.

There was at once a manifest disposition to hold McCook and Crittenden, the commanders of the two corps, responsible because they had left the field of battle amid the rout of the right wing and made their way to Chattanooga.* It was not

* The feeling of the army towards McCook and Crittenden was afterwards greatly modified. A court of inquiry examined their cases, and in February, 1864, gave its final finding and opinion. McCook it relieved entirely from responsibility for the reverse of September 20th, declaring that the small force at his disposal was inadequate to defend, against greatly superior numbers, the long line he had taken under instructions, and adding that, after the line was broken, he had done everything he could to rally and hold his troops, giving the necessary orders to his subordinates. General Crittenden's conduct, the court likewise declared, showed no cause for censure, and he was in no way responsible for the disaster to the right wing.

generally understood or appreciated at that time that because of Thomas's repeated calls for aid, and Rosecrans's consequent alarm for his left, Crittenden had been stripped of all his troops and had no infantry whatever left to command, and that McCook's lines also had been reduced to a fragment by similar orders from Rosecrans and by fighting. A strong opposition to both sprang up, which my telegrams to Mr. Stanton immediately after the battle fully reflect. The generals of division and of brigade felt the situation deeply, and said that they could no longer serve under such superiors, and that, if this was required of them, they must resign. This feeling was universal among them, including men like Major-Generals Palmer and Sheridan and Brigadier-Generals Wood, Johnson, and Hazen.



GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1881.

Entering the army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in 1861, Garfield was promoted to brigadier-general in 1862 and to major-general in 1863. He served as chief of staff to General Rosecrans from February, 1863, to October, 1863. Meanwhile he had been elected to Congress. He served there until March 4, 1880, when he went to the Senate. March 4, 1881, he became President. He was shot July 2, 1881, by Guiteau, and died September 19.

The feeling of these officers did not seem in the least to partake of a mutinous or disorderly character; it was rather conscientious unwillingness to risk their men and the country's cause in hands which they thought to be unsafe. No formal representation of this unwillingness was made to Rosecrans, but he was made aware of the state of things by private conversations with several of the parties. The defects of his character complicated the difficulty. He abounded in friendliness and approbativeness, and was greatly lacking in firmness and steadiness of will. In short, he was a temporizing man; he dreaded so heavy an alternative as was now presented, and hated to break with McCook and Crittenden.

It was the same in regard to Negley. Rosecrans claimed that Negley had withdrawn his division from the battle on Sunday without orders and with his ranks undisturbed. When this was stated to me

by Rosecrans as a fact, I said then Negley ought to be shot; and he answered, "That is my opinion." He added that he should have him punished; yet he determined to do nothing more than apply to have him relieved and ordered elsewhere.

Besides, there was a more serious obstacle to Rosecrans's acting decisively in the fact that, if Crittenden and McCook had gone to Chattanooga, he had gone also. It might be said in his excuse, that, under the circumstances of the sudden rout, it was perfectly proper for the commanding general to go to the rear to prepare the next line of defence; still Rosecrans felt that that excuse could not entirely clear him either in his own eyes or in those of the army. In fact, it was perfectly plain that, while the subordinate commanders would not resign if he was retained in the chief command, as I believe they certainly would have done if McCook and Crittenden had not been relieved, their respect for him as a general had received an irreparable blow.

The dissatisfaction with Rosecrans seemed to me to put the army into a very dangerous condition; and, in writing to Mr. Stanton on September 27th, I said that, if it was decided to change the chief commander, I would suggest that some Western commander of high rank and great prestige, like Grant, would be perferable as Rosecrans's successor to one who had hitherto commanded in the East alone.

POPULARITY OF GENERAL THOMAS.

The army, however, had its own candidate for Rosecrans's position. General Thomas had risen to the highest point in their esteem, as he had in that of everyone cognizant of his conduct on that unfortunate and glorious day; and I saw that, should there be a change in the chief command, there was no other man whose appointment would be so welcome. I earnestly recommended Mr. Stanton that, in event of a change, Thomas's merits be considered. He was certainly an officer of the very highest qualities, soldierly and personally. He was a man of the greatest dignity of character. He had more the character of George Washington than any other man I ever knew. At the same time, he was a delightful man to be with; there was no artificial dignity about Thomas. He was a West Point graduate and very well educated. He was very set in his opinions, yet he was not impatient with anybody—a noble character.

In reply to my recommendation of Thomas, I received a telegram from the Secretary of War, saying: "I wish you to go directly to see General Thomas, and say to him that his services, his abilities, his character, his unselfishness, have always been most cordially appreciated by me, and that it is not my fault that he has not long since had command of an independent army."

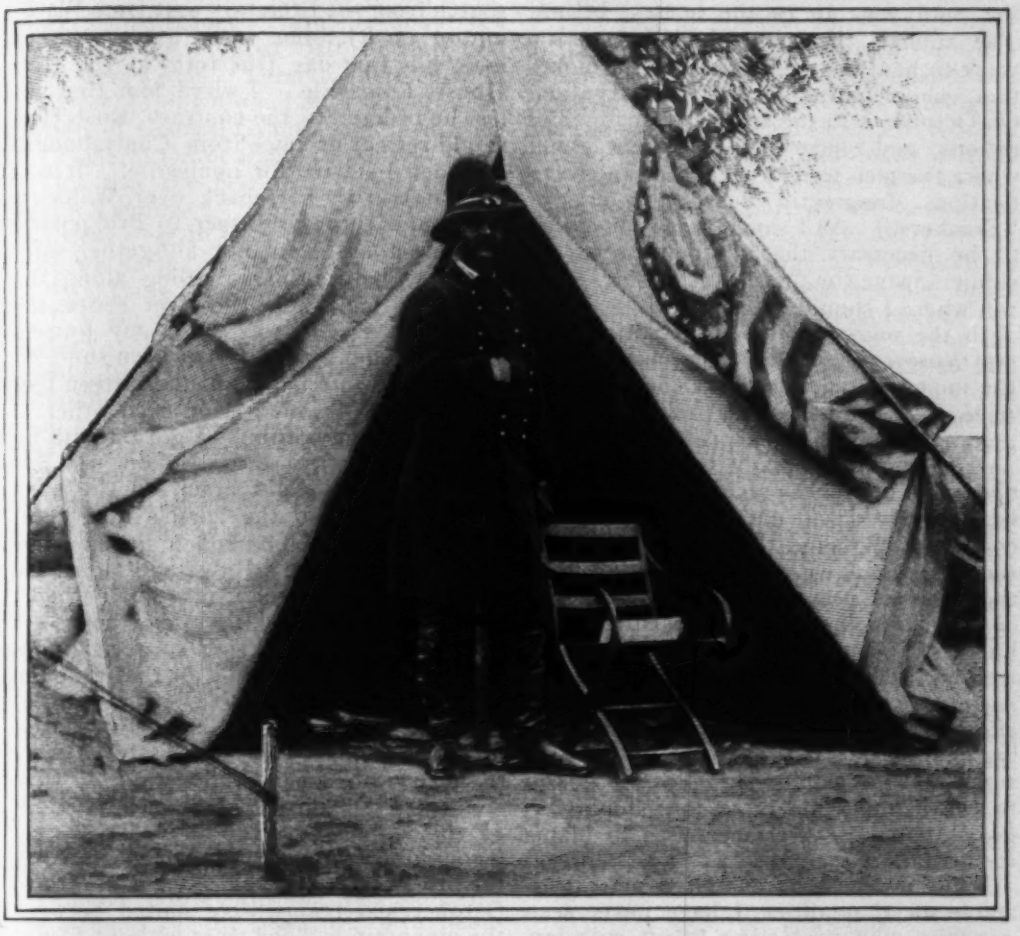
I went at once over to General Thomas's headquarters with the message. I remember that I got there just after they had finished dinner; the table was not cleared off, but there was nobody in the dining-room. When General Thomas came in, I read to him the telegram from the Secretary. He was too much affected by it to reply immediately. After a moment he said:

"Mr. Dana, I wish you would say to the Secretary of War that I am greatly affected by this expression of his confidence; that I should have long since liked to have an independent command; but what I should have desired would have been the command of an army that I could myself have organized, disciplined, distributed, and combined. I wish you would add also that I would not like to take the command of an army where I should be exposed to the imputation of having intrigued or of having exercised any effort to supplant my previous commander."

This was on October 4th. Four days later General Thomas sent a confidential friend to me, saying rumors had come to him that he was to be put in Rosecrans's place; that, while he would gladly accept any other command to which Mr. Stanton should see fit to assign him, he could not consent to become the successor of General Rosecrans. He would not do anything to give countenance to the suspicion that he had intrigued against his commander's interest. He declared that he had perfect confidence in the fidelity and capacity of General Rosecrans.

A CHANGE IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

The first change in the Army of the Cumberland was an order from Washington consolidating the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, and placing the heroic Granger in command. The news reached Chattanooga on October 5th, in the Nashville newspaper, and, not having been previously promulgated, it caused a sensation. The consolidation of the two



GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE. BORN IN 1824; DIED IN 1881.

Burnside, a native of Indiana, graduated at West Point in 1847, and served throughout the Civil War. He commanded the Army of the Potomac at the battle of Fredericksburg; was besieged at Knoxville in 1863, while in command of the Army of the Ohio; and in 1864 joined Grant in Virginia. He was Governor of Rhode Island from 1867 to 1869, and United States Senator from 1875 to 1881. Died September 13, 1881.

corps was generally well received, and as it was to be followed by a general reorganization of the army it seemed as if the most happy consequences would be produced. The only serious difficulty which followed the change was that the men in the consolidated corps were troubled by letters from home showing that their friends regarded the consolidation as a token of disgrace and punishment.

THREATENED WITH STARVATION.

Although the reorganization of the army was going on, there was no real change in our situation, and by the middle of October it began to look as if we were in a helpless and precarious position. No reinforcements had yet reached us; the enemy was growing stronger every day; and, worse still, we were threatened with starvation. On September 24th, in spite of the protest of Granger and Garfield, Rosecrans had abandoned Lookout Mountain to the enemy. His error was now apparent. Our supplies came by rail from Nashville to Bridgeport; but the enemy controlled the south shore of the Tennessee between us and Bridgeport, and thus prevented us rebuilding the railroad from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and with their shore batteries stopped the using of our steamboats. They even made the road on the north shore impassable, the sharpshooters on the south bank being able to pick off our men on the north. The forage and supplies which we had drawn from the country within our reach were now exhausted, and we were dependent upon what could be gotten us over the roads north of the river. These were not only disturbed by the enemy, but were so bad in places that

the mud was up to the horses' bellies. The animals themselves had become too weak to haul the empty train up the mountain, while many had died of starvation. On October 15th the troops were on half rations, and officers as they went about where the men were working on the fortifications frequently heard the cry of "Crackers." As I saw it was soon going to be necessary that all persons except soldiers leave the place, I asked Mr. Stanton where I should go.

In the midst of these difficulties General Rosecrans seemed to be insensible to the impending danger, and dawdled with trifles in a manner which scarcely can be imagined. With plenty of zealous and energetic officers ready to do whatever needed to be done, precious time was lost because our dazed and mazy commander could not perceive the catastrophe that was close upon us, nor fix his mind upon the means of preventing it. I never saw anything which seemed so lamentable and hopeless. Our animals were starving, the men had starvation before them, and the enemy was bound soon to make desperate efforts to dislodge us. Yet the commanding general devoted that part of the time which was not employed in pleasant gossip to the composition of a long report to prove that the Government was to blame for his failure on the 20th.

While few persons exhibited more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man possessing talent with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He had inventive fertility and knowledge, but he had no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scattered; there was no system in the use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he was a feeble commander. He was conscientious and honest, just as he was imperious and disputatious; always with a stray vein of caprice, and an overweening passion for the approbation of his personal friends and the public outside.

ROSECRANS IS RELIEVED.

My opinion of Rosecrans and my fears that the army would soon be driven from Chattanooga by starvation, if not by the Confederates, I had reiterated in my letters to Mr. Stanton. On the morning of October 19th I received my reply—a despatch from the Secretary sent from Washington on October 16th, asking me to meet him that day (the 19th) at the Galt House, Louisville. I wired him that unless he ordered to the contrary, Rosecrans would retreat at once from Chattanooga, and then I started for Louisville. It was a hard trip by horseback over Walden's Ridge and through Jasper to Bridgeport, and the roads were not altogether safe. Ten days before this, in riding along the edge of a bank near the river shore, the earth had given away under my horse's hind feet, and he and I had been tumbled together down a bank about fourteen feet high, and had rolled over each other in the sand at the bottom. I got off with no worse injury than a bruise on my left shoulder, and a slight crack on the back of my head from the horse's hind foot, which made the blood run a little. The roads over Walden's Ridge and along the river were even worse now than when I got my tumble, and, besides, they were filled with wagons trying to get supplies to Chattanooga. It took at that time ten days for wagon teams to go from Stevenson, where we had a depot, to Chattanooga. Though subsistence stores were so nearly exhausted, the wagons were compelled to throw overboard portions of their precious cargo in order to get through. The returning trains were, on the other hand, stopped. On the 17th of October 500 teams were halted between the mountain and the river without forage for the animals, and unable to move in any direction, and the whole road was strewn with dead animals.

The railway from Bridgeport to Nashville was not much more comfortable or safer than the road. Early in the month I had gone to Nashville on business, and had come back in a tremendous storm, in a train of eighteen cars loaded with soldiers, and was twenty-six hours upon the road instead of ten. On the present trip, however, I got along very well until within about eight miles of Nashville, when our train narrowly escaped destruction. A tie had been inserted in a cattle-guard, to throw the train down an embankment; but it had been calculated for a train going south, so that ours simply broke it off. From what we learned afterward, we thought it was intended for a train on which it was supposed General Grant was going to Bridgeport.

My train was bound through to Louisville. Indeed, I think there was no one with me except the train hands and the en-

gineer. We reached Nashville about ten o'clock on the night of October 20th, and there were halted. Directly there came in an officer, I think it was Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers of General Grant's staff, who said:

"General Grant wants to see you."

This was the first that I knew Grant was in Tennessee. I got out of my train, and went over to his. I hadn't seen him since we parted at Vicksburg.

"Mr. Dana," he said, as soon as I came in, "I am going to interfere with your journey. I have got the Secretary's permission to take you back with me to Chattanooga. I want you to dismiss your train and get into mine; we will give you comfortable quarters."

"General," I said, "did you ask the Secretary to let me go back with you?"

"I did," he said. "I wanted to have you."

So, of course, I went. On the way down he told me that he had been appointed to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, with permission to leave Rosecrans in command of the Department of the Cumberland, or to assign Thomas in his place. He had done the latter, he said, and had telegraphed Thomas to take charge of the army the night after Stanton, at Louisville, had received my despatch of the 19th saying Rosecrans would retreat from Chattanooga unless ordered to remain. Rosecrans was assigned to the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis.

GRANT REACHES CHATTANOOGA.

We left Nashville on the morning of the 21st, and arrived safe in Bridgeport in the evening. The next morning, October 22d, we left on horseback for Chattanooga by way of Jasper and Walden's Ridge. The roads were in such a condition that it was impossible for Grant, who was on crutches from an injury to his leg received by the fall of a horse in New Orleans some time before, to make the whole distance of fifty-five miles in one day; so I pushed on ahead, running the rebel picket lines and reaching Chattanooga in the evening in company with Colonel Wilson, Grant's inspector-general.

The next morning I went to see General Thomas; it was not an official visit, but a friendly one—visits which I very often made on the generals. When we had shaken hands he said:

"Mr. Dana, you have got me this time. There is nothing for a man to do in such a case as this but to obey orders."

This was in allusion to his assignment to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. The change in command was received with satisfaction by all intelligent officers, so far as I could ascertain; though, of course, Rosecrans had many friends who were unable to conceive why he was relieved. They reported that he was to be put in command of the Army of the Potomac. The change at headquarters was already strikingly perceptible, order prevailing instead of universal chaos.

On the evening of the 23d Grant arrived, as I stated in my despatch to Mr. Stanton, "wet, dirty, and well." The next morning he was out with the leading officers of the army, reconnoitering. He took hold of the situation with such energy and decision, and he received such hearty coöperation from the army, that within a week we again held Lookout valley, controlled the Tennessee from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and were receiving supplies daily. There was no further danger —which had been the only one—of the Army of the Cumberland being starved out of Chattanooga. The Confederates themselves at once recognized this, for a copy of the Atlanta "Appeal" of November 3d which reached me said, that if we were not dislodged from Lookout valley, our possession of Chattanooga was secure for the winter.

A VISIT TO BURNSIDE.

It was now certain that we could hold Chattanooga; but until Sherman, who had been ordered to join us from Vicksburg, reached us, we could do nothing against the enemy and nothing to relieve Burnside, who had been ordered to unite with Rosecrans in August, but had never gotten beyond Knoxville. He was shut up there much in the same way that we were in Chattanooga, and it was certain that the Confederates were sending forces against him.

Grant was so anxious to know the real condition of Burnside that he asked me to go to Knoxville and find out. So, on November 9th, I started, accompanied by Colonel Wilson of Grant's staff. The way in which such a trip as this of Wilson and mine was managed in those days is told in this letter to my little daughter, written just before we left Chattanooga for Knoxville:

I expect to go all the way on horseback, and it will take about five days. About seventy horsemen will go along, with their sabers and carbines, to keep

off the guerrillas. Our baggage we shall have carried on pack-mules. These are funny little rats of creatures, with the big panniers fastened to their sides, to carry their burdens in. I will put my bed in one pannier and my carpet-bag and India rubber things in the other. Colonel Wilson, who is to go with me, will have another mule for his traps, and a third will carry the bread and meat and coffee that we are to live on. At night we will halt in some nice shady nook where there is a spring, build a big roaring fire, cook our supper, spread our blankets on the ground, and sleep with our feet toward the fire, while half a dozen of the soldiers, with their guns ready loaded, watch all about, to keep the rebels at a safe distance. Then in the morning we will first wake up, then wash our faces, get our breakfasts, and march on, like John Brown's soul, toward our destination. How long I shall stay at Knoxville is uncertain, but I hope not very long—though it must be very charming in that country of mountains and rivers—and then I shall pray for orders that will take me home again.

We were not obliged to camp out every night on this trip. One evening, just about supper time, we reached a large white frame house, the home of a farmer. The man, we found, was a strong Unionist, and he gave us a hearty invitation to occupy his premises. Our escort took possession of the barn for sleeping, and we cooked our supper in the yard, the family lending us a table and sending us out fresh bread. After supper Wilson and I were invited into the house, where the farmer listened eagerly to the news of the Union army. There were two or three young and very pretty girls in the farmer's family, and while we talked they "dipped" snuff, a peculiar custom that I had never seen but once or twice before.

We reached Knoxville on the 13th, and I at once went to headquarters to talk over the situation with Burnside. This was the first time I had met that general. He was rather a large man physically, about six feet tall, with a large face and a small head, and heavy side-whiskers. He was an energetic, decided man—frank, manly, and well-educated. He was a very showy officer—not that he *made* any show, he was naturally that. When he first talked with you, you would think he had a great deal more intelligence than he really had. You had to know him some time before you took his measure.

After a detailed conversation with Burnside, I concluded that there was no reason to believe that any force had been sent from Lee's army to attack him on the northeast, as we had heard in Chattanooga, but that it was certain that Longstreet was approaching from Chattanooga with 30,000 troops. Burnside said that he would be unable long to resist such an attack, and that if Grant did not succeed in making a demonstration which would compel Longstreet to return, he must retreat.

After getting as clear an idea of Burnside's position as I could, I left about six o'clock on the morning of the 14th. We found later that our departure from Knoxville had been none too soon; so completely were the Confederates taking possession of the country between Knoxville and Chattanooga that had we delayed a single day we could only have got out through Cumberland Gap or that of Big Creek. We were four days returning, and Mr. Stanton became very uneasy, as I learned from this despatch received soon after my return:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *Nov.* 19, 1863.

HON. C. A. DANA,
Chattanooga.

Your despatches of yesterday are received. I am rejoiced that you have got safely back. My anxiety about you for several days had been very great. Make your arrangements to remain in the field during the winter. Continue your reports as frequently as possible, always noting the hour.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

"For fifteen months I wiped engines, turned the table, . . . and in fact did all manner of the dirtiest and hardest work that was to be done about a railroad roundhouse."

[*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*]

FIRING A LOCOMOTIVE.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

HARD AND EASY ENGINEERS.—AN APPEAL TO THE GENERAL MANAGER.—STOPPING AN EXPRESS WITH A YARD ENGINE.—A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

ONE day, as I was strolling rather listlessly through a certain roundhouse, I overheard a conversation between the foreman and caller which told me that there was a fireman wanted in a hurry. As I was now at that stage in the game where any job was a good job, I stepped up to the man and asked if he was the roundhouse foreman. He said he was.

"I'm looking for a job, sir," said I.

"Can you fire?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Where have you fired?"

"On the —— road."

"All right; go over to the master mechanic's office and ask for Mr. Seely, tell him Phelps sent you, and, if he hires you, come right back to me. I want you to go out on that engine right away. Hurry up, now!"

My business with the head of the mechanical department was briefly and satisfactorily settled, and he told me to report to Phelps at once.

Phelps told me to "git right on to 227; there's the oil-room," pointing to a low, dingy structure. "Hurry up, now; git yer supplies, an' git out o' here!" So I was hired.

FIRST RUN AS A FIREMAN.

As I stepped up on the tender and opened the oil-box to get the cans, the most disagreeable-looking face that I ever saw presented itself at the opposite gangway, and a thin, squeaky voice called out:

"Hey! what are ye up to? What ye doin' there?"

I asked him if he was the engineer.

"Who d'ye s'pose I be, ye blamed fool? The president of the road?"

"No," said I; "I thought you was the board of directors."

"Oh, you *did!* Well, now, you git down out o' there, and direct yourself somewheres else."

"Say, Pop," said I, "I don't know nor care who you are; but I'm going to fire this engine to-night."

He shoved his oil-can and wrench up into the tender, and away he went across the yard, shouting, "Hey, Phelps!" But Phelps kept out of his way. When I got back from the oil-room, he was in the cab waiting for me, and the instant I set the cans upon the footboard he rang the bell and gave her a vicious jerk back; but I had climbed too many flying freight cars to be disturbed by that. I swung myself lightly aboard, and gave him a black look, which didn't mend matters any.

Well, at last we got our train and got out on the road. We didn't have a very heavy train, and I was satisfied that I could keep her hot without any trouble; and so I could, if he hadn't worked against me in every way. He would let her blow all her steam and water away, until he struck a heavy grade, and then put on his pump full head, and drown her, running the steam down so that we stalled and had to "double" up every little hill, and thereby "laid out" the "fast mail" fifteen minutes—an unpardonable sin.

He also "dropped her down a notch" for me, so that she threw a constant stream of sky-rockets out of her stack, and, as I told the master mechanic when he had me on the carpet the next day, a steam-shovel couldn't have kept coal in her that night.

Consequently we ran out of fuel before reaching the end of the division, and had to stop at the freight coaling-station and coal up—a thing that had never happened to that train before.

That was a tough run for me, and I found out the reason for it afterwards. Old Joe had powerful influence in high quarters, which made him, to a certain extent, independent of the master mechanic, so that he did pretty much as he pleased, and, being of a low, mean disposition, he pleased to abuse everybody who came in his way.

The first time she "dropped her bundle,"—which occurred less than half way up the first hill, and before we had gone five miles on our way,—he shut her off, slammed the reverse lever down in the corner with a bang, and, folding his arms, leaned back in his seat, and ripped out a string of profanity, every word of which was a curse at me personally.

I, being a stranger on the road, and not having the fear of old Joe's displeasure properly engrafted on my mind, waited until he got through; then, stepping over to his side, I grabbed him roughly by the shoulder, and twisting him half round on his seat, I said:

"See here, I've got something to say to *you* now. In the first place, it's your fault and not mine that we're stalled here, because you don't know your business a little bit; and now one thing more, if you open your head to me again while I am on this engine, I'll split you wide open with this shovel."

He didn't say another word to me; but, as I said before, the trip was a record-breaker. We got to the end of the division nine hours late, had four hours lay over, and returned, doing even worse than on the up trip; for, as part of this run occurred during the forenoon, when the inward-bound passenger trains were thick on the road, he managed to lay out three of them.

Before we started on the return trip, the conductor came up to the engine while I was taking water, and said:

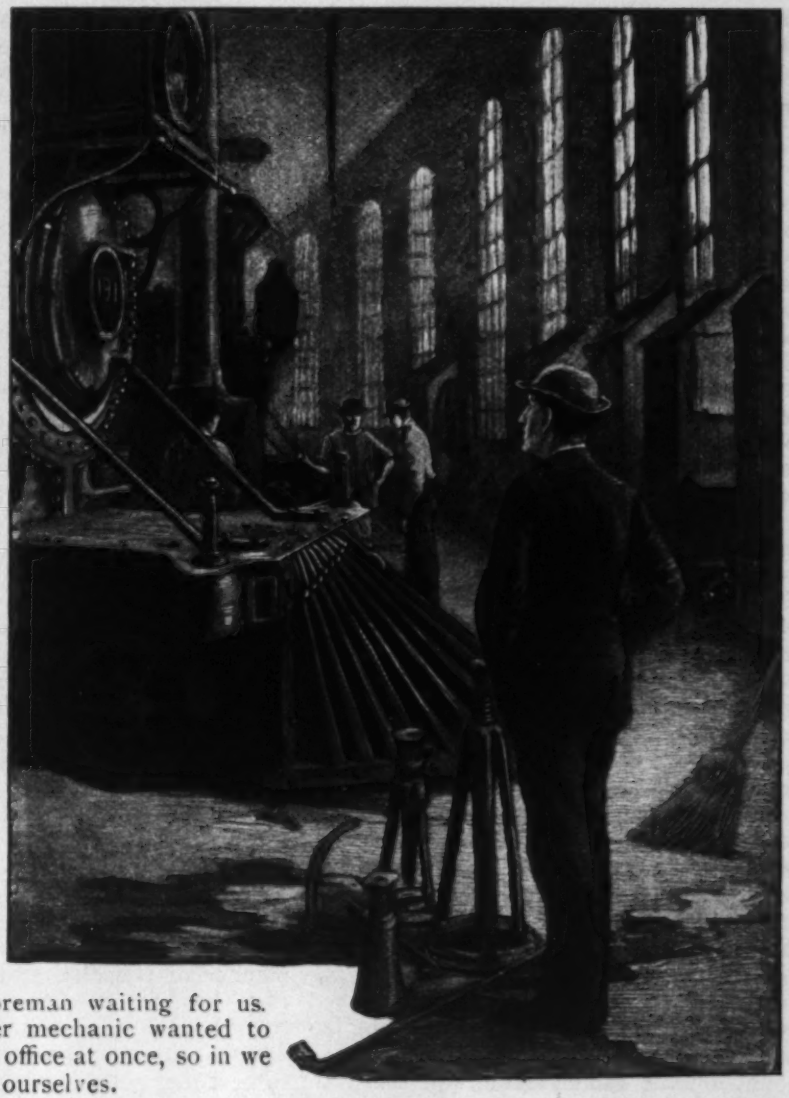
"Say, young feller, the head 'brakey' tells me that you set old Joe's packin'

out for him in mighty good shape last night. Is that so?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "Why?"

"Why? Well, I'll tell you why: because if you did, you've made a friend of every man on the division except Joe himself; and as you couldn't make a friend of him anyway, that's no loss. But, of course, I s'pose you know you're discharged; no man could lay the whole road out the way you did and go out again. But don't you be in any hurry to leave town; for maybe some of us can do something for you."

When we got back we both got off the engine and found the roundhouse foreman waiting for us. He said the master mechanic wanted to see us both in the office at once, so in we went and reported ourselves.



"ONE DAY, AS I WAS STROLLING RATHER LISTLESSLY THROUGH A CERTAIN ROUNDHOUSE. . . ."

"Well, Mr. Grinnell," said the master mechanic, "I have a report here from the division superintendent in which he informs me that the road wasn't big enough for the 227 last trip. What was the matter with her?"

"Nawthin'," said Grinnell.

"Nothing? What do you mean by that? Something must have been the matter."

"Yes, somethin' was the matter, an' a sight the matter, too. Look here, Mr. Seely, I want you to understand that the 227 is a first-class engine in every respect, an' that I'm a first-class engineer; but Phelps has got a notion of fishin' up all sorts of canallers, an' truck-drivers, an' sendin' 'em out to fire for me, an' I'm jist about sick of it, 'n' don't want no more."

"Do you mean to tell me, then, that you laid out the whole road just because the fireman didn't suit you?"

"No, I don't. What I mean to say is, that I didn't hev no fireman; only a cowboy that never fired an engine before, an' threatened to split me wide open with the scoop jest because I told him he'd hev to keep her hot, or we'd never git there."

"Did you threaten Mr. Grinnell?" said Mr. Seely to me.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Oho! you did, hey? Is that the way firemen talk to their engineers where you came from?"

"No, sir," said I. "But our engineers were men, while this old brute is a——"

"There! there! that will do. I don't

want any quarreling in my office; you can call in to-morrow and get your time."

RELATIONS BETWEEN FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS.

No fireman can keep an engine "hot," except with the strictest coöperation on the part of the engineer. In order that the engine shall steam, it is imperative that the engineer shall cut his steam off as short as possible and run his pump according to certain rules well known to the fraternity. In other words, it is no trouble at all to the engineer to "knock out" the best fireman that ever handled a shovel.

Not only do all engineers invariably depend on him to perform many of the duties properly belonging to themselves, but he it is who bends his back and hustles to make steam to get the train in on time, frequently with miserable fuel and an engine that ought to be in the scrap-heap. When time is lost for the want of steam, it is on the fireman's devoted head that the wrath of the engineer, master mechanic, and superintendent falls; no excuse being accepted, even though it be evident to anybody that the coal is seventy per cent. slate and the valves and pistons blow like sieves.

Though all the train-despatchers, brass-bound conductors, and engineers do their level best, no train can make time or break a record unless the grimy, unheard-of, and unthought-about fireman, down there in his black hole, knows his business and *does* it.

I went to the roundhouse, washed up, and then went to get something to eat. I ran across the conductor, who was bound on the same errand, and told him what had occurred in the master mechanic's office, and also gave him a short account of myself. He was quite friendly, and invited me to sleep in his caboose during its stay at that end of the division and get acquainted with the boys. "For," said he, "railroad men when looking for a job are not apt to be very rich, and there's no use of paying for lodgings while the yard is half full of cabooses."

I accepted his invitation thankfully, and found that I was quite a hero. The men took delight in introducing me as the fellow who had bearded old Joe in his cab and yet survived to tell the tale.

The result of their hospitality was, that three days passed before I returned to the master mechanic's office for the bill of my time. On leaving the office I ran across Mr. Phelps, who asked me to accompany him to the roundhouse. He took me away round out of sight and hearing, behind a big freight engine, and asked what was the trouble between Grinnell and me.

I told him all that happened on the trip, but before I got through he said, "Never mind all that; I want to know what it was that you said to him."

When I told him, a broad smile spread over his face. "I'd have been willin' to lose a month's pay to have seen ole Joe then," said he. "Say, young feller, I can't give you a job firin' just yet; Joe's queered you for a bit; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll set you to wipin', an' give you the first chance. What do you say?"

I didn't care to wipe engines, as that is the very lowest rung in the ladder, besides being extremely dirty and disagreeable work.

He assured me, however, that both the master mechanic and himself, as well as nearly all the engineers on the road, had begun as wipers. He said that was the proper way for a man to learn any trade, to begin at the bottom; and, in fine, he said so much, and seemed so anxious to have me take the job, that I accepted, and have never regretted it to this day.

FIFTEEN MONTHS AS A WIPER.

For fifteen months I wiped engines, turned the table, shoveled ashes, washed out boilers and tanks, helped the machinists to lug and lift, and in fact did all manner of the dirtiest and hardest work that has to be done about a railroad roundhouse. For the wipers are everybody's helpers. Is a particularly hard job to be done, get one of the wipers to do it; if a sewer gets clogged, send a wiper in to clear it; and who ever heard of a wiper complaining? They seem to glory in and thrive on dirt.

During those fifteen months I became, from constant association, perfectly familiar with all the outward and visible parts of the locomotive, as I saw them taken to pieces by the mechanics; and as I was blessed with a good-sized bump of inquisitiveness, I also learned enough of the mysterious properties of the slide valve to enable me to take part in the deeply erudite discussions which frequently took place among the firemen.

The wipers are severe critics of the engineers; they know whose engine is always in first-class order, nuts and bolts all in place and tight, wedges never down, and everything where it ought to be.

It seemed as if some engineers depended on the wipers to look out for broken spring leaves and hangers, cracked equalizers and eccentric straps, and nearly everything else; but there were some who looked their engines over with the greatest care,

"MR. GRINNELL, YOUR ENGINE TRUCK CENTER CASTING IS BROKEN ALL TO PIECES."

and one of these was old Joe Grinnell. He didn't want any help from anybody, and was quite free in saying so, too; but one day I noticed that the male center casting was broken in such a way that but one bolt held it at all, and that very slightly. I supposed, of course, that he had reported it, and expected every minute to see the men come along with the jacks and jack her up to put in a new one; for though there is a king-pin down through both castings, still no man would ever trust to that alone, for she would be apt, in rounding some curve, to shear it off, and, shooting off at a tangent, leave the track.

What was my surprise, then, as the time drew near for her to leave the house, to see that no attempt was made to repair the damage, until at last the hostler took her out across the table. I had been long enough in the roundhouse now to get the hang of things pretty well, so I hunted up Mr. Phelps and told him what I had discovered on the 227.

"Is that so?" said he; "are you sure?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "there's no doubt about it."

We walked rapidly round the house, and came to the hook on which the machinists hang the engineers' work reports after finishing the job and marking them O. K.

He hunted the hook over until he found the 227's report signed, Grinnell, O. K'd., and signed by the man who had done the work. There were several petty jobs reported, but not a word appeared about the center casting.

Mr. Phelps's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he saw that old Joe had tripped at last.

From where we stood we could see Joe oiling around. No time was to be lost, for we didn't want him to discover it; though, even if he did, it would be too late now to save himself from censure —still we desired to catch him as foul as possible.

Turning to me, Mr. Phelps said, "I'll get the old man out, an' walk him past the engine, an' you be close by, an' just as we get to Joe, you tell him his center castin's broke."

"All right, sir," said I, and away he went post-haste after the master mechanic, while I sauntered out in the direction of the 227.

Directly I saw Mr. Seely and Mr. Phelps coming rapidly in our direction from the office, I got within about ten feet of old Joe, and just as they were passing, called out loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Mr. Grinnell, your engine truck center casting is broken all to pieces, and just about ready to fall off."

Joe's face was like a thunder-cloud as

he told me to mind my own business, if I had any.

The officials had heard my report, and stopping short, Mr. Seely asked Joe what was the matter with his center casting.

"Nawthin'," said Joe; "only this wiper's found a mare's nest. I guess I'm competent to look after my own engine without any help from the wipers."

Mr. Seely, however, looked under the engine himself, and seeing that I was right, ordered her back into the house, and a spare engine got ready in a hurry, and then he read the riot act to Mr. Joseph H. Grinnell in a manner that the oldest "plug-puller" on the road had never heard equalled.

At first Joe answered back pretty stiffly, but as he knew he was dead wrong, he couldn't say much.

The engineers, firemen, wipers, and, in fact, everybody about the place, came running from all directions to hear. As a grand finale, the old man, after calling him everything but a "first-class engineer," sent him home for ten days, charged with *incompetency*.

FIRING A SWITCH ENGINE.—A FATAL "DOUBLE CUT."

The next morning when I came to work, Mr. Phelps told me to go home again and return at six P.M. to relieve a fireman on one of the switch engines. My wiping days were now over, and once more I found myself on the left side of a locomotive. On the second day, the engineer asked me if I thought I could handle her. I said I guessed so; and stepping out from alongside the boiler, he said, "All right, then; get hold o' this bat, an' let's see ye shape yerself."

I was somewhat nervous at first. It startled me to feel her go the instant that I touched the throttle, and though I knew perfectly *how* she ought to be handled, yet I found it confusing when I came to do it myself. The throttle, reverse lever, and brake seemed to be in each other's way, and I couldn't find them with my hands without looking for them—an act that is rankly unprofessional. Then again, I would catch myself just in the act of giving her steam when I should have reversed her first, calling forth profane and jeering remarks from the engineer, which were extremely mortifying. The engineer stayed with me about an hour, watching me sharply, and giving me lots of advice. I soon gained confidence, and as I kept a sharp lookout for signals, and obeyed them promptly, the engineer—satisfied that I could do the work—stepped off and went into the yard-master's office to "chin."

He had not been off the engine ten minutes when the conductor undertook to make a "double cut," that is, to cut off two sections of the moving train and send each into its proper switch without stopping. When properly done, it is a neat manœuver, and a great time-saver. There should be a man at each switch, one to pull the pin, and one to watch the performance and give signals to the engineer. The pin may be pulled on the first section before commencing to back; then the pin-puller stands by to make the second cut. The engine starts back until there is way enough on the first cut to carry it into its switch; then at a signal the engineer shuts off, and the dead engine, acting as a drag, holds back the main part of the train, while the cut-off cars roll on ahead to their switch, which the man who is stationed there opens, allowing them to run in, and closes it after them. The engineer, on signal, now gives her another jerk back, the pin-puller pulls the pin, and when there is way enough on the second cut to carry it to its destination, the same performance is gone through with again, this time the whole of the remaining train and engine passing over the closed switch to its destination further up the yard.

With men enough—provided there is no grade to stop the cars from rolling—cars could be sent into all the switches along the line, without the engine stopping at all; but in this case the conductor only had one man, and when he told him what he intended to do, the "brakey" remonstrated, saying, "Ye'll have them all over the carpet."

The conductor, however, told him to mind his own business, and ordered him to open the first switch, and then run to the next, saying that he would close it himself after pulling the pin. But when he ran in a hurry to close it, he stumbled over the end of a tie, so that before he got it closed, the forward truck of the leading car had entered the siding, and the switch being closed, the cars went off the track. Seeing them going in all directions, he desired to set a brake to hold them, when, in jumping up between two flat cars, one corner rose above the other, and shearing across it clipped him in two, as a lady snips a thread with her scissors.

The engineer was discharged for allowing me to handle the engine, and for many

a night after that I saw the poor conductor in my dreams. He had been looking straight in my eyes, when his light went out.

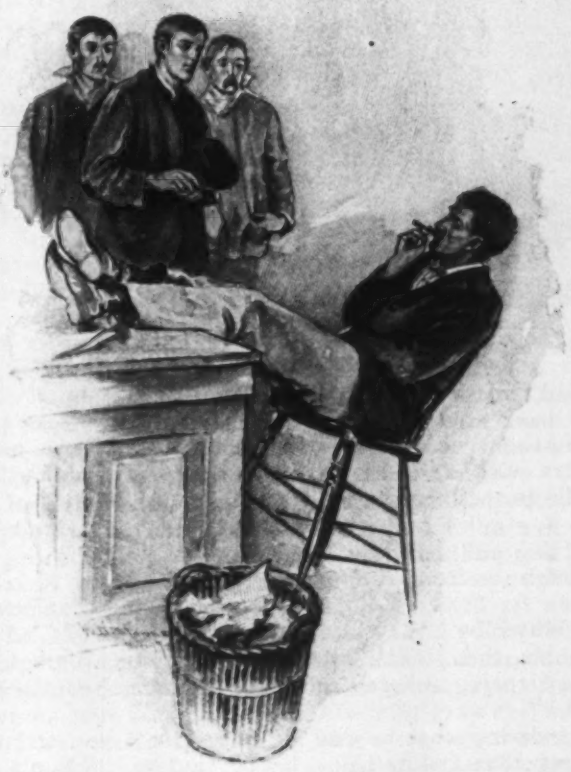
THE DIFFERENCES IN ENGINEERS.

I fired nearly four years; and though firing is the hardest kind of work, I look back to those four years as the happiest of my life.

I never came across quite such another crank as old Joe Grinnell, for, as a rule, the engineers were fine fellows. Every man jack of them, having served his apprenticeship at the scoop-shovel, realized the drawbacks and discomforts of the fireman's position, and tried to make it as endurable as possible.

Some, while meaning well, had failed during their apprenticeship to learn from their engineers how to run and feed (pump) the machine to the best advantage, so they made it hard work for the firemen to keep steam. Those we called "pounders," and as a rule they were the very ones who would take no hints from their firemen, but instantly became dignified and talked loftily about how *I* pump and run *my* engine.

Shortly after I was appointed, I was sent to fire for old Pop Fickett. He was a jolly old soul, easy-going as an old shoe, and would often on a cold night get down and fire himself for a dozen or twenty miles to get warm, while I sat on his seat and played engineer, blowing for crossings and watching the water.



"AND I ASKED, IN A VOICE WHICH I FEAR WAS SLIGHTLY TREMULOUS, IF WE COULD SPEAK TO HIM."

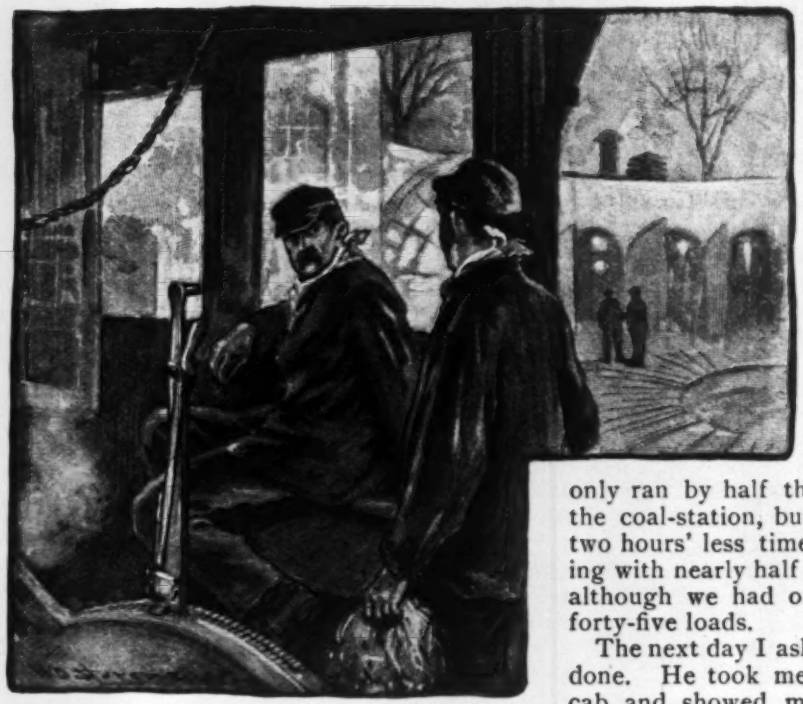
Old Pop was a hard man to fire for, because he was a pounder; but I hadn't been long enough at the business to know that, so I shoveled away for dear life and was ignorant and happy.

One trip Pop reported sick, and an extra engineer took her out. As a rule, firemen hate to see an extra man get on the engine, as he has different ways from the man you are used to, and railroad men of all degrees get set in their ways and don't like to have them disturbed.

This extra man, however, was a genuine and pleasant surprise to me. With old Pop at the throttle I always had to bend my back as soon as he pulled her out and keep the shovel and the firebox door on the swing as regular as the pendulum of a clock.

No need to hook the fire; for, as Pop said, he'd keep it from freezing up on me, and so he did, too; for I wouldn't have a chance to stop shoveling until he shut her off. No need to worry myself by looking at the steam gauge; for, as Pop said again, he could take care of all the steam I could make.

There were two coaling stations on the division, each about twenty miles from either terminus, for the convenience of engines that needed more coal to take them in. We never passed them,—indeed, we sometimes had trouble to reach them,—although Pop had sideboards put on the tender, saying he liked to have plenty of coal; and when other engineers bragged about how many water-plugs they passed and how many cars they hauled without



"I'LL MAKE NO REPORTS TO ANYBODY; BUT I'LL LICK YOU EVERY DAY FOR A YEAR, AS BIG AS YOU ARE."

taking coal, Pop would remark sagely that he "allus liked to have coal an' water enough,"—and he did too.

Well, when the extra man started I began as usual to "ladle in the lampblack" until we were about five miles out, when he called me up to him and asked me if there was a hole through the front end of the fire-box.

"No," said I. "Why?"

"What is the trouble, then? Is there somebody buried back there, an' you're trying to dig him out?"

I stared at him, wondering what he was talking about. Seeing that I didn't understand, he said: "For heaven's sake, man, get up there on your seat an' sit down! I never saw anybody shovel coal like you do; you've got enough in there to run to the next water-plug now. I can't put any more water into her till we get there; so crack your door an' let's have a smoke."

I did as he told me to; and yet, though I saw by the gauge that we had, as the boys say, "a hundred an' enough," I was worried; and, at last, when I could stand it no longer, fearing that my fire would go entirely out, I stepped down and picked up my scoop again.

"Say," said he, "hand me that scoop a minute."

I did so, wondering what he wanted of it.

He threw it on the footboard in front of him, and told me if I didn't sit down and rest myself until we got to the water-plug, he would report me for wasting the company's fuel.

That trip was a revelation to me. We not only ran by half the water-plugs and the coal-station, but made the run in two hours' less time than usual, arriving with nearly half a tank of coal left, although we had our regular train of forty-five loads.

The next day I asked him how it was done. He took me to his side of the cab and showed me a notch in the quadrant that was worn smooth and bright.

"That," said he, "is the notch Pop runs her in." Then he showed me where he ran her, and gave me the most lucid explanation of early cutting off and running expansively, and of its effect on the coal-pile and water-tank, that I had ever heard.

Pop was laid up a week with rheumatism, and during that week I gained several pounds in weight. I had such an easy time of it that, although I was very fond of the old man, I dreaded to see him come back, and said as much to the engineer.

"Why don't you tell him how to run her?" said he. "Pop's a good old feller. He won't get mad; and even if he does, you'd be a blamed fool to keep heaving coal in there for him to throw out the stack. I wouldn't do it, an' don't you."

Well, at last the day came when the old man returned to work. He looked poorly, and I could hardly find it in my heart to speak to him on a subject which I knew to be a delicate one, for he was a very old engineer, and had been running just that way probably long before I ever thought of railroading.

Still, I had lots of sympathy for my own back. So at last I broached the subject, before we started—I would have no chance afterward—and made up my mind to fight it out with him if necessary.

I spoke rather diffidently, but told him the whole story, to which he listened very patiently, and when I got through, he said:

"My boy, I don't want to break your back. I know there's something in what you say, for I've had firemen kick before, but none of them in such a decent way as you have; now I'll tell you something that no man on this road knows but me. I am a machinist by trade, and never fired but six months in my life. When this road opened, I had a little influence and got a job; all I asked for was a job, but as I had a letter from a big man and applied to the mechanical department, I was presumed to be an engineer and given an engine at once. Of course, I wasn't fool enough to decline, and I've been running here ever since. That's twenty years ago, and you're the first fireman I ever had that I would trust enough to tell that to. Now, show me how Laws ran her, and, by gum, I'll do the same; then we'll see if we can't run by water-plugs and coal stations as well as some others."

I showed him, and away we went. At first he was afraid she wouldn't make time cut back so fine, but when he saw how she was going past the stations, he was as pleased as a child with a new toy. When we neared the first water-plug, he sent me back to measure the water. We had nearly half a tank, and he wanted to stop; but I assured him that it was perfectly safe to go on, and so it proved.

He was as pleased as Punch when we wheeled into the end of the division after the fastest trip he had ever made in all those twenty years; and he never relapsed into his old style of running, and for the remainder of my time with him no fireman on the road had an easier time of it than I.

A CONTEST WITH A BRUTAL SUPERIOR.

About this time, an engineer who had left the road a couple of years before returned, and was appointed traveling engineer by the master mechanic. We soon found that he had full authority to hire engineers to fill vacancies, and that he improved his opportunities. A new branch connecting with an important mining and manufacturing locality was opened, calling for half a dozen more engineers. The firemen had been longing for the opening, and figuring for the past three years on who would be promoted; but when the time drew near, it was observed that several new engineers were riding on the engines, learning the road. The firemen became alarmed at once, and discussed the matter quite freely.

I became intensely interested in the controversy; and though I could not expect to be promoted at this time, yet I saw that if the engineers were all to be hired, our chances of ever running on that road were slim indeed. As no one seemed to have any idea of demanding better treatment from the company, or to consider that we had any thing that could be termed *rights* in the matter, I made it my business to preach a new doctrine to my companions. I finally got three of the oldest men, three who had felt sure of promotion, to go with me as a committee to the traveling engineer and ask that the firemen's rights to promotion be recognized, provided I would agree to do all the talking.

So one fine day I marshaled my committee in the anteroom of the master mechanic's office, resolved to beard the lion in his den. We were all trembling in our shoes at the audacity of our action, and wished that we hadn't been so valiant; however, it was too late now to turn back, as all the firemen knew what we were about, and a number were waiting in the roundhouse to receive our report. So in we went, our caps in our hands, and asked to see Mr. Hussey. A clerk stepped into his office, and returning directly, bade us enter.

We found the gentleman sitting with his feet cocked up on his desk, smoking; we walked round so as to face him, and I asked, in a voice which I fear was slightly tremulous, if we could speak to him. He gave me a quick, disagreeable glance from his cold, gray eye, and answered in a most discouraging manner, "Ya—as, go on."

After once having broken the ice, I found but little difficulty in talking. I stated the case to him, as I had done to the boys dozens of times already.

When I got through he gave me another one of those wicked leers, and said, "Are you done?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Got no instructions for the master mechanic or superintendent?"

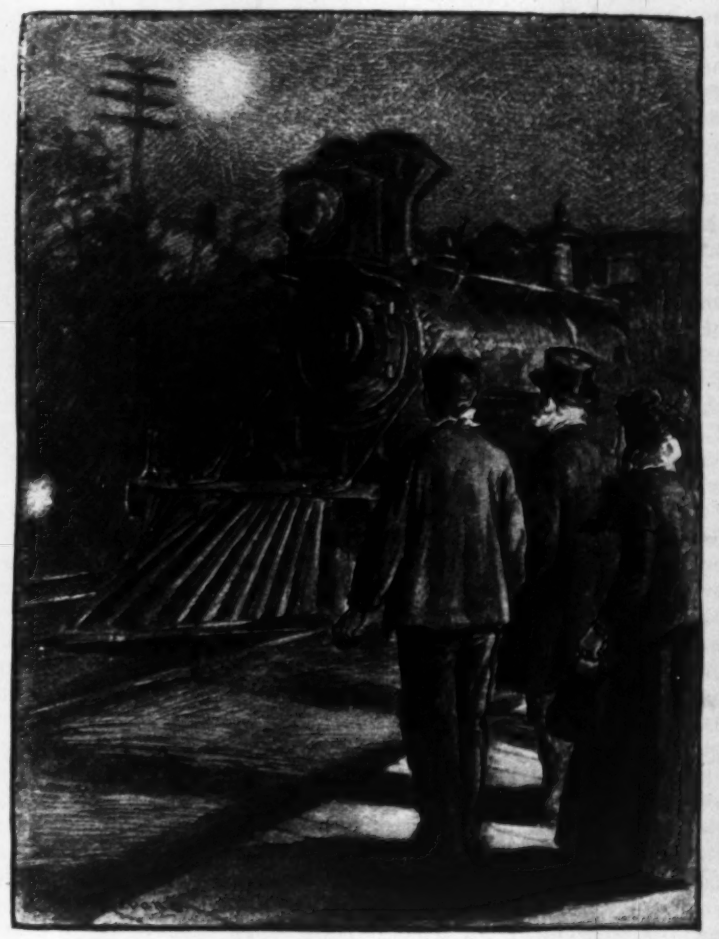
"No, sir; we've got no instructions for anybody; we are simply asking for what we think we are entitled to."

"Oho! you're mighty mild all of a sudden! Well, now look here, my young agitator, I've had my eye on you for some time, and I've heard a good deal about you, too; going round among the firemen,

talking and criticizing my business. You want what you're entitled to, hey ? Well, you shall have it, and that's a bill of your time. Does any of the rest of you want what he's entitled to ?"

Glancing hastily at the boys, I saw they were badly rattled; so, thinking it useless to sacrifice any more of them, I told him that I was the only one to blame for the action we had taken, and got them out of the office as quickly as I could.

We were no sooner outside than two of my gallant supporters sneaked off to the roundhouse, thankful to have escaped with their lives; but one, Frank Manly, a smart, bright young fellow of about twenty-one, slightly red-headed, tall, and straight as an arrow, Manly by name and manly by nature, brought his right fist down in his left palm with a bang, and swore that it was a shame. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said he; "it wouldn't do any good to go to the master mechanic, because he'd uphold Hussey; and the super's no better. I won't fire on the blamed road any more, as long as that's to be the rule; so let's you and me go straight to the general manager. They say he's a mighty fine old fellow; been all through the mill himself, an' believes in giving the boys a fair show. We've got nothing to lose, anyway, so he can't hurt us. What do you say ? "



"THE CROWD STOOD SILENT AND BREATHLESS AS SHE PASSED."

A SURPRISING INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER.

I told him I was willing; so the next day we marched into the general manager's office, as large as life. His private secretary, a fussy little fellow, told us to be seated, that the general manager was very busy, but would see us directly.

In about half an hour a man came out, and we were told to step inside. Neither of us had ever seen the general manager before, so we were pleasantly surprised to find that august person a very mild-mannered and affable gentleman. He welcomed us cordially, asked us to be seated, and read from a slip of paper, "Two of the firemen."

"It should be ex-firemen, sir," said I; "we are no longer employed on your road."

He raised his eyebrows slightly and said: "In that case I hardly see how you can have any business with me. It was on the supposition that you were employees that I granted you this audience."

I asked if he would allow us to state our case.

"Certainly," said he. "Proceed; but be as brief as you can, for my time is valuable."

I told him the whole story, how we had

been disappointed in our promotion, how we had respectfully protested to Mr. Hussey, and I, as spokesman, had been peremptorily discharged. He seemed interested, and heard me through without interruption, and when I had finished, he asked, "Who is Mr. Hussey?" I told him.

"And he discharged you both?"

"No, sir," said Frank. "I wasn't discharged; but as I don't intend to fire all my life, I have quit."

"And quite right, too. If I knew that I had a man on my road that hadn't ambition enough to aspire to the highest position on it, I'd discharge him myself. Now, you boys understand that you have made a grave charge to me against your superior officer. If I bring him here, will you repeat the charge in his presence?"

"Yes, sir, we will."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"We have the other two firemen who were on the committee; but perhaps they wouldn't care to testify."

"What are their names?"

We told him their names, and he took them down. He then told us to be in his office again at ten o'clock next morning. Frank asked if we should notify our witnesses to appear. "They will be notified," said he, "and will be here, or I am very much mistaken." I remarked that one of them was to go out at four P.M. "Ah!" said he, "that's well thought of." He then told his clerk to tell the master mechanic's office to relieve fireman Voorhees until further orders; and dismissed us, with a warning to talk to no one about the matter.

The next day we arrived at the office on time, where we found Mr. Hussey, who paid not the slightest attention to us and our two committeemen, who were in what Frank called a "blue funk," wondering what was to be done to them. The general manager arrived shortly after us, bowed comprehensively to the crowd, said, "Good morning, gentlemen; step inside, please," and when we were all in, asked us to be seated.

"Now," said he, "which is Mr. Hussey?"

"I am Mr. Hussey," said that gentleman, disguising as much as possible his naturally surly manner, out of deference to his superior officer.

"I have received a very grave charge, Mr. Hussey, from one, or perhaps I should say two, of our firemen, one of whom you have discharged, as I understand, for having preferred a request on behalf of himself and others. Is that correct?"

"I discharged that feller," said Hussey, indicating me by a jerk of his head, "because he's an agitator: he's been organizin' the firemen, an' tryin' ter make trouble on the road. I should have discharged him at the first chance, anyway; so, when he came into my office an' tried to dictate to me who I should hire an' who I should promote, I let 'im go. I don't want no firemen, nor engineers neither, dictatin' to me, an' I won't have it!"

"Be seated a moment, please," said the general manager.

He then called the members of the committee up, one after another, and, after warning them to be careful to state the exact facts, drew from them the conversation that had passed between Hussey and me in the office. He asked Hussey if it was correct, and he admitted that it was. He then said that it was his wish that all employees on the road should be considered as standing in the line of promotion in their several departments; that he had always supposed such to be the case, and was surprised to find it otherwise, as he had certainly made his views known on that subject. He said that promotions should be governed by seniority of service, unless the senior employee could be shown to be unfit for the position; favoritism he would not tolerate under any disguise whatsoever. He gave Mr. Hussey a very plain lecture on the autocratic position which he had assumed toward us, saying that he desired all employees to discuss among themselves matters pertaining to their own interests, and to suggest such changes as they thought would be beneficial to themselves, guaranteeing that all such questions should receive his personal attention, and any concessions that could be made without injury to the interests of the road he would gladly make. He told us that any employee could always obtain an audience with him, and said that the right of appeal from the decisions of inferior officers should be the rule while he remained in the company's employ.

He then told Frank and me to return to work, and was about to dismiss us, when Hussey, who had been getting red in the face and showing signs of increasing uneasiness, rose, and said in a somewhat insolent tone:

"Do you mean to say, Mr. General Manager, that that feller's reinstated over my head?"

"You can call it that, if you choose."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing: I don't

care if you're general manager, or what you are, you can't run no railroad that way——"

"There! there!" said the old gentleman, knocking on his desk with a pencil, "that will do. I think I understand you, and let me give you a little piece of advice,—when talking to a gentleman, be as gentlemanly as you can, and when addressing your superior officer, try and remember that a certain modicum of respect is due to his position——"

"Gentleman be blowed!" roared Hussey. "What are ye? Ye're nothin' but an old ex-freight brakeman, an' ye're so old that whatever little sense ye might have had once is all gone now. To blazes with you an' yer ole streak of rust! I wouldn't work on a road that's got such an old-woman fool for a general manager, if it was the only road on earth!" And he started for the door just as it was opened by a burly attendant, who quietly, but firmly, and with an air of dexterity which proved familiarity with the method, took Mr. Hussey by the wrist and elbow and escorted him, swearing uproariously, to the outer world.

We bade the general manager good day, thanking him for his kindness, and withdrew. Frank and I kept a little in advance of the others on our return, though they tried to fraternize; but we looked upon them coldly, and so discouraged their advances.

FORCING PROMOTION.

The magnitude of our success dazed and almost frightened us. Our visit to the general manager had been undertaken merely as a forlorn hope, and with hardly any expectation of being granted even an interview. We were lionized by the firemen, and looked upon with sincere dislike by the engineers; as it was for their interest to have all railroads hire engineers. Even old Pop told me, with the utmost gravity, that I might as well quit, and go along with Hussey; for he said the master mechanic would now be down on me for having been instrumental in getting Hussey discharged and interfering with the management of his department. He predicted that my stay on the road would be very limited, but I remembered what the general manager had said to us about the right of appeal, and made up my mind that if the master mechanic did me an injustice, I would fight it out as I had in the last instance.

I had occasion several times to remember Pop's words; for though I was not discharged, a system of petty annoyances was started against me in the effort to tire me out, so that I would leave of my own accord. It became a frequent occurrence now for me to be called to the office, to receive reprimands and warnings for all sorts of unimportant matters; and as I knew the method pursued on railroads, I understood the meaning of these actions on the master mechanic's part.

A strict record is kept of the service of every employee. A report is filed with the head of the department of all violations of the rules, and the punishments awarded for the same; so that when at any time a serious offense is committed, the superintendent can call for the man's record, and base his decision to a great extent upon it, and as it is a practical impossibility to obey all orders and at the same time perform one's duty, a prejudiced official can ruin the record of any man.

Hussey having retired before he had succeeded in filling all of the vacancies with hired men, a couple of the old firemen were promoted, and their places on passenger trains filled by promoting firemen from the freight department. Although there were three older men than I on freight, one of those promoted was younger; so I went to the two men older than myself and reminded them of what the general manager had promised us, asking them if they didn't intend to kick for their promotion. At first they said, "Ah, what's the use? The engineer asked for that man; and if we make a fuss, we might get the place, but both the master mechanic and the engineer would be down on us, and it would not do us any good."

Finally they said that if I would go with them, they would request the master mechanic to do the right thing.

"No, sir," said I; "I'll head no more committees for you fellows; but if you are not going to demand your rights, I am mine. I'll not permit a man to be promoted over my head if I can help it."

I marched directly to the master mechanic's office. He was in, and looking up, as I fancied, rather suspiciously—or shall I say guiltily?—demanded to know my business. I told him that I understood that it was the policy of the road to promote men according to their seniority, and as a younger man than I had been promoted, I had come in to see him about it.

"Who is it?" said he.

"Peterson, sir."

"Is Peterson a younger man than you?"

"Yes, sir."

He called for a book, which he looked over, and then said: "Yes, he is; but Whitworth and Collins are both your seniors, so I don't see as you are entitled to anything."

I told him they were the only two ahead of me; but that if he put Peterson ahead, that made three; that I had fired over two years, and didn't see why I should forfeit promotion in favor of another. He closed the book with a bang, asked me if I wanted that train, and when I said I did, he answered: "All right, sir; you can have it."

"Shall I take her next trip, sir?"

"Yes; or you can pay your fare to ——, and fire her back to-night if you like"—savagely.

I thanked him as humbly as I could and went out; my heart somewhat misgiving me. Whitworth and Collins asked me how I made out.

"I got the train," said I.

"Bully for you!" said Whitworth.

"You won't keep it a week," said Collins.

"Well, I've got it, anyway, and I'll keep it as long as I can, and I won't be put off it for nothing, either," said I, my courage returning now that I was clear of the office.

SUBDUING AN UNFRIENDLY ENGINEER.

The next day I came down to the roundhouse bright and early, so as to be sure and have my engine ready on time and in good shape, for I knew I would not be apt to get a very cordial reception from the engineer, and I didn't want to give him cause for complaint. I had her shining like a glass bottle full of pitch when he came along. He was a surly, important fellow, very unpopular with the firemen, as he was one of those who believed that a locomotive engineer was little, if any, lower than the gods, and firemen were especially created to be their servants. When he climbed aboard and saw me busily at work, he stopped short, and said:

"What are you doin' on this engine?"

"Getting her ready to go out."

"What's the matter with Billy?"

"Nothing as I know of. This train don't belong to him, so he's been put back on freight."

"Oho! So you've worked him out of his job, hey?"

"No, I have got him out of my job, that's all."

"Your job, hey? You can't fire this train."

"How do you know?"

"Because you never fired a passenger train, an' this is an almighty hard train. I got Billy Peterson put on here because I wanted him, an' now you've got his job away from him. Things are coming to a fine pass when firemen run the road. I'll tell you one thing, my young buck: you've bit off more'n you can chew this time; if I don't give you a belly-full before you see this roundhouse again, you can call me a Quaker!"

"See here, Mr. Simpson," said I; "I don't know of any firemen that are running the road, but I do know that no engineers are running it. The day when firemen had no rights on this road is past, and you may as well admit that fact. This train belongs to me. I can fire it as well as anybody; and if you work against me to knock me out, I'll beat you at your own game and get you discharged."

He sat and stared at me, with his mouth open in amazement, while I uttered this pure bluff; then regaining his senses, he jumped down off the engine in a rage, saying, "Well, I won't take you if I have to go out alone." And off he went to the office, but came back again directly, and without a word pulled out for the train-shed. After we got coupled on, and while waiting for the conductor's signal, he turned to me and said: "You've forced yourself on here where you're not wanted, and now mind what I tell you, you'll keep this engine hot, or I'll do a little reporting to the general manager myself; then we'll see who'll get discharged."

"All right," said I; "I can keep her hot if you run her right; and now let me tell you something: I'm entitled to this job, and I'm going to have it, in spite of you, and if I lose it for any reason, whether it's my fault or not, I'll make no reports to anybody; but I'll lick you every day for a year, as big as you are."

I heard the conductor call out "All aboard," saw Simpson look back, and as he jerked the throttle wide open, I rang the bell with one hand, and opened the fire door with the other, keeping it open until he got through slipping her.

Not another word passed between us during the trip. I kept her good and hot. He ran her correctly, and on the return run he told me he didn't blame me any for the stand I had taken, as a man would be a

fool not to get what belonged to him on a railroad if he could.

I fired for him nearly two years; and though I could never quite forget the attitude he had assumed toward me at first, we became eventually quite good friends. He understood his business thoroughly, and could make time easily with a train that would have kept some of the old runners on the anxious seat. He would insist on having his engine kept in first-class repair, even though he had to have a stand-up row with the master mechanic to get the work done, all of which made my work much easier. The natural consequence was that we made a name for fast runs, and were frequently sent out with specials.

IGNORING THE RULES IN ORDER TO MAKE TIME.

There was a fast express from the East which seldom arrived on time during the winter, being delayed by snow. As it was an early morning train into Chicago, and of a somewhat local nature on our division, business men were continually complaining of the delay and inconvenience caused them by its being late; so one winter, in order to satisfy them, a first section was run over the division, hauled by the regular engine, to do the local work, and we were stationed with our engine at the other end of the division, to take the regular train when it came along, and run it as a second section, making no stops unless there were passengers to get off, which seldom occurred. It was an open secret that this job was given to Simpson on account of his record-breaking proclivities, and the superintendent would usually meet us on the station platform and congratulate him on his lightning run; for we would frequently make up an hour and a half, following the first section right in. Now, of course, the superintendent knew that, in order to make such flying trips as that, it was necessary to disregard yard-limit rules and slow-downs, but he was so pleased with the record the road was making in delivering its Eastern train on time, that he said never a word.

Some eighty miles out from Chicago there was a small city where we had a large freight-yard nearly three miles long. The yard-limit rule required all engines to reduce speed to six miles an hour when running within the limits of any railroad yard—a rule that was never respected by any one, nor enforced; it was merely a hole for the company to crawl out of in case of a collision in the yard. No train could make time if the engineer observed that rule, for there were miles and miles of yards on the division. It is also a rigid rule that the main track must not be used between sections of a first-class train, for the sections are all regarded as one train; consequently the train has not passed until the last section has gone. But on a certain unfortunate morning a freight crew were doing some switching in the yard I speak of, and before they went to work the conductor had learned from the operator that "Second Four" was an hour and fifteen minutes late; so as it was reasonable to suppose that she would be at least half an hour late at the yard, he instructed his flagman to hold her, unless he was called in before she arrived. This would give him a chance to use that track for a few minutes if he needed it, as he knew that even if the miraculous happened, and Second Four made up more time than it was in human power to do, he would be protected until he could get off her track, close the switch, and call his flag. In fact, he did the unpardonable in railroading,—he "took chances."

It so happened that after First Four passed, he had occasion to cross to the other side of the yard; so he told his engineer of the precautions he had taken and asked him to cross over. The engineer declined, saying he knew better than to cross over between sections of a first-class train. They argued the question awhile, and finally the conductor persuaded him that he would be foolish to lay there half an hour or more waiting for her, when it was only a minute's work to slip across,—and they were protected anyhow. At last, being over-persuaded, the engineer said: "All right; get your switches open, and I'll cross over." During this conversation more minutes than they thought had gone by. Everything having been favorable, we had made a most extraordinary run; and the flagman, knowing that his conductor would not dare hold a first-class train, had not gone out very far, and was listening for the whistle signal which should tell him to let Second Four come, when we came wheeling round the curve sixty-five miles an hour.

He frantically waved his red flag as we flew by. Jack shut off, reversed, applied the air-brake, and blew a blast on his whistle that made that freight crew's hair stand on end. Their engine was squarely out on the track ahead of us, backing over.

The engineer pulled his throttle wide open in the effort to get across, but he hadn't time. We hit her right on the back drive; both engines rolled over on their sides, and both engineers and firemen were thrown out of their cabs and rolled around the yard. Luckily no one was seriously injured, though several passengers were bruised and cut by flying glass, and the tracks were pretty well torn up.

While Jack and I were busy getting the fire out of our engine, the conductor went up to the telegraph office and reported the wreck, and inside of an hour a new train was backed down on one of the yard tracks, our passengers and baggage transferred, and we went on. Next day all hands were called to the office, and from the mass of lies we told the superintendent sifted the truth. The conductor, engineer, and flagman of the freight were discharged at once, and Jack was suspended.

After he had loafed over thirty days and heard nothing from the superintendent, he called on the gentleman, and asked what he was going to do with him. The superintendent blazed out wrathfully: "I don't know what to do with you. If the law allowed me to, I'd hang you; a man who would go through a yard as you did ought to be hung." To which Jack replied in righteous indignation: "Well, I wish you'd do something with me. I can't afford to lay round here all summer waiting for you to make up your mind."

"You needn't lay round one minute. Do you understand that? Not one minute."

Jack wasn't discharged—he was too good a man to let go; but after he got back to work he said that if they wanted any more records broken they might get somebody else to do it; he was going to run according to the rules.

ENCOUNTER WITH A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

One evening, just as the conductor gave the signal and we had started from the water-plug, the operator came flying out of his office, waving an order and shouting like mad. We were four minutes late, and as I shouted "whoa" to Jack, I could see that he was mad. But that same four minutes was our salvation; for if we had got away from that station on time, we would have met with a very large surprise party a little later. The operator handed up an order to the effect that engine 96 had run away from —— and was coming east on the west-bound track. That was all, and enough, too; we knew she was coming, heading for us, but how far away she was, or how fast she was coming, we didn't know. It was a time to think and act quickly. Right behind us was an iron bridge eighty feet above the rocky bed of a mountain stream; an eighth of a mile beyond the bridge was a cross-over switch. As there was no siding on our track, our only way was to back over this. Although we were tolerably sure that there was nothing coming behind us on our track, still it is a grave violation of the rules to back up without first sending a flag back to protect you. There was nothing else for it, however, so Jack, shouting to the operator to hold everything east-bound, as he was going to back over, commenced backing right away, telling me to notify the conductor and get back on the engine as quickly as possible.

When I got back, he told me to watch out ahead, and if I saw her coming, to sing out, so as we could get off if she was coming too fast. It was an anxious moment; the rear brakeman was giving the signal, and when we got near the switch it was necessary to slack up so he could get off, unlock, and open it. I don't suppose that switch had been used much; that was the only time I ever saw it used. And passenger brakemen are proverbially slow at such matters, for they hate to soil their white hands and good clothes. It seemed as if he would never get it open. Jack had to come to a full stop to keep from running over it, and I could hear him muttering curses on the unfortunate brakeman, who, I have no doubt, was doing his level best and at last got the switch open. Then it appeared that the conductor had not had sufficient forethought to send another man to the other one; but the same fellow had to go and fumble with it, calling forth more anathemas from us. At last we got the welcome signal to back up, and he gave her a jerk back that made all the passengers bob their heads. The way we went over those cross-over switches was a flagrant violation of all railroad precedent, but we got across all right, and I jumped off and closed the head switch.

"Now, let her come!" said Jack.

It was getting dark. We got off and walked up to the station to find out as many particulars as we could. All the agent knew was that she had passed the first station, eight miles out, in less than seven minutes after it was discovered that she had gone off on her own hook. As she

should have passed by some time ago at that rate of going, we judged that she had either slowed up or ditched herself, and Jack and I were arguing the advisability of asking permission to cut our engine loose and run down on the opposite track in search of her, when a chorus of "Here she comes!" from the crowd of passengers and countrymen who had gathered at the station called our attention to the track.

It was a strange and weird sight that met our gaze. The crowd stood silent and breathless as she passed. She had slowed down to about twenty miles per hour, and as she was hooked up to within one short notch of the center, the steam had gone down, and her cylinder cocks were open, and there was no perceptible exhaust from the stack, but only a slight phit! phit! from the cylinder cocks, as she loomed up in the dusk. Big, black, and indistinct she crept up to us, all hands drawing back as though she was something uncanny. Not a sound of whistle or bell heralded her approach; not a glimmer of light showed her the way; but like an apparition she appeared to us for an instant, and was gone; swallowed up in the night so quickly and silently that we could hardly believe our own eyes.

For an instant we stood like a lot of dummies, looking at the blackness where she had been; then Jack broke the spell by calling to the conductor to cut our engine off and open the switches, saying that as she was so nearly out of steam we could easily catch her and bring her back. So we crossed over and started after her, and this was a ticklish job. As we were backing, our headlight didn't show, while she had no lights at all, and no man could tell where she might stop or leave the track; so it was a case of guess. If we ran too slow, we might chase her for miles; or we might run into her unexpectedly at any moment, wrecking both tenders.

A brakeman and myself stood on the rear of our tender, holding lanterns aloft, and watching with all our eyes, while the conductor rode in my side of the cab, unconsciously ringing the bell as if to warn her not to get herself run down. We went carefully around the curve and up a slight grade, and—there she stood, spent, her picnicking done. We towed her back to the yard, I dumped what remained of her fire, and we went on.

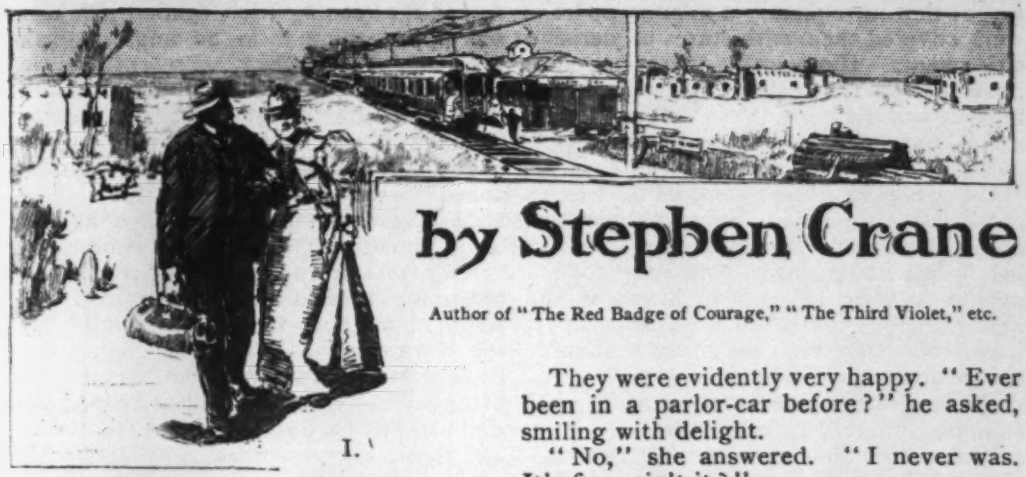
Now what do you suppose caused that engine to run away? A weak throttle latch-spring, which had been reported over and over again, and which would have cost to replace probably from three to four cents! Of course it was attended to at once after this? Not at all. I ran her a year afterwards with the same flimsy spring, and I had a set of blocks made to chock her wheels, in order to prevent a recurrence of the adventure while she was in my charge. Why didn't I report it? I did, daily, until I got tired of doing so.

On the evening when she headed us, the hostler had cleaned her fire and backed her down into "the hole"; he was in a hurry,—that was his normal condition. He should have had two helpers, but didn't have any; so he shut her off, pulled the lever up on the center (approximately), and opened the cylinder cocks, thereby complying with the rules. Then he jumped off and went after another engine. The weak spring failed to latch the throttle shut, it worked open a little way, and being light, not yet coaled or watered, she crawled up out of "the hole" in spite of her open cylinder cocks, and started off down the yard. In cleaning the fire a spark had ignited the waste on top of the back driving-box. The blaze attracted the attention of my old friend Pop, who was oiling his engine and talking with a couple of firemen as she passed. Thinking that the hostler was taking her out to the coal-pockets, he shouted: "Hey! yer back drivin'-box is afire." As no one answered, they all looked carefully at her and saw that she was alone. A shout went up,—"That engine's runnin' away!" The fireman of a nearby switch engine leaped to the ground and sprinted after her. In the meantime old 96, having passed all the switches, and got upon the main track, was gaining speed with every revolution of her big drivers. The fireman touched the back of her tank with the tips of his outstretched fingers, and then with a derisive wiggle of her drawhead she glided away.

He was directly in front of the telegraph office when he realized that the race was lost, and rushed into the office, told the operator what had happened, and advised him to tell Wilson, eight miles away, to side-track her. Wilson got the message all right, and started on the run. As he opened the door, a meteor shot by, and glancing up the line, a faint glimpse of the back end of a tender with a big yellow 96 on it, disappearing round the curve in a cloud of dust, told him she had gone.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Hamblen will follow this with a paper relating his experiences as an engineer.

THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY.



by Stephen Crane

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Third Violet," etc.

I.

THE great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquite and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun, and a direct result of his new black clothes was that his brick-colored hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion. From time to time he looked down respectfully at his attire. He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop. The glances he devoted to other passengers were furtive and shy.

The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. She wore a dress of blue cashmere, with small reservations of velvet here and there and with steel buttons abounding. She continually twisted her head to regard her puff sleeves, very stiff, straight, and high. They embarrassed her. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. The blushes caused by the careless scrutiny of some passengers as she had entered the car were strange to see upon this plain, under-class countenance, which was drawn in placid, almost emotionless lines.

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlor-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered. "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great! And then after a while we'll go forward to the diner and get a big lay-out. Finest meal in the world. Charge a dollar."

"Oh, do they?" cried the bride. "Charge a dollar? Why, that's too much—for us—ain't it, Jack?"

"Not this trip, anyhow," he answered bravely. "We're going to go the whole thing."

Later, he explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other, and this train runs right across it and never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach, and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil. At one end a bronze figure sturdily held a support for a separated chamber, and at convenient places on the ceiling were frescoes in olive and silver.

To the minds of the pair, their surroundings reflected the glory of their marriage that morning in San Antonio. This was the environment of their new estate, and the man's face in particular beamed with an elation that made him appear ridiculous to the negro porter. This individual at times surveyed them from afar with an amused and superior grin. On other occasions he bullied them with skill in ways that did not make it exactly plain to them that they were being bullied. He subtly used all the manners of the most unconquerable kind of snobbery. He op-

pressed them, but of this oppression they had small knowledge, and they speedily forgot that infrequently a number of travelers covered them with stares of derisive enjoyment. Historically there was supposed to be something infinitely humorous in their situation.

"We are due in Yellow Sky at 3.42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. To evince surprise at her husband's statement was part of her wifely amiability. She took from a pocket a little silver watch, and as she held it before her and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

"It's seventeen minutes past twelve," she said, looking up at him with a kind of shy and clumsy coquetry. A passenger, noting this play, grew excessively sardonic, and winked at himself in one of the numerous mirrors.

At last they went to the dining-car. Two rows of negro waiters, in glowing white suits, surveyed their entrance with the interest and also the equanimity of men who had been forewarned. The pair fell to the lot of a waiter who happened to feel pleasure in steering them through their meal. He viewed them with the manner of a fatherly pilot, his countenance radiant with benevolence. The patronage, entwined with the ordinary deference, was not plain to them. And yet, as they returned to their coach, they showed in their faces a sense of escape.

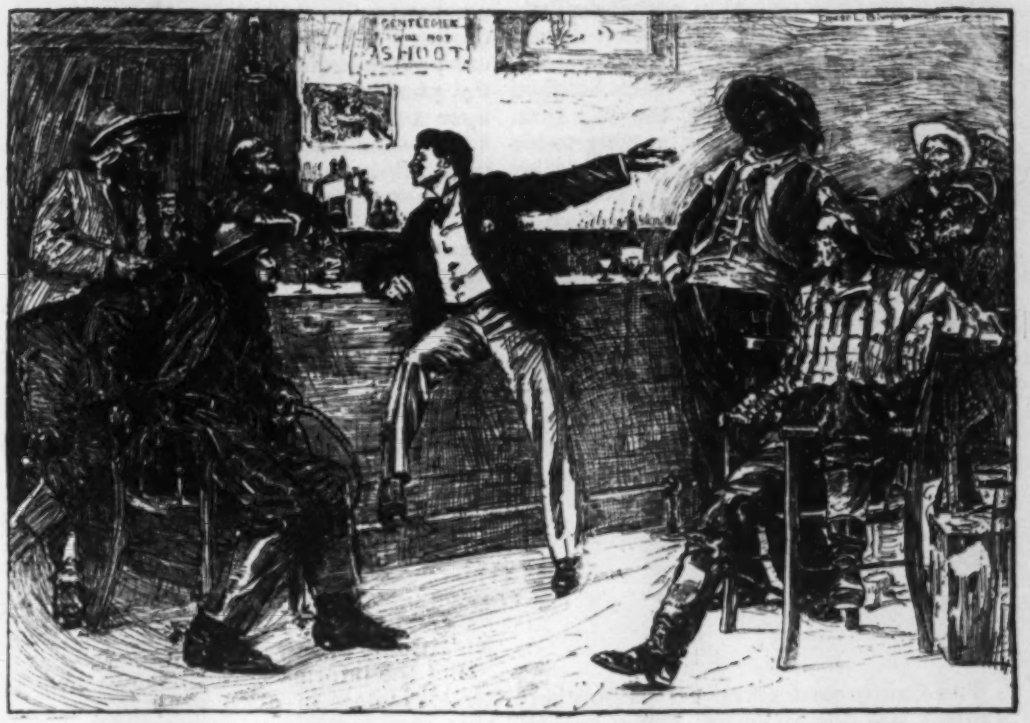
To the left, miles down a long purple slope, was a little ribbon of mist where moved the keening Rio Grande. The train was approaching it at an angle, and the apex was Yellow Sky. Presently it was apparent that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. His brick-red hands were more insistent in their prominence. Occasionally he was even rather absent-minded and far-away when the bride leaned forward and addressed him.

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Of course, people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, in accordance with a general custom; but such was Potter's thought of his duty to his friends, or of their idea of his duty, or of an unspoken form which does not control men in these matters, that he felt he was heinous. He had committed an extraordinary crime. Face to face with this girl in San Antonio, and spurred by his sharp impulse, he had gone headlong over all the social hedges. At San Antonio he was like a man hidden in the dark. A knife to sever any friendly duty, any form, was easy to his hand in that remote city. But the hour of Yellow Sky, the hour of daylight, was approaching.

"He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop."

He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel. His friends could not forgive him. Frequently he had reflected on the advisability of telling them by telegraph, but a new cowardice had been upon him.



"— and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course—"

He feared to do it. And now the train was hurrying him toward a scene of amazement, glee, and reproach. He glanced out of the window at the line of haze swinging slowly in towards the train.

Yellow Sky had a kind of brass band, which played painfully, to the delight of the populace. He laughed without heart as he thought of it. If the citizens could dream of his prospective arrival with his bride, they would parade the band at the station and escort them, amid cheers and laughing congratulations, to his adobe home.

He resolved that he would use all the devices of speed and plains-craft in making the journey from the station to his house. Once within that safe citadel, he could issue some sort of a vocal bulletin, and then not go among the citizens until they had time to wear off a little of their enthusiasm.

The bride looked anxiously at him. "What's worrying you, Jack?"

He laughed again. "I'm not worrying, girl. I'm only thinking of Yellow Sky."

She flushed in comprehension.

A sense of mutual guilt invaded their minds and developed a finer tenderness. They looked at each other with eyes softly aglow. But Potter often laughed the same nervous laugh. The flush upon the bride's face seemed quite permanent.

The traitor to the feelings of Yellow Sky narrowly watched the speeding landscape. "We're nearly there," he said.

Presently the porter came and announced the proximity of Potter's home. He held a brush in his hand and, with all his airy superiority gone, he brushed Potter's new clothes as the latter slowly turned this way and that way. Potter fumbled out a coin and gave it to the porter, as he had seen others do. It was a heavy and muscle-bound business, as that of a man shoeing his first horse.

The porter took their bag, and as the train began to slow they moved forward to the hooded platform of the car. Presently the two engines and their long string of coaches rushed into the station of Yellow Sky.

"They have to take water here," said Potter, from a constricted throat and in mournful cadence, as one announcing death. Before the train stopped, his eye had swept the length of the platform, and he was glad and astonished to see there was none upon it but the station-agent, who, with a slightly hurried and anxious air, was walking toward the water-tanks. When the train had halted, the porter

alighted first and placed in position a little temporary step.

"Come on, girl," said Potter hoarsely. As he helped her down they each laughed on a false note. He took the bag from the negro, and bade his wife cling to his arm. As they slunk rapidly away, his hang-dog glance perceived that they were unloading the two trunks, and also that the station-agent far ahead near the baggage-car had turned and was running toward him, making gestures. He laughed, and groaned as he laughed, when he noted the first effect of his marital bliss upon Yellow Sky. He gripped his wife's arm firmly to his side, and they fled. Behind them the porter stood chuckling fatuously.

Jack Potter.

II.

THE California Express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal and rapidly; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time; and two were Mexican sheep-herders who did not talk as a general practice in the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. The barkeeper's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is kicked on occasion. Across the sandy street were some vivid green grass plots, so wonderful in appearance amid the sands that burned near them in a blazing sun that they caused a doubt in the mind. They exactly resembled the grass mats used to represent lawns on the stage. At the cooler end of the railway station a man without a coat sat in a tilted chair and smoked his pipe. The fresh-cut bank of the Rio Grande circled near the town, and there could be seen beyond it a great, plum-colored plain of mesquite.

Scratchy Wilson.

Save for the busy drummer and his companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dozing. The new-comer leaned gracefully upon the bar, and recited many tales with the confidence of a bard who has come upon a new field.

"——and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course——"

The drummer's tale was interrupted by a young man who suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilson's drunk, and has turned loose with both hands." The two Mexicans at once set down their glasses and faded out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

The drummer, innocent and jocular, answered: "All right, old man. S'pose he has. Come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But the information had made such an obvious cleft in every skull in the room that the drummer was obliged to see its importance. All had become instantly solemn. "Say," said he, mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent speech, but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The barkeeper went to the door and locked and barred it. Reaching out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters and barred them. Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. The drummer was looking from one to another.

"But, say," he cried, "what is this, anyhow? You don't mean there is going to be a gun-fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man grimly. "But there'll be some shootin'—some good shootin'."

The young man who had warned them waved his hand. "Oh, there'll be a fight fast enough, if anyone wants it. Anybody

can get a fight out there in the street. There's a fight just waiting."

The drummer seemed to be swayed between the interest of a foreigner and a perception of personal danger.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked,

"Scratchy Wilson," they answered in chorus.

"And will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? Does this happen often? Does he rampage around like this once a week or so? Can he break in that door?"

"The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop."

"No, he can't break down that door," replied the barkeeper. "He's tried it three times. But when he comes you'd better lay down on the floor, stranger. He's dead sure to shoot at it, and a bullet may come through."

Thereafter the drummer kept a strict eye upon the door. The time had not yet been called for him to hug the floor, but, as a minor precaution, he sidled near to the wall. "Will he kill anybody?" he said again.

The men laughed low and scornfully at the question.

"He's out to shoot, and he's out for trouble. Don't see any good in experimentin' with him."

"But what do you do in a case like this? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why, he and Jack Potter——"

"But," in chorus, the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Anton'."

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes out and fights Scratchy when he gets on one of these tears."

"Wow," said the drummer, mopping his brow. "Nice job he's got."

The voices had toned away to mere whisperings. The drummer wished to ask further questions which were born of an increasing anxiety and bewilderment; but when he attempted them, the men merely looked at him in irritation and motioned him to remain silent. A tense waiting hush was upon them. In the deep shadows of the room their eyes shone as they listened for sounds from the street. One man made three gestures at the barkeeper, and the latter, moving like a ghost, handed him a glass and a bottle. The man poured a full glass of whisky, and set down the bottle noiselessly. He gulped the whisky in a swallow, and turned again toward the door in immovable silence. The drummer saw that the barkeeper, without a sound, had taken a Winchester from beneath the bar. Later he saw this individual beckoning to him, so he tiptoed across the room.

"You better come with me back of the bar."

"No, thanks," said the drummer, perspiring. "I'd rather be where I can make a break for the back door."

Whereupon the man of bottles made a kindly but peremptory gesture. The drummer obeyed it, and finding himself seated on a box with his head below the level of the bar, balm was laid upon his soul at sight of various zinc and copper fittings that bore a resemblance to armor-plate. The barkeeper took a seat comfortably upon an adjacent box.

"You see," he whispered, "this here Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun—a perfect wonder—and when he goes on the war trail, we hunt our holes—naturally. He's about the last one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river here. He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all right—kind of simple—wouldn't hurt a fly—nicest fellow in town. But when he's drunk—whoo!"

There were periods of stillness. "I wish Jack Potter was back from San Anton'," said the barkeeper. "He shot Wilson up once—in the leg—and he would sail in and pull out the kinks in this thing."

Presently they heard from a distance the sound of a shot, followed by three wild yowls. It instantly removed a bond from the men in the darkened saloon. There was a shuffling of feet. They looked at each other. "Here he comes," they said.

III.

A MAN in a maroon-colored flannel shirt, which had been purchased for purposes of decoration and made, principally, by some Jewish women on the east side of New York, rounded a corner and walked into the middle of the main street of Yellow Sky. In either hand the man held a long, heavy, blue-black revolver. Often he yelled, and these cries rang through a semblance of a deserted village, shrilly flying over the roofs in a volume that seemed to have no relation to the ordinary vocal strength of a man. It was as if the surrounding stillness formed the arch of a tomb over him. These cries of ferocious challenge rang against walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England.

The man's face flamed in a rage begot of whisky. His eyes, rolling and yet keen for ambush, hunted the still doorways and windows. He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. The long revolvers in his hands were as easy as straws; they were moved with an electric swiftness. The little fingers of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. Plain from the low collar of the shirt, the cords of his neck straightened and sank, straightened and sank, as passion moved him. The only sounds were his terrible invitations. The calm adobes preserved their demeanor at the passing of this small thing in the middle of the street.

There was no offer of fight; no offer of fight. The man called to the sky. There were no attractions. He bellowed and fumed and swayed his revolvers here and everywhere.

The dog of the barkeeper of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon had not appreciated the advance of events. He yet lay dozing in front of his master's door. At sight of the dog, the man paused and raised his revolver humorously. At sight of the man, the dog sprang up and walked diagonally away, with a sullen head, and growling. The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop. As it was about to enter an alley, there was a loud noise, a whistling, and something spat the ground directly before it. The dog screamed, and, wheeling in terror, galloped headlong in a new direction. Again there was a noise, a whistling, and sand was kicked viciously before it. Fear-stricken, the dog turned and flurried like an animal in a pen. The man stood laughing, his weapons at his hips.

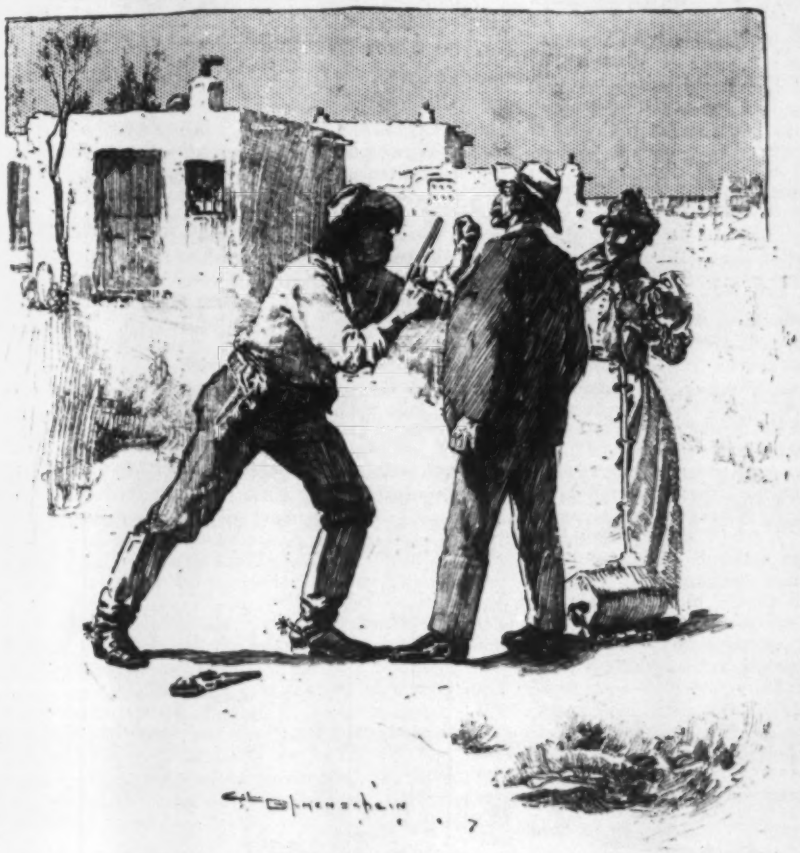
Ultimately the man was attracted by the closed door of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. He went to it, and hammering with a revolver, demanded drink.

The door remaining imperturbable, he picked a bit of paper from the walk and nailed it to the framework with a knife. He then turned his back contemptuously upon this popular resort, and walking to the opposite side of the street, and spinning there on his heel quickly and lithely, fired at the bit of paper. He missed it by a half inch. He swore at himself, and went away. Later, he comfortably fusilladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town. It was a toy for him.

But still there was no offer of fight. The name of Jack Potter, his ancient antagonist, entered his mind, and he concluded that it would be a glad thing if he should go to Potter's house and by bombardment induce him to come out and fight. He moved in the direction of his desire, chanting Apache scalp-music.

When he arrived at it, Potter's house presented the same still front as had the other adobes. Taking up a strategic position, the man howled a challenge. But this house regarded him as might a great stone god. It gave no sign. After a decent wait, the man howled further challenges, mingling with them wonderful epithets.

Presently there came the spectacle of a man churning himself into deepest rage over the immobility of a house. He fumed at it as the winter wind attacks a prairie cabin in the North. To the distance there should have gone the sound of a tumult like the fighting of 200 Mexicans. As necessity bade him, he paused for breath or to reload his revolvers.



"I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy. . . . Honest, I ain't."

IV.

POTTER and his bride walked sheepishly and with speed. Sometimes they laughed together shamefacedly and low.

"Next corner, dear," he said finally.

They put forth the efforts of a pair walking bowed against a strong wind. Potter was about to raise a finger to point the first appearance of the new home when, as they circled the corner, they came face to face with a man in a maroon-colored shirt who was feverishly pushing cartridges into a large revolver. Upon the instant the man dropped his revolver to the ground, and, like lightning, whipped another from its holster. The second weapon was aimed at the bridegroom's chest.

There was a silence. Potter's mouth seemed to be merely a grave for his tongue. He exhibited an instinct to at once loosen his arm from the woman's grip, and he dropped the bag to the sand. As for the bride, her face had gone as yellow as old cloth. She was a slave to hideous rites gazing at the apparitional snake.

The two men faced each other at a distance of three paces. He of the revolver smiled with a new and quiet ferocity.

"Tried to sneak up on me," he said. "Tried to sneak up on me!" His eyes grew more baleful. As Potter made a slight movement, the man thrust his revolver venomously forward. "No, don't you do it, Jack Potter. Don't you move a finger toward a gun just yet. Don't you move an eyelash. The time has come for me to settle with you, and I'm goin' to do it my own way and loaf along with no interferin'. So if you don't want a gun bent on you, just mind what I tell you."

Potter looked at his enemy. "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," he said. "Honest, I ain't." He was stiffening and steadying, but yet somewhere at the back of his mind a vision of the Pullman floated, the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil—all the glory of the marriage, the environment of the new estate. "You know I fight when it comes to fighting, Scratchy Wilson, but I ain't got a gun on me. You'll have to do all the shootin' yourself."

His enemy's face went livid. He stepped forward and lashed his weapon to and fro before Potter's chest. "Don't you tell me you ain't got no gun on you, you whelp. Don't tell me no lie like that. There ain't a man in Texas ever seen you without no gun. Don't take me for no kid." His eyes blazed with light, and his throat worked like a pump.

"I ain't takin' you for no kid," answered Potter. His heels had not moved an inch backward. "I'm takin' you for a ——— fool. I tell you I ain't got a gun, and I ain't. If you're goin' to shoot me up, you better begin now. You'll never get a chance like this again."

So much enforced reasoning had told on Wilson's rage. He was calmer. "If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" he sneered. "Been to Sunday-school?"

"I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married," said Potter. "And if I'd thought there was going to be any galoots like you prowling around when I brought my wife home, I'd had a gun, and don't you forget it."

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. He moved a pace backward, and his arm with the revolver dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes, this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.

"Married!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. DANA'S NEW VIEW OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

In the chapter of his "Reminiscences" printed in this number, Mr. Dana changes the field of his activities from Vicksburg to Chattanooga. He is the same keen observer and frank reporter as before. On the way he has a curious meeting with Andrew Johnson, which he describes with full appreciation of its picturesqueness; and at his new post he comes into the closest relations with Rosecrans, Thomas, and Garfield. Again his story proves that but for the publication of these "Reminiscences," which Mr. Dana himself regarded so indifferently, most important and interesting parts of the history of the war would never have been told. Indeed, no such contribution has been made to it since the publication of Grant's "Memoirs." Mr. Dana was, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front." Whatever these eyes saw, Mr. Dana's pen at once recorded, without distortion or reservation; and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton placed the greatest dependence on his reports, often shaping their policy regarding the most important matters in accordance with them. "Your telegrams," wrote Mr. Stanton to him on June 5, 1863, when Mr. Dana was reporting from Vicksburg, "are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I can not thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering." The following passage from a letter written recently to the editor of the Magazine by General James H. Wilson, Mr. Dana's intimate friend during and since the war, shows how close Mr. Dana's acquaintance always was with the men and matters of which he wrote:

"It was my good fortune to serve with the armies Mr. Dana visited as special commissioner. We told him the worst, but the whole truth, of everybody and everything that could be found out, and then showed him the strength and the virtue of Grant, and the vital importance of strengthening his hands and of supporting and assisting him in the great work he had undertaken. We rode thousands of miles together. In his own field of work during the great rebellion he rendered the most valuable service to the government, and especially to the meritorious generals of the army. His services to Grant were, in my judgment, decisive as to his career, inasmuch as they secured for him the unhesitating support of the Secretary of War and the President at a time when, if it had gone against him, his career must have ended. He was not merely a commissioner to headquarters, but was willing at every cost and every risk, whether of death in battle or capture by the enemy, to go with me to see and learn for himself. No government was ever more ably or gallantly represented than ours was by Charles A. Dana, and the worthy men of the army never had a better friend or a more earnest advocate than he was. Finally, he enjoyed the absolute respect and confidence of every surviving officer of merit who came in contact with him in the days of the rebellion.

"His reminiscences cannot fail to be a most valuable contribution to the history of the period in which he played such an important part, and I congratulate McClure's Magazine on its good fortune in obtaining them."

Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia "Times," is another man who was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Dana and his work during the war. We received from him, on the first announcement of Mr. Dana's papers, the following note:

"I am delighted to notice that you have got from Dana some chapters on his connection with the War Department during the Civil War. He is the one man who knows most about the inside war movements and has said least of all the men connected with the government, and I have many times urged him to write his recollections."

A MEMORIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.

The friends of the late Henry George have felt that the best monument that could be raised to his memory would be a fine and dignified edition of his works, one which would preserve his writings in lasting and fitting form. Such an edition has now been undertaken by Mr. George's publishers, the Doubleday and McClure Co., in coöperation with Mrs. George. Besides the books already published and "The Science of Political Economy" (the last work written by Mr. George), the edition will include a volume of hitherto uncollected miscellaneous writings and the authorized biography, the latter to be written by Mr. George's son, Mr. Henry George, Jr. There will be ten volumes in all (printed by the DeVinne Press), with several photogravure portraits, etc., including a fine reproduction of the bust by Richard F. George. Only 1,000 sets will be issued, each one numbered.

"THE POET NANSEN."

A recent article in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" bearing the above title says: "Certain words and phrases will cling tenaciously in the memory of thousands who have heard Dr. Nansen recount the thrilling story of his expedition as evidence of the poetic strain in the hardy scientific explorer.

"The inspiring ring with which he pronounced 'Forward' as the English translation of the name of his ship gave an uplift to his auditors. Then, when the company feared lest the ice pressure would crush the good ship's sides and so slept upon the ice, there was a wealth of suggestion in the simple statement: 'But the ship was stronger than our faith in her.' No picture of the solemn white stillness of the North could be more vivid than the words, 'The peace of a thousand years rests there.'

"A climax to the stirring story was the motto, fit for all humanity, or to be graven in stone at the base of a statue to the son of the vikings: 'To struggle and seek, to find, and never to yield.'"

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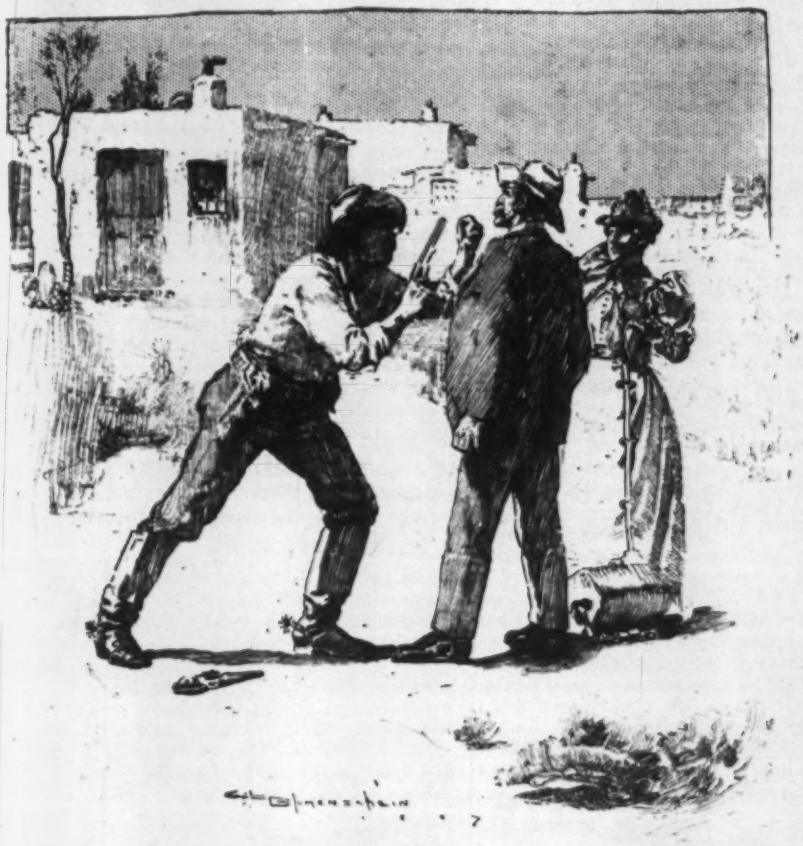

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. DANA'S NEW VIEW OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

In the chapter of his "Reminiscences" printed in this number, Mr. Dana changes the field of his activities from Vicksburg to Chattanooga. He is the same keen observer and frank reporter as before. On the way he has a curious meeting with Andrew Johnson, which he describes with full appreciation of its picturesqueness; and at his new post he comes into the closest relations with Rosecrans, Thomas, and Garfield. Again his story proves that but for the publication of these "Reminiscences," which Mr. Dana himself regarded so indifferently, most important and interesting parts of the history of the war would never have been told. Indeed, no such contribution has been made to it since the publication of Grant's "Memoirs." Mr. Dana was, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front." Whatever these eyes saw, Mr. Dana's pen at once recorded, without distortion or reservation; and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton placed the greatest dependence on his reports, often shaping their policy regarding the most important matters in accordance with them. "Your telegrams," wrote Mr. Stanton to him on June 5, 1863, when Mr. Dana was reporting from Vicksburg, "are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I can not thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering." The following passage from a letter written recently to the editor of the Magazine by General James H. Wilson, Mr. Dana's intimate friend during and since the war, shows how close Mr. Dana's acquaintance always was with the men and matters of which he wrote:

"It was my good fortune to serve with the armies Mr. Dana visited as special commissioner. We told him the worst, but the whole truth, of everybody and everything that could be found out, and then showed him the strength and the virtue of Grant, and the vital importance of strengthening his hands and of supporting and assisting him in the great work he had undertaken. We rode thousands of miles together. In his own field of work during the great rebellion he rendered the most valuable service to the government, and especially to the meritorious generals of the army. His services to Grant were, in my judgment, decisive as to his career, inasmuch as they secured for him the unhesitating support of the Secretary of War and the President at a time when, if it had gone against him, his career must have ended. He was not merely a commissioner to headquarters, but was willing at every cost and every risk, whether of death in battle or capture by the enemy, to go with me to see and learn for himself. No government was ever more ably or gallantly represented than ours was by Charles A. Dana, and the worthy men of the army never had a better friend or a more earnest advocate than he was. Finally, he enjoyed the absolute respect and confidence of every surviving officer of merit who came in contact with him in the days of the rebellion.

"His reminiscences cannot fail to be a most valuable contribution to the history of the period in which he played such an important part, and I congratulate McClure's Magazine on its good fortune in obtaining them."

Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia "Times," is another man who was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Dana and his work during the war. We received from him, on the first announcement of Mr. Dana's papers, the following note:

"I am delighted to notice that you have got from Dana some chapters on his connection with the War Department during the Civil War. He is the one man who knows most about the inside war movements and has said least of all the men connected with the government, and I have many times urged him to write his recollections."

A MEMORIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.

The friends of the late Henry George have felt that the best monument that could be raised to his memory would be a fine and dignified edition of his works, one which would preserve his writings in lasting and fitting form. Such an edition has now been undertaken by Mr. George's publishers, the Doubleday and McClure Co., in coöperation with Mrs. George. Besides the books already published and "The Science of Political Economy" (the last work written by Mr. George), the edition will include a volume of hitherto uncollected miscellaneous writings and the authorized biography, the latter to be written by Mr. George's son, Mr. Henry George, Jr. There will be ten volumes in all (printed by the DeVinne Press), with several photogravure portraits, etc., including a fine reproduction of the bust by Richard F. George. Only 1,000 sets will be issued, each one numbered.

"THE POET NANSEN."

A recent article in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" bearing the above title says: "Certain words and phrases will cling tenaciously in the memory of thousands who have heard Dr. Nansen recount the thrilling story of his expedition as evidence of the poetic strain in the hardy scientific explorer.

"The inspiring ring with which he pronounced 'Forward' as the English translation of the name of his ship gave an uplift to his auditors. Then, when the company feared lest the ice pressure would crush the good ship's sides and so slept upon the ice, there was a wealth of suggestion in the simple statement: 'But the ship was stronger than our faith in her.' No picture of the solemn white stillness of the North could be more vivid than the words, 'The peace of a thousand years rests there.'

"A climax to the stirring story was the motto, fit for all humanity, or to be graven in stone at the base of a statue to the son of the vikings: 'To struggle and seek, to find, and never to yield.'"

HENRY GEORGE'S LAST BOOK.

By Hamlin Garland.

IT is unfortunate that the necessary title of this last great book by a great teacher of justice and humanity in the world should sound so like the names of the books which it will supersede. "The Science of Political Economy" is not a taking title; but let no one mistake. As "Progress and Poverty" delighted men with its clearness, eloquence, and lofty spirit, so will this final work affect its readers.

It has great elements. It is, first of all, a profoundly religious book—religious in the broadest and purest sense, and the first part is taken up with a discussion of man in the universe, of civilization, its cause and what it should be. This section has the noblest quality. The second element of greatness in the work is its fearlessness. It shows no evasions. Nothing is miscalled out of respect to conventions. It is forthright, searching, and utterly candid. If all the world loves a fight, here is the basis of a keen controversy. Mr. George levels his lance at every confident economist, but is never ill-humored, and his opponents will do well if they emulate him in the manner of his joust.

A third element of strength lies in the perfect clarity of his statement. He pierces quite to the fundamental simplicity of things. Having no master to serve and only the true God to worship, he finds the world less complicate than certain professors of political economy who are component parts of some institution held it to be. He points out, kindly, how a man is too often warped in his judgment by surroundings; how, indeed, the whole "science" of social economics has been rendered false or evasive at the most vital points by the pressure of institutionalism. A science of political economy was not possible so long as writers apologized for human slavery; so now it is impossible so long as the injustice of private ownership of public values is ignored or openly condoned.

It is a great book by reason also of its research. It shows the most conscientious and catholic reading. Mr. George pored faithfully over the huge tomes of most evasive and apologetic "masters." He sets their confused and confusing terms over against each other, and if he smiles at the end, we can hardly help smiling with him. If schoolmen cannot agree on the three words, *wealth*, *capital*, and *value*, how shall they agree on theories? No wonder the world wanders darkling while its leaders grope.

Henry George is the natural reasoner. He starts with the world of natural things and man. He moves from the simple to the complex, naturally. He appeals to the common sense of his readers. He is not engaged in showing his learning, his orthodoxy; he is seeking the simple solution which lies at the bottom of the problem. He wishes to enlighten, to convince, to do justice, and so a mighty power goes out from his writings. His aim is truth; his standard, justice. The ranked power of the world could not daunt him when he walked the earth, and all the powers visible and invisible cannot prevail against the spirit of his message of light.

The book is less of a fragment than has been supposed. Taken in connection with "Progress and Poverty," the omissions will scarcely be observable to the reader. It is a noble book. As I read it I seem to hear his voice once more and see his face glow and lighten as in the days when his presence on the platform was a menace to every wrong, a terror to every tyranny, and the hope of every robbed and cheated man who faced him. He made the world better. He fought unremittingly till his slight material self gave way. Now here are his books—including the last and greatest of them all. They and the men he inspired must carry forward his work.

"If political economy is a science—and if not, it is hardly worth the while of earnest men to bother themselves with it—it must follow the rules of science, and seek in natural law the causes of the phenomena which it investigates. It is concerned with the permanent, not the transient; with the laws of nature, not with the laws of man."

"Injustice cannot live where justice rules. If there can be no poor in the kingdom of heaven, clearly there can be no rich."

"And so it is utterly impossible in this or in any other conceivable world to abolish unjust poverty, without at the same time abolishing unjust possessions. This is a hard word to those who would like to get on the good side of God without angering the devil, but it is a true word nevertheless."

Injustice will find a most formidable force in Henry George's "Science of Political Economy."